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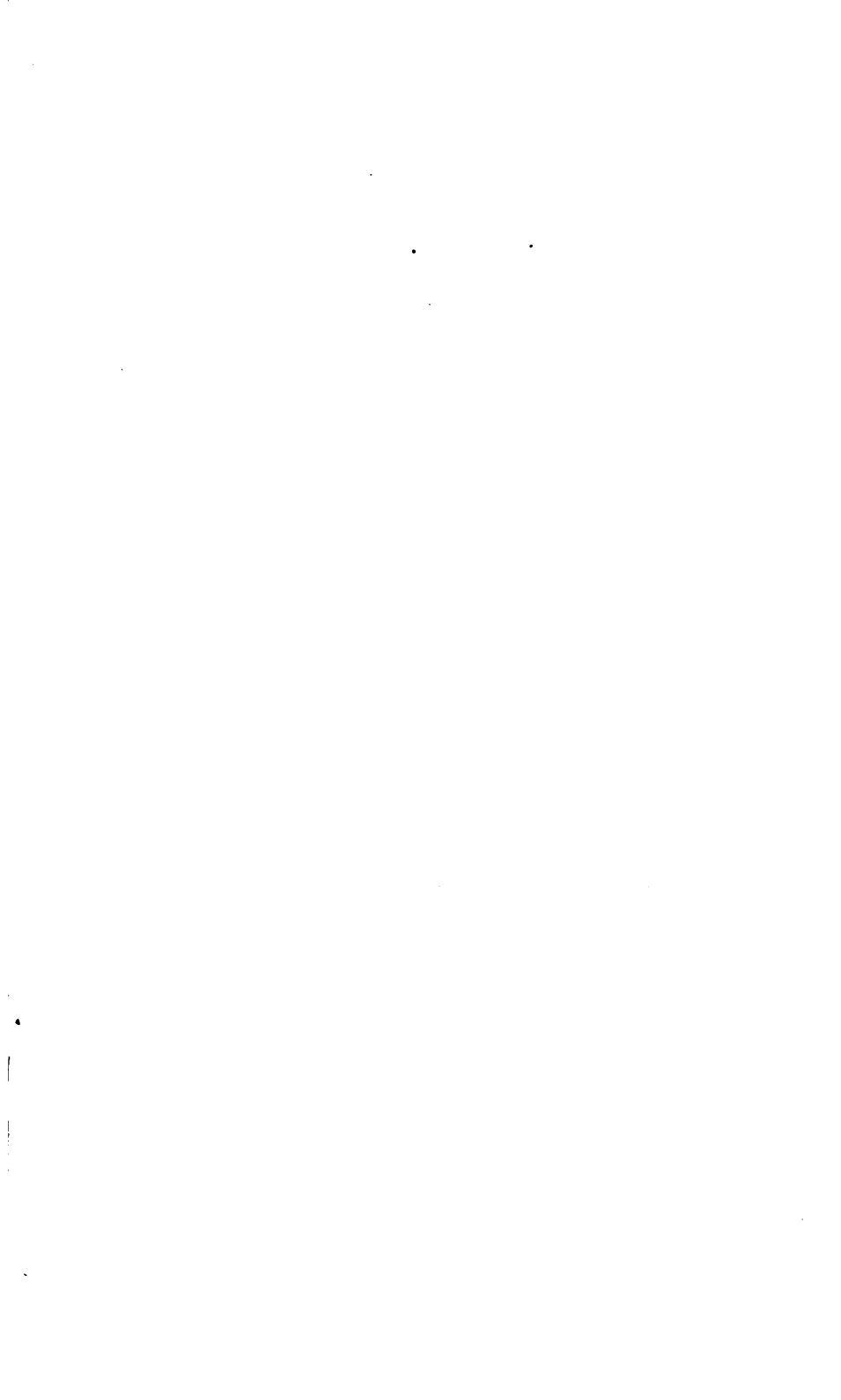
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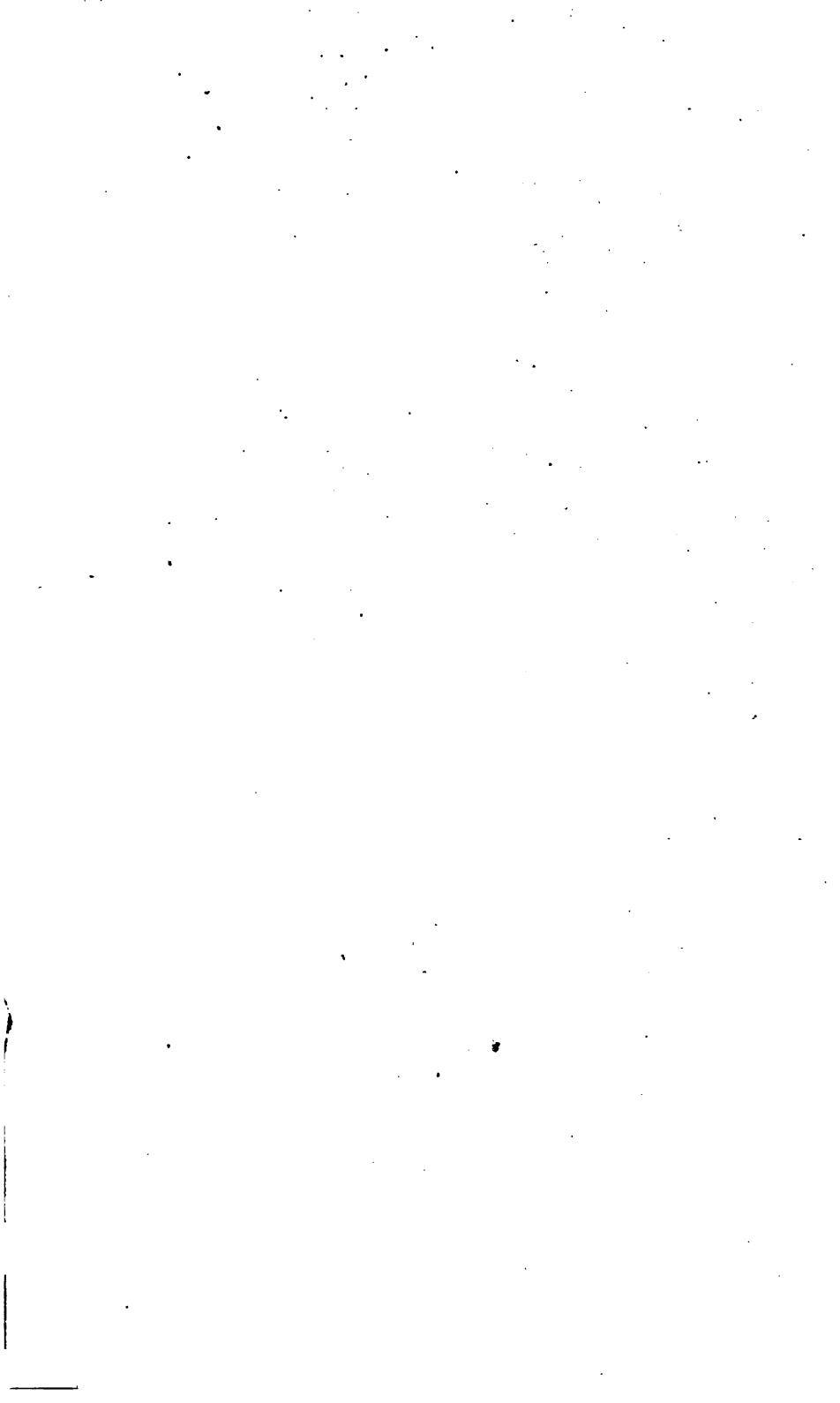
Sports and Pastimes



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W. H. Sturgill

J. H. Brown

Baltimore

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD POLTIMORE.

THERE are few positions more fraught with peril to youth than that of being possessed of an ample inheritance, with uncontrolled action and a taste for the amusements of the field; and it is rare to find one dowered with these advantages, as they may be, steering his course clear amidst the quicksands that surround him in the pursuit of those pastimes of which, in his case, fashion is not the sole instigator. The love of hunting is strongly inherent to some natures, and when to witness and direct the '*canum alacritas in venando*' is the object of desire, and that the necessary accompaniment of hard riding is held to be of secondary, and not primary value, such true sportsman is certain to obtain a sterling notoriety in the more scientific department of the hunting field. Should hunting be assumed as a fashion, a tailor and a horse-dealer are the fitting masters of the ceremonies, and the great grass grounds of the midland shires the proper arena of exhibition. Three hundred men in scarlet are not three hundred sportsmen. Ten per cent.—a large proportion—may be first flight men; not two per cent. would be capable of taking the management of hounds, and one per cent. would be an extravagant allowance for those who themselves could handle hounds, and kill their fox upon a half scent.

We have now to deal with one, whose portrait is on the other side of the page, that at an early day of his career has accomplished the task of having formed and bred a pack of fox-hounds of distinguished ability, by his own judgment, and of having carried out his standard of taste and requirement with a precision that has given a unity of character and shape to his hounds which rarely belongs to any, save an establishment of long and hereditary standing.

The family of Bamfylde is one of ancient lineage in the county of Devon. They became possessed of Poltimore in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Edward I., A.D. 1298; and for which large estate, at that time, John Bamfylde paid the sum of two hundred pounds. The twelfth in lineal descent was created a Baronet

in 1641, and married Gertrude, the daughter of Amyas, sister and co-heir of John Copleston, of Copleston and Warleigh. By subsequent sale and marriage the Warleigh estates passed to the Radcliffe family, who represent the junior branch of the Coplestons, as Lord Poltimore does the eldest. The father of the present Lord Poltimore, Sir George Warwick Bamfylde, was elevated to the Peerage in 1831, and his son, Augustus Frederick George Warwick, born in 1837, succeeded to the title in 1858. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and married, in 1858, one of those radiant descendants of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, on whom it would seem, by patent and graceful evidence, that beauty and accomplishments had been bestowed by destiny as an eternal heirloom. At an early period Lord Poltimore evinced his predilection for hunting, and the fact of his having graduated under the celebrated Mr. Russell, the favourite pupil of George Templer, is a guarantee that the venatorial accidence was correctly imparted. Like all young men of large means really fond of legitimate hunting, Lord Poltimore determined on having hounds, and he commenced his career as Master in 1857.

The first and trial pack did not accord with that standard of excellence and shape which he had moulded in his imagination, after the precept and example of his able preceptor, Mr. Russell, and they were summarily discarded. In 1858 the hounds of Mr. Robert Luxton, of Brushford, were transferred to the Poltimore kennel. These came direct, and in a body, from the Earl of Portsmouth; and the Eggesford kennel may be said, truly and indeed, to have been the 'Stammhaus' of the Poltimore establishment. It is well known that Lord Portsmouth formed his pack from the Vale of White Horse, the Old Craven, and the Vine, of all of which he had become the proprietor. From this vast assemblage of hounds, Mr. Robert Luxton had the pick of the drafts, or, properly speaking, the choice of those that were rejected by Lord Portsmouth, from size or other reasons, and these were the hounds that came to Lord Poltimore in 1858. The principal strains of blood were from the Duke of Rutland, Lord Yarborough, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Portsmouth, Assheton Smith, Mr. Foljambe, Mr. Meynell Ingram, Old Craven, Vale of White Horse, and the Vine. With this lot came the Belvoir Comus, out of Syren by the Drake Duster.

The Poltimore Comus, that was brought in an unentered draft from Belvoir Castle to Eggesford, is son of the Belvoir Comus, by the Belvoir Champion, by the Fitzwilliam Shiner, out of Barmaid. The Belvoir Comus was an excellent line hunter, and most forward and persevering in chase; of such repute also as a stud-hound that no less than sixty couple of bitch-hounds were sent to him at Belvoir in one season from strange kennels. His grandsire, the Fitzwilliam Shiner, was by the Scarborough Saladin, of the Monson blood, out of Traffick by Yarborough Trimmer. By reference to a copy of the Hayne MS. Manual of Studhounds, now in the possession of Mr. Trelawny, of Coldrennick, and presented to him at his testimonial banquet, we find that Trimmer went back through

Truant to the Fitzwilliam Traitor of 1797. He was one of the best of the very best of the Yarborough kennel; an extraordinary finder, with a deep and melodious tongue—could own the coldest scent, and was equally apt on the line and in fast chase; and it should be especially remarked that he was good on road, a sure and valuable merit, which in the majority of cases is transmitted to progeny. In using the word ‘finding’ in distinction from ‘drawing,’ it should be mentioned that there are some hounds imbued with the singular instinct of going up to a fox, should he be in covert anywhere, and instantly; and to be slack in drawing, if it be a blank. The Cheshire Victor, by Bedford, was an example. This hound would not go into covert unless there was a fox. If he judged it to be tenantless, he went into the gorse for about a yard, satisfied himself, came out, and lay down. He was never known to fail. There was another peculiarity belonging to Trimmer. He was always accompanied by a bitch-hound, Prattler; she never left him, and they worked and found together. When Prattler was out without Trimmer she appeared to be disconsolate, and was comparatively idle. It has been shown that the Poltimore Comus combines some of the choicest blood in England, of every description of merit, and we shall point out hereafter another Trimmer strain in this same kennel of equal value, and possessed of the same brilliant capacities.

Boniface, by the Vine Romulus, comes from the old Vine sort of Mr. Chute’s Pensioner, from which Assheton Smith bred his celebrated Watchman, by the Vine Larkspur. He also combines the blood of the Grafton Nigel. He is an excellent hound, and has proved himself a worthy and standard sire.

Pleasant, by the Fitzwilliam Feudal, out of Pastime. Feudal, a Milton stud-hound, was by the Beaufort Flyer out of Fitzwilliam Blithesome, by the Yarborough Bluecap—tracing back to the Cheshire Bluecap—a rare sort, with plenty of tongue and true in work.

Freedom, by the Pytchley Pillager out of Lord Portsmouth’s Freedom. Pytchley Pillager by Juggler, by Lonsdale Senator out of Playful, own sister to Sir Richard Sutton’s Contest, one of his favourite hounds. The Lonsdale Senator was remarkable in work and chase; was much used, and had a most melodious tongue.

Pastime, by Yarborough Pleader, of the Yarborough Plunder sort. The latter was noted for getting large bitches of twenty-two and twenty-three inches.

Foreman, by Assheton Smith’s Furrier, out of Fatima. Furrier was by Osbaldeston’s Ferryman, by Furrier, by Belvoir Saladin.

Harriet, by Fitzwilliam Hermit, out of Assheton Smith’s Novice. Hermit was by Drake’s Hector out of Fitzwilliam Goldfinch, by Yarborough Ganymede. Hermit was sire of the Beaufort Rufus and Remus, out of a Dorimont bitch, going back through Denmark and Diligent to Nectar and Abelard, the patriarchs of the Badminton kennel. The Drake Hector was by Beaufort Hazard, by Lonsdale

Harbinger out of Beaufort Purity, by Beaufort Nectar. He was reputed to be the best stud-hound of his day, and there is not a kennel of repute without a strain of this famous hound.

Among the other sires may be mentioned the Belvoir Prompter and Bertram, the latter a sire of celebrity. Yarborough Orator, a famous hound, sire of Fitzwilliam Ottoman. Assheton Smith's Abelard, Regulus, Fire King, Trojan, Rustic, the Fitzwilliam Hardwicke—Mr. Meynell Ingram's Rifleman going back through Reveller, by the Belvoir Rasselas, to their favourite Nelly of the Meynell Stormer sort, the Eggesford Royalist, Romulus, Nimrod, Sailor, and Reveller.

In 1859 Lord Poltimore purchased eighteen couple of the Atherstone lady pack—Mr. Selby Lowndes—for seven hundred guineas; Lord Curzon taking the dogs and the large bitches, and with this important addition he has formed the present pack, and shaped it into a unity of style and form that has given to it a particular and exclusive character. With the Atherstone were introduced the following strains of blood :—

Vanity, by Mr. Foljambe's Royster out of Lord Yarborough's Vanity, brought through this descendant of Ruler, the Grove Albion sort, by Lifter out of Actress, one of the foremost sires of his day. The Foljambe or Grove were line-hunting, fast in chase, and killing with plenty of tongue. The bitches were twenty-two and a half inches, clever and level. The dog-hounds were uneven.

Genial, by the Belvoir Guider out of Mr. Lowndes' Crafty. Guider was by the Drake Duster. The latter hound, the grandsire of the Poltimore Comus, was pre-eminent amongst the stud-hounds of Mr. Drake of Shardeloes, and conveyed an accession of tongue to the Belvoir kennel, in which those hounds, excellent though they be, were and still are indubitably deficient. Guider has done good service at Eggesford, being the sire of several of the stud-hounds.

Truelove and Tempest, by the Belvoir General out of Mr. Lowndes' Trusty. General was by Gamester, and Gamester was out of Songstress, by Guider. There were three couples of stallion hounds at one time in the Belvoir kennel by Guider, out of Songstress, remarkable for line and road hunting; and the Governor of Lord Portsmouth, a stud-hound, is a clever descendant, inheriting all these valuable attributes.

Oddity, by Lord Henry Bentinck's Charon, out of Mr. Lowndes' Oddity. The Charon of Lord Henry Bentinck goes back, we believe, to the Grove Comus, which was bred by Lord Ducie, and was by Herald by Osbaldeston's Ranter out of Mr. Wickstead's Crazy. The Osbaldeston Ranter descended from the Yarborough Ranter, going back to the original hound of that name in 1790, out of Red-rose, sister to the famous Ringwood.

Fallacy and Festive, by the Drake Bellman out of his Fallacy. Mr. Drake took great pains to obtain a strain of the Cheshire Blue-cap, which blood he highly prized; and his Bluecap and Boaster,

that he largely used, went back through Benedict, Bangor, Bruiser, Rockwood, and Wanton, to the old Bluecap of 1772.

In the entry of 1859 appear two hounds, bred at home, excellent in themselves, and that have done good and true kennel service—Warrior by Boniface out of V. W. H. Winifred; and Carver, by Comus, out of Frantic. Juggler, also by Tedworth Nigel out of their Jessie, and Notary by Tedworth Nautilus out of their Ruby, brought with them the Nigel blood of Assheton Smith, which is getting scarce. Nigel was a grandson of the Berkeley or Fitzhardinge Harrowgate by Fortitude out of Hecuba, a daughter of Herod, and of signal excellence. Herod was by Hazard by Corbet Foreman, having a dash of the old Trojan blood. Assheton Smith always judged the great merit of Nigel to have come through the Berkeley strain.

This stock of hounds, the descendants of the Belvior, Yarborough, and Eggesford kennels, comprising three invaluable lines of Mr. Drake's blood, were crossed by Lord Poltimore with the Beaufort, and he obtained thereby size in the bitch-hounds, and also shape and fashion in the dog-hounds. The great gain consisted in the power and size of his dog-hounds, of which Lord Portsmouth, one of the highest authorities of the day, says, 'they are very handsome, with quality, and rare necks, and shoulders, and feet.' The Beaufort Trojan, by the Warwickshire Tarquin, by the Belvoir Comus, brought the Yarborough Trimmer strain again, with the cream of the Beaufort in Archer out of Amazon. Amazon was bred by Mr. R. Luxton, out of the Eggesford Amazon, by Boniface from the Vine, and is the dam of some of the 'plums' of the Poltimore kennel.

Lord Poltimore has fifty couples of hounds, and has been enabled, during the last session, to hunt them in sexes. He has also succeeded in breeding a worthy lot of finely-moulded stud-hounds: Norval, by Lord Portsmouth's Nimrod out of Eggesford Rosebud, seven years; Warrior, by Boniface out of V. W. H. Winifred, five years; Actor, Autocrat, and Archibald, by Belvoir Guider out of Amazon, four years; Archer, by Beaufort Trojan out of Amazon, three years; Guider, by Carver by Comus out of Guilty, three years; Nautilus, by Comus, out of Nimble, three years; Pillager, by Comus out of Pastime, three years; Bartram, by Warrior out of Bauble, two years; Lifter, by Lord Portsmouth's Lincoln, by Belvoir Guider out of Ladybird, two years; Stripling, by Warrior out of Susan, two years, and Woldsman, by Comus out of Watchful, two years.

It will be perceived that the strength of this kennel has been derived from southern and midland sources, more especially from the ever-graceful and superlative Belvoir, and that for a fresh strain of blood recourse should be had to the line hunters, and well-voiced hounds of the North. It is notorious that half the hounds of the present day, not to say two-thirds, are running mute. Some of the best of Lord Stamford's, at Quorn, came in a lot of forty-one couples from the Hurworth, in which there was a Fury litter by Sir

John Cope's Galopade, worthy of all praise. They trace back to the Badsworth Why-not, by Sir Tatton Sykes's Warrior, by Splendour, going back to the Vernon Vigilant, sire of the Osbaldeston Vanquisher and Vaultier.

Whenever litters of three, four, and five in number are running at the head in their fifth and sixth season, it is demonstrative evidence of the judgment and discretion of the Master having been correctly exercised. And this is the case in the Poltimore kennel. The huntsman is John Evans, who has occupied that place since the first formation of the pack. The Whips are Charles Norris and George Rose. The hounds, level as a die, are brought out in prime condition, doing justice and credit to Evans as a kennel huntsman. Hounds can never carry a racing head and sweep away with several couple abreast without their kennel management, which means even feeding, be carefully and judiciously attended to. Lord Poltimore hunts the Cattestock country in Dorsetshire, which formerly was a portion of that belonging to Mr. Farquharson, and the establishment returns to Devonshire for summer quarters. Cub-hunting in that unprofitable district constitutes the sum total of the home performances; but on this part of the subject, which would compel remarks on the conduct of certain parties towards his Lordship, we do not wish to dilate.

Sufficient has been said to show that Lord Poltimore, although a young man—thanks to his consummate tutor, Russell—can already lay claim to be a first-class Master of Hounds; and his urbanity to each and to every one, together with the certainty of sport if there be an atom of scent, conveys a pleasurable elasticity to his field, and gives an increased zest to that which is already delightful. In this hasty sketch we have but imperfectly glanced at the merits of this distinguished establishment, which would do honour to the best grass grounds of England. As a last and emphatic remark, we would observe that these hounds possess that blessing of tongue, the absence of which is the curse of the Metropolitan shires—an evil entailed upon the present generation of legitimate fox-hunters from the desire to breed hounds with sufficient pace to get away from the impure and inglorious refuse of Cockneydom.

UNIVERSITY COMPETITION IN GENERAL, AND THE BOAT-RACE IN PARTICULAR.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THE picture first suggested by these words, in these days of universal competitive examinations, calls up the pale and exhausted student, who lingers long over his midnight oil, consuming with it his vital powers, and not unfrequently crippling the quality which is to give value to his labours. Oxford and Cambridge, the seats of classic taste and the nurses of literature and science, are bound to

present themselves to us in that form. The patriarchal old gentleman, who cracks his egg at breakfast with such cheerfulness, talks of our Tom of Christ Church as though he were the only Tom of Christ Church; and doubtless pictures to himself that immaculate undergraduate in academical costume, wending his way across Peckwater to the ten o'clock lecture on Aristotle or Thucydides; buried deeply, in his silent rooms, in the mysteries of Plato, or the gloomy philosophy of Lucian's Dialogues; or at least enjoying the playful satire or epigrammatic quaintness of Horace or Martial, in his easy chair, made easier still by the difficulties with which he is contending. Such is the picture first suggested by University competition. What else should Oxford contend for than the prizes which are held out to her successful sons beneath the burning East? What has Cambridge more valuable to offer than her professorial chairs (we say nothing about the Oxford professorship of Greek) or the prospect of a colonial judgeship? Or if, as implied, the prowess of the two Universities is to be pitted against each other, of course we see the learned Heads of either, heads not like some heads, but heads full of brains, descending into the arena, strewed with the dead languages, which these seats of learning have almost failed to keep alive in the midst of modern enlightenment. 'When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war;' but when Greek and Latin meet Mathematics there comes a tug of peace, more noisy and discordant than the din of battle, more ruthless than the conflict of contending armies: and theology, the science of faith, hope, and charity—the doctrinal principle of love and mercy—yells her loud tones of defiance in such haughty measures, that the challenge of Goliath sounds like a message of conciliation by the side of it.

I spoke of the *first* suggestion which these words were calculated to convey. But there are other and more popular subjects of competition than the expatriation of the civil service in Bengal, the quiet of controversial divinity, the wealth of the Greek professorship, or any other of the thousand and one luxuries of advancing civilization which are now open to educated capacity. To say the truth, some of these contests have of late become too popular, and might well be dispensed with as far as the credit of the Universities is concerned. I commented, not harshly I hope, nor yet unreservedly, last month on a change which seems to have taken place gradually, but assuredly, in Oxford and Cambridge within the last five-and-twenty years; and late events serve to confirm me in my opinion. Instead of confining themselves to that contest, which is truly national and characteristic of the whole University, there seems to be a petty striving to drag in muscular development on all fours and at all risks. Without derogating from the value of all active exercise, competition in running and jumping smacks too much of the school *boy* for our University *man*. If it could be asserted that these exercises were accompanied by a corresponding elegance or activity, that the manner was better, the health more perfect, or the general deportment more manly, something might be said for them. But such is

not the case. The gait is slouching, and the style bad ; and though the positive capacity for climbing a mountain or swimming a torrent may not be less than it formerly was, still English youth was never more effeminate in appearance, more foreign in aspect. In speaking of the Universities thus, I mean no personal reflection upon the men of the present day ; but the fashion has altogether changed, the style has deteriorated ; and any impartial observer will admit it.

A great deal has been said in favour of physical development. The papers write it up ; the Volunteer movement patronizes it ; noblemen and gentlemen encourage it in their parks ; schoolmasters give as many prizes for it as for mental capability ; and parish priests expect their curates to play at cricket and rounders once a year with the school children. In fact, there is a mania for muscles ; and the great keeper of the national lunatic asylum is Kingsley, than whom no man lives whom I more respect. But there is a place and a time for all things ; and certainly the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford are better without public contests which belong rather to Eton and Harrow.

Whenever the Universities meet it is desirable that the competition into which they enter be as thoroughly catholic as possible. There is nothing in the contests of a public school which can interest the University as a body. There may be half a dozen men in the University who will recollect for a year or two that Smith of Christ Church or Jones of Trinity jumped 18 feet in length, or 5 ft. 4 in. in height ; that Johnson ran a mile in 4 minutes ; and that Robertson won the steeple-chase in 1864 : but as to making any such puerilities the subject of popular excitement, or stirring up the sympathies of England from north to south and east to west, the thing is an absurdity. Run and jump as much as ever you please, compare the sports of Christ Church meadows to those of the Circus at Rome, and Smith, Jones, Johnson, and Robertson to the athletes of the old world, but never will the new world recognize any such competition as belonging to the Universities of England. If any individual feels inclined to rival the energies of an Astley or a Burton, and expects the same meed of popular applause, let him tread the dust of Copenhagen House, and achieve for himself a world-wide fame. But it will be long before he draws the toil-worn pastor from his parish duties, or the musty student from his black-lettered tomes, to persuade himself that he is about to witness a truly University contest. I wonder who cares, in the solitudes of a Northumbrian living, or in the wilds of Western Scotland, whether Payne or Starkey won the match at billiards ; or whether the racket match ever made one heart beat faster beyond the circle of the spectators. If competition for University distinction depended upon these annual contests, we might well leave the detail to other pages than these : not so, however, the contest which I am called upon to record. The University boat-race has become a definite mark of distinction. From year to year the record is preserved, not only in the annals of the Universities, but in the memories of those who have so often

witnessed the contest. From a desultory trial of skill, dependent upon caprice or external circumstances of small importance for its fulfilment, it has now risen to a height of popularity not exceeded by the Derby itself. It is the prize of skill, condition, and pluck, which raises the victors to the pinnacle of fame; it is the *palma nobilis* recognized throughout Great Britain, which places the winners in an unassailable position for the year. The cricket-match itself succumbs to it in its results, and senior-wranglerships and double-firsts are ineffectual in altering the proud eminence of the victorious University.

It merits its pre-eminence. It is a contest of combined powers, and, to a certain extent, some representation of the feeling and condition of the whole University. Many years ago there was as little *esprit de corps* in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race as in any other '*chose passagère*' of the day. The boating men were but a moderate set; remarkable for little but thews and sinews, raw meat and porter, an occasional abstemiousness followed by very consistent intemperance, slovenliness of dress, and negligence of all graces of person from the hands to the feet. By far the best crew (I think it was a four) on the river was the ugliest; and those men were as proud of their *sobriquet* as if they had been surnamed the 'Adonides.' When all the good men hunted, when George Lane Fox was Master of the drag, when Tom Price, Alfred Wodehouse, and Newdegate contended over a country with Marriott, and little Browne of B.N.C., with poor Smith Barry, and the present portly, but, alas! gouty M.P. for Bath, that capital sportsman Arthur Way; when Peter Aubertin and John Wilson of Queen's left little to be desired with Mr. Drake and the Heythrop, there was not much boating in the upper crust of University life. Members of Bullingdon did not like peeling their fingers whatever they might do with their jackets; and the Phoenix was a cut above water. The stretcher on which Corry placed his feet was a *splash* board without much reference to Father Thames, and the road he drove was different to the way they rowed on Saturday the 19th of March, 1864. Who could possibly care for overtraining, overheating, over-exertion, when it was a matter of great uncertainty whether the finest condition, and the finest form would ever be heard of after the noisy supper party which crowned a contest purely domestic?

The river at Oxford and Cambridge is now a totally different affair. The drag, the team, the chase, to the delight of Paterfamilias, and the better discipline of our Tom, are now no more, or exist only by stealth, or under such difficulties as can scarcely be overcome by modern enterprise. An innocent outlet is therefore found for exuberance of spirits in water, and the University Boat-Race holds a place for which its virtues qualify it. The first of its excellences is that it depends upon union. Union is strength. Only one man can jump the greatest height or distance: there can be but one winner of the mile race: there can be but one first. But the boat-race depends for success entirely upon a different characteristic. It

is not self-reliance, but a vigorous determination to stand or fall by others. It is the chosen band of youth, one of whose fall would vitiate, if not destroy, the chances of the rest. There is no such question ever asked as 'who got the score?'

When the boat-race was a matter of small importance, but little care was taken to select the real representatives of the University. But since it has become an annual exhibition, and one annually increasing in popularity, the choice has been more honourable, as the numbers for election have been greater. If now favour be shown, if now the crack ones of smaller colleges be excluded, if partiality instead of intelligence guide the club, it is not the club or the interests of a few boating men which suffer, but the prestige of a whole University. The hole-and-corner business is done away with, by the general taste exhibited for aquatics, as the grand test of excellence in the Universities. The energies of undergraduates have become more concentrated: their enthusiasm has produced the necessity of an ever-recurring competition, it matters very little for what, and by sheer force has compelled the whole population to share their zeal. Changes have produced a combination of circumstances, which have favoured an innocent recreation to an extent which five-and-twenty years ago seemed impossible.

It will be understood that University men, having taken up the thing *con amore*, are in a peculiarly favourable position for enforcing its superiority over every other form of competition. The finest scullers, the best London and Kingston oarsmen, Newcastle and Glasgow may send out their champions, but who ever hears even their names excepting among rowing men? or sees them excepting in the columns of papers devoted to sport? It is not any taste for fine pulling, though the Oxford crew of 1864 may certainly lay claim to the highest credit, that brings men out of their beds at seven o'clock in the morning, to run from Putney to Mortlake, to be knocked into the water by an infuriated charge of cavalry from the towing-path, to stand on Hammersmith Bridge in a cold northeaster, or to form one of a party on a rival steamboat, whose least loss is likely to be that of a paddle-wheel, and whose greatest advantage is a total inability to see. In the University, as elsewhere, once make a thing fashionable and it is all over but shouting. Undergraduates command a certain amount of attention out of their own world. Fathers and mothers delight in dear Tom, as long as he does *something*: and even if he pretends a little enthusiasm, which he does not feel, it easily communicates itself to others, and, like the electric fluid, permeates all dear Tom's acquaintance. Boating, too, as the patriarchs admit, is such an innocent occupation. 'Like mourning coaches,' however, after the funeral, an University boat may contain 'a deal of fun:' and it has been already observed that the severity of six weeks' training demands a little relaxation.

'Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.'

Then again, beyond the family circle, undergraduates are sure to be favourites with the women. It has been asserted that a really good curate, a good specimen lately imported with his University feathers fresh on him, can give 7 lbs. to an ensign, and 3 lbs. to a cornet. I do not profess to have studied that (some of them could once over a country); but I believe a good neutral tint is invaluable; and that the pleasing uncertainties of an undergraduate career, which may turn to red or black, holds out a lure which, *ceteris paribus*, the daughters of England find it difficult to resist. So conspicuous were the bonnet ribbons on Saturday, the 19th of March, on the banks of the Thames, in all sorts of carriages, over garden walls, and at open windows, that the question is still raging as to which had the show of hands: whether the dark blue or the light blue was first in favour with the sex, and, as neither feel inclined to give way, 'adhuc sub judice lis est,' and the Gentleman in Black will offend neither party by pretending to decide.

And now to business. Let us leave a record of what we saw for future generations, when the participators in the scene shall have passed away, but the pages of 'Baily' shall remain behind, to benefit succeeding ages.

'Rursus ut stripem novam
Generet renascens melior' (*dies*).—SENECA.

The morning of Saturday, March 19th, came gloriously forth for the sport that was to be witnessed. The sun shone out in all its beauty, and cleared away the mists that early settled upon the waters. The ripples of old Father Thames danced in the sunlight, and responded gaily to the willing hearts that were waiting for a final trial of strength, or longing to witness the struggle which was to decide the great aquatic question of the year. Not to have it all our own way, a sharp south-easter quickened the appetites and reddened the noses of the multitudes, who full two hours before the time, had taken up positions in the most available localities. As the time drew nearer, the Waterloo Station presented a scene of confusion which can be found nowhere but at the Waterloo Station on such occasions. The temporary box for the receiving of money and the issuing of tickets was all but demolished before the final rush for the train. Light blue and dark blue were mingled in much-admired confusion: the rosettes were manifestly in many cases the work of fairy fingers, which knew no more severe labour than the Penelopean intricacies of embroidered slippers and the time-beguiling crochet. The Blue Riband of the Water was gained already; and the sky seemed to have lent its influences, if we may judge by the amount of blue that had descended upon earth. The rural blue alone was absent. The Derby was being rehearsed, if we may only substitute the refined elbowing of the better classes for the inexorable skrimmaging of the rough and the betting-man. Once inside the carriages, and the journey was speedily performed, amidst the vociferous predilections of Oxford and Cambridge.

Nor was the road free from interest. Every vehicle worthy of the name, from the aristocratic phaeton to the costermonger's cart, helped to swell the crowd and clog the road; and each had its prejudice, which it was not backward in proclaiming. Odds on Oxford was the order of the day; but if the expressers of opinion were inclined to back it there ought to have been but little choice between the two. Putney was besieged by a crowd denser as it approached the rival publics devoted to the two Universities. No more enthusiastic an election mob in the fine old days of prolonged contests ever thronged a window to hear their beloved candidate state what he called his principles, than that which surrounded the 'Star and Garter,' or the 'White Lion,' to catch a glimpse of the champions of their cause. Handsome women and Hansom cabs both solicited attention; and it was no easy matter to get out of the way of either. The London and Hammersmith road, as leading from the great metropolis, had the pull; but from the other centres there poured into the villages of Sheen and Mortlake carriages, omnibuses, dog-carts, and donkey-carts of every pattern and contrivance. Such an excitement, even at the University boat-race, has never been seen before. The hour, too, was propitious, as well as the day. I have shaved in the dark, I have faced a gale of wind, and once I encountered a moderate snow-storm in search of my favourite holiday, but no such obstacle presented itself now. Save to the unfortunate inhabitant of the antipodes, ample time was given to digest a breakfast and yet reach the scene of action at 11.15. Nor ought I to forget to mention the body of both sexes which charged along the towing-path, or down the benighted alleys and wharves on the river's bank, on horses manageable and unmanageable. The hot haste of the riders as they hurried along an unwilling steed, and the useless efforts of the ignorant to restrain the impetuous rush of cavalry, as they scattered dirt and stones amongst the flying pedestrians, was truly a sight for gods and men. The lovely figures that sported their flowing robes on side-saddles might be forgiven, but why young gentlemen who take an 'outing' on these occasions do not ride 'inside' it would be difficult to imagine. The pleasure of being run down by a lovely female in equestrian costume is open to discussion, but the being knocked into the river by an 'incapable' in male attire, who may be a man, but looks like a 'yahoo,' is an unmistakeable nuisance.

The river itself on such an occasion was a highway. Every conceivable craft sought refuge on the bosom of the Thames. There were all the rowing-clubs in England, and the professional talent of the three kingdoms was represented. There were washing-tubs with funnels and Lord Mayor's barges cheek by jowl; there were colliers and yachts, funnies and wherries, and, as a facetious friend observed, some very funny wherries indeed. Above, towering in their pride and might, were one-and-twenty steamers—huge, noisy, lumbering affairs, prepared to run down or into anything; and there

was the 'George Peabody,' which hoisted the royal standard, and carried our own gallant Prince of Wales.

It is impossible to pass over this eventful occasion without digressing for half a dozen lines in favour of his Royal Highness. Although he has always shown himself attached to the sports which constitute the great characteristic of the Englishman over the foreigner, the Universities must feel flattered that he should have exhibited an interest in their contest. Belonging to both, it is difficult to know whether the Prince felt any decided predilection for the one or the other: indeed it matters but little to the bulk of his future subjects: but we are confirmed in our previously conceived notions of his kindness of feeling and sympathy with the pursuits of his countrymen by the manifest interest he has taken in the late boat-race. The Prince's time is not as our time; and the value of the sacrifice should not be forgotten when he spends two or three hours of his leisure in giving countenance to our recreations. If there were nothing in the contest to mark it beyond this, the first visit of the Heir to the English throne would lend the day a peculiar lustre; and we congratulate Oxford on so auspicious an addition to the pleasures of success.

I was about to return to the start and the race; but I have been stopped by a ghostly array of steamers ahead, of which I would primarily dispose. In the language of Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, I would just delicately hint that they are, without any exception, the most indomitable, impracticable, inevitable, disgustingly objectionable obstacles to sport and fair play that have ever interfered in any race. They are alike dangerous to small craft and large, and not the less so to one another: while, as if to cheer the spirits and aid the efforts of the losing crew, they create a swell and a deadness of water all round them which increases their difficulties, and adds the pleasing consolation to their disappointment that in the event of an accident they are quite sure to be swamped. I never saw anything more disgraceful than the year Cambridge was upset (1859), when it was a merciful dispensation of Providence that the crew was not smashed. Figure to yourself the pleasures of a stern chase, feeling the water momentarily heavier and heavier, and your own strength failing, while you see immediately behind you, with her bows well over your coxswain's head, the 'Vivid,' the 'Rapid,' the 'Pluto,' or the 'Cormorant,' ready to fall upon and devour you at once. They have been warned year after year by public print and private expostulation; but if there is money to be got they are indifferent to human life, yours or their own, so long as their object is attained. It was not this year so grossly bad as it has been; but it was so dangerous and so severe an impediment to the losing boat that this trial ought to end the steamers. There must be a finish to it somewhere; and on the next trip either the steamers must abstain from coming within a given distance of the last boat under certain penalties, or the race must be removed to Henley.

Having disposed of the steamers, let us go back to the boats, which at half-past eleven were each at their respective stations—Oxford, having won the toss, as usual (I suppose they have bought Box's halfpenny, woman on both sides), on the Middlesex side of the river, and Cambridge, of course, off the Putney shore. The starting-place had been slightly altered, and, instead of the Aqueduct, two boats were moored nearly opposite the 'Star and Garter' to serve for the *poteau de départ*. The names of the men composing the crews, with their weights, are as follows; and when I add that up to this year the successes of the two Universities are exactly equal in their matches, each having been victorious ten times, it will be difficult to imagine a more exciting moment than that in which Mr. Searle of Lambeth declared them to be 'Off!'

OXFORD.			CAMBRIDGE.		
	st.	lbs.		st.	lbs.
1. C. P. Roberts, Trinity . .	10	8	1. J. C. Hawkshaw, Trinity .	11	3
2. W. Audrey, Balliol . . .	11	4	2. E. V. Piggott, Corpus . .	11	9
3. F. H. Kelly, University . .	11	8	3. H. Watson, Pembroke . .	12	4
4. J. C. Parson, Trinity . . .	12	9	4. W. Hawkins, St. John's .	12	0
5. W. B. Jacobson, Ch. Ch. . .	12	3	5. R. A. Kinglake, Trinity .	12	5
6. E. B. Seymour, University .	11	1	6. G. Borthwick, Trinity . .	12	1
7. M. Brown, Trinity	11	3	7. F. Steavenson, Trin. Hall .	12	2
8. D. Pocklington, Brasennose	11	1	8. J. R. Selwyn, Trinity . .	11	0
W. Tottenham, Ch. Ch. (cox.)	7	3	G. H. Archer, Corpus (cox.)	6	6

By this list of the competitors composing the crews it will be seen that Cambridge had about two stone the best of it in weight—an advantage which might have availed them in former years, when the water was rough and the wind against them, but which was not so when the stream had scarcely a ripple larger than a handsome dimple.

Cambridge took the water first; and obeying that instinct which calls upon all men to hit the first blow, if they really mean fighting, succeeded by a few rapid strokes, not peculiarly artistic, but effectual for their purpose, in putting the nose of the light-blue first. But when blue nose meets blue nose the tug of war is severe; and it is not too much to say that dark-blue was not more than a few seconds in putting in an appearance, which left little doubt on the minds of good judges of rowing how this contest would end. Some have endeavoured to make a race of it: there's not a ghost of reality in it: not even for a quarter of a mile. Oxford was always 'going within 'herself:' within a hundred yards of the start she was even with her opponents; her long, swinging stroke, as perfect in form and time as could be, sent her ahead long before they reached Hammersmith Bridge; at Barnes even the shadow of a contest was over; and at the 'Ship' at Mortlake the dark-blues were almost resting on their oars, and had taken out their pocket-handkerchiefs for the performance of that modified toilet which is wont to be performed when the pores of the forehead have been unusually opened. Finding, however, that the flagstaff was a little higher up, they rowed leisurely on, completing the distance in 21 min. 15 secs., without

the slightest distress, and winning by about fourteen boats' lengths, hands down. From start to finish not for one minute had Cambridge the slightest chance; and though she sent up to town one of the finest crews in appearance that have been out of late years, in excellent condition, and by no means the worst, in point of fact, that has been seen among the Cantabs on these waters, they were outpaced from beginning to end. Since the race everybody has somehow discovered that the Oxford crew was the perfect model of what oarsmen should be in weight, size, length, and everything else. Had Cambridge been successful they would have found out the reverse. I do not believe that a stranger could have at all decided, and probably would have taken about four from each to make up as good a crew as ever bent a stretcher. Prophets, after the event, are always such very knowing cards. But when you had once seen them at work, when you watched the perfection of time of the Oxford boat, the regularity with which every blade rose and sunk with their stroke, the vigorous continuance of their work, and the wonderful finish of the whole collectively and individually, you could not but feel that it was odds against any other University crew beating them. All that Oxford had, by a critical comparison, Cambridge seemed to want—excepting the pluck and good feeling which always attends these matches, and which forms one of the happiest features of the contest. There is nothing like an excuse that has been offered for the Cambridge defeat. They were cleverly beaten on their merits. Stern truth forbids us to mince the matter: but if it be any consolation to them to know that we record their want of success with regret, for the gallant manner in which they took the defeat and acknowledged the superiority of their opponents, I can assure the Cantabs that they have the sympathy of every true sportsman in England. Better luck next time. Oxford is in form, and, if they mean winning, they must do their best. Odds on one University against the other before they come down to the 'scratch' is nonsense. The material must be equally good; and the form and fashion of it depend on the skill of the artificer. There should be a total absence of all favour in selection, and a forgetfulness of self in doing their duty by the rest of the crew. The credit of the University rests upon the shoulders of these men, and petty jealousies ought never to bias them. Get the best material, and the best workmen to put it into shape. It is said to have been one of the fastest races on record up to a certain point; but Oxford took it, to my mind, too easily to form an approximate calculation to the real time in which it could have been done. The time, as given in the 'Times' newspaper, is 21 min. 48 secs. to the winning-post, and about half a minute in advance of the losing boat.

According to custom they both paddled back to Putney, receiving on their way the heartiest congratulations of royalty, and preparing themselves for the dinner that awaited them at seven by a remarkably heavy luncheon at two. It has been conjectured, by their

performances in that line, that both crews have gone out of training at once.

Aquatics has become a fashion, of late years, beyond all precedent, at the Universities. I endeavoured to explain that, as there are fewer hunting men than formerly, and as the system of discipline has become more strict, the water is likely to take the place of the field. It holds out a peculiar benefit in the consistency of its training, without which no man can be a first-class oar, and without which any attempt to pull in an University boat would be attended with serious consequences. It makes men depend upon one another, without, however, relaxing that individual enterprise which is the secret of real strength. I hope the Universities will stick to this match. There seems a disposition to branch off into rackets and billiards, which is all very well as a matter of amusement, but can no more be considered subjects of University competition than a small county Meeting in some village in Wales with an unpronounceable name can be regarded as a Grand National Hunt Steeple-Chase. There can be no doubt about its popularity after last Saturday's exhibition, either by land or water. Nothing comes near it but the cricket-match, and that is second to the match between Eton and Harrow. It draws out for his single holiday many a musty old parson, who recalls the days of his ambitious youth at Ch. Ch., or Trin. Coll. Cam., as he sees the dark and light blue skimming over the water; when he regarded a bishoprick as within his grasp, or a prebendal stall and a fat living as a sort of compromise which he might be induced to make, but which have turned into a small incumbency with a large incumbrance, both of which words have a more tangible connection with tax than income. The Temple sends forth from her gloomiest caverns that dusty conveyancer to enjoy the sunshine on Hammersmith Bridge, or at Mortlake, and to dream once more of dear old Cam., and the bulldogs, and Barnwell, when he hears the well-known war-cry from some infuriated horseman in light-blue, 'Well pulled, bow!—Bravo, six!—Go it, stroke!—Now you're into 'em!' And his jolly old blood boils up, just this one twenty minutes annually; and he forgets his clerk, and his parchments, his statute of uses, and feoffment and livery, and family settlements, until he gets back to his chambers and consultations. There's the fast young curate who lays 6 to 4 in—shillings; and the City man who does it in pounds; and that pretty girl peeping over the garden wall, with the dark-blue snood, and the right colour in her bonnet and in her eyes, who does it in kisses; there are the masters from schools, looking over exercises in the moments of their leisure, for the sake of this one day's holiday, which they *never miss*; and there's our own reporter, a poor, unhappy little man, with a terrible female and some greedy children at home, who assures us that he was at Putney solely on business. Surely you won't deprive any of these of their great sporting holiday of the year!

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER III.

TEN days after the scene at the well, came at last the long-wished-for letters from Bastia; and Pendril, looking forward to a speedy release from the *ennui* occasioned by his present inactive life, hurried away to the Préfecture to present his credentials and to obtain the necessary *permis-de-chasse* with as little delay as possible. Temple's conduct, too, filled him with anxiety and apprehension: on the previous day he had absented himself for several hours from the hotel, and had taken with him the two spaniels, Brush and Dingle, to draw the *macchie* or scrub-covers on the mountain side; and on this day, when the letters arrived, he was not forthcoming to accompany Pendril on his visit to the Préfet, an omission which that official was very likely to resent by refusing to grant a *permis-de-chasse* to a man who did not think it worth his while to make a personal application for such a favour.

Pendril's affable and straightforward manner had attracted the goodwill of the Préfet at their first interview; and when he again presented himself at the bureau, he was not only received most graciously, but was offered a letter of introduction to the military governor residing at Corte. Now, it so happened that Pendril had been strongly advised to make this little city his head-quarters; and, as it stands almost in the centre of the island and in the very heart of the mountains, a more convenient point could not have been chosen for pursuing the mouflon with success, and at the same time for securing some of those necessities of life which even the wildest hunters cannot forego.

The Préfet's offer was of course thankfully accepted; and when the usual *signes particulières* had been taken down and the *signature du porteur* affixed to the document, it was handed to Pendril with best wishes that game might abound and that a magnificent *chasse* might be the result of his sojourn in the mountains. The good-natured official also took the opportunity of warning him that this exceptional privilege would probably create some jealousy among the peasant-proprietors, and that he had better engage a trustworthy native guide to accompany him when he bivouacked in the forest. 'He should be a man,' said he, 'who not only understands the *chasse* and its requirements, but who has a good knowledge of the district and the character of the inhabitants among whom you hunt. If, when you arrive at Corte, you consult General de Leseleuc, who is a true Breton, and consequently a great *chasseur*, he will probably recommend a man on whom you may rely. The mountaineers,' he added, 'are, I regret to say, still as ferocious and still as vengeful as in the days of Pascal Paoli; if their jealousy be excited by any supposed injustice or affront, or, worse than all, by any love affair which is likely to invade the sanctity of their family circle, woe betide the offender: they will pursue him like a pack of hell-

'hounds, and be appeased by nothing less than his life's blood. That jealousy, which is but a demon in an ordinary nature, is a legion of devils when it enters the heart of a Corsican.'

It is not only true that conscience makes cowards of us all, but the ghostly monitor will arise and terrify us in behalf of our friends; and, when their fair fame is endangered, will bring a blush to our cheek or a pang to our heart in proportion as they are near and dear to us. Who is there among us who has not cowered under such apprehensions? Yea, there be many who have called on the hills to cover them in order to escape from so frightful an apparition. The stab inflicted by an indirect thrust is not the less painful on that account; nor is a trouble less felt because it befalls a friend.

The Préfet's earnest manner and words of warning bore, as Pendril believed, an ominous allusion to Temple's case, and seemed to convey more in their import than met the ear. If it had been his object to rescue Pendril and his party from an impending storm he could scarcely have used more emphatic language. So Pendril came to the conclusion, under a sense of bitter mortification, that the Préfet knew more of the matter than he did; that he must have acquired secret information respecting his friend's movements of which he was ignorant; and that, in all probability, Temple's implication already in this affair was far deeper than his best friend was aware of.

'I regret,' said the Préfet, observing the effect of his remarks on Pendril's countenance, 'that your compatriot is not present to subscribe his signature to the *permis-de-chasse*, without which the law will not suffer it to be issued. For myself, I have no choice but to retain the document until M. Temple thinks fit to fulfil that requirement. To-morrow morning I leave Ajaccio at break of day for Sartène; therefore, if he means to accompany you and take part in the *chasse*, the sooner he attends the better; otherwise the *maitre d'hôtel* will probably enjoy the benefit of his company at Ajaccio for many days to come.'

Here was a dilemma for Pendril, who, as the thought flashed across his mind, felt persuaded that Temple had purposely absented himself from the Préfecture in order to gain more time for the prosecution of his mad love adventure. It was in vain that Pendril tried to account for his absence from other causes: the truant knew full well his own signature was needed to render the *permis-de-chasse* complete, and he knew that Pendril and M. Tennyson had made every arrangement for their departure from Ajaccio on the following morning; so, unless some accident had occurred to him, why was he not at his post now in compliance with Pendril's request and in fulfilment of his own promise to that effect?

In answer to the Préfet's inquiry, Pendril could only say that Temple had left the hotel in the morning, and had gone, he supposed, as usual, into the mountains, but in what direction nobody seemed to know; that either he had lost his way in the dense forest of brushwood with which some of the valleys were filled, or he had

met with some other unforeseen cause of delay which he (Pendril) could not explain.

'I only hope,' said the Préfet, 'for his own sake, as well as yours, that he has not wandered into one of the ravines south of the Gravone, or he may pay dearly for his intrusion into that quarter. Giovanni de Galofaro hovers like a vulture over that dark gorge, and pounces on his prey without inquiring whether the game be fair or foul; if your friend falls into his claws, deportation at least will be his lot, if not a more summary fate. However, my last accounts of the smuggler were that he had sailed for Carthage, and that his ship, carrying a valuable cargo, was well supplied with necessaries for a longer voyage. Although my douaniers keep a bright lookout on his movements ashore, yet he can baffle a bloodhound in these mountain gorges; and at sea, you may as well try to catch the phantom-ship as this "son of the whirlpool." His castle—if a massive one-storied granite building can be so called—looks more like an eagle's nest hanging in the cliffs than the habitation of a human being; and yet the fairest of Eve's fair daughters, Agnese de Galofaro, his only child, and the idol of his soul, occupies in his absence that grim tenement alone. Many a snare set for the father has been discovered by her watchful eye, and many a bullet that would long since have gone to its mark and rid the island of this desperado, has been turned aside by the influence of her surpassing charms.'

While the Préfet was proceeding to describe the almost miraculous contrivances by which the Captain had so often escaped from the fangs of the law—how, while he slept soundly and securely in his rocky retreat, the fair Agnese, like a ministering angel, watched over his safety through the live-long night—Temple walked into the bureau and brought all further conversation on that subject to an abrupt conclusion.

The clouds which had been gathering on Pendril's brow passed quickly away, and the pleasant greeting of 'Just in time, my boy,' was the only allusion he made to Temple's tardy arrival. The Préfet, however, who certainly had grounds for knowing what Temple's occupation had been for many days past, received him with an air of reserve, as if he had already given that official some trouble, and was destined to give him a great deal more before he quitted the island.

The *permis-de-chasse* being quickly signed, the document was handed to the owner without further ceremony; and, as he and Pendril took their leave, the Préfet, grasping the hand of the latter, remarked significantly that his letter to the military governor might be of use to him, and that he must not forget to deliver it on his arrival at Corte.

The next morning at break of day, being exactly a fortnight after their disembarkation at Ajaccio, the whole party, now increased by the company of M. Tennyson and the black Corporal, marched out of the town *en route* for Bocognano, a small village on the left bank

of the Gravone, and just half way between Ajaccio and Corte. Their heavy baggage had already preceded them, and as each man carried his own double gun and breasted the hills in light marching order, they soon gained an elevation of many hundred feet above the level of the sea. Through the *macchie* on either side of the road, consisting of scattered patches of wild myrtle, oleaster, and the *arbutus*, the spaniels were allowed to range with unchecked freedom ; and to reward their industry, an occasional covey of red-legs, rattled and pursued through the bush with tremendous excitement, whirred into the air and sought rest in the solitude of some more distant cover : a few of course, as they crossed the line of march, fell to rise no more, leaving, as old Virgil describes it, their lives in the sky ; and in the late evening, when the hungry travellers sat down to their otherwise scanty meal at Bocognano, right welcome was the dish of *perdrix-aux-choux* which these luckless birds supplied. The berries of the *arbutus*, on which they had fed, had imparted a fine flavour to their usually dry and insipid flesh ; and whether it was that simple fact, or their own keen appetite, sharpened by mountain air, that created so high an appreciation of the dish, not even Tennyson himself could tell, though, as a Frenchman, he was tolerably well versed in such matters.

Although on the main road, and even at so short a distance from Ajaccio, scarcely ten French leagues, Bocognano was nothing less than a mere mountain village, very antique in its character, and with accommodation for strangers rude and simple in the extreme. In the small *albergo*, for instance, at which our friends halted for the night, two apartments only, and these of very scanty dimensions, could be obtained for their use ; but as they really had a wholesome and clean appearance, little or no objection could be offered to such quarters. The sportsmen fully understood they were now passing by an easy transition from a state of comparative comfort to one of a far different character ; it was a gentle initiation into the rougher mysteries of forest life. Even the bread of the place was a mixture of chestnut and wheaten flour ; and although it is said to be highly nutritious, yet a certain sweetness in its flavour renders it somewhat unpalatable to persons accustomed to plain bread. However, on the whole there was no room for grumbling ; the chestnuts, dressed in various ways, were excellent in all ; while the small trout, fresh caught in the mountain stream, proved a delicacy beyond their expectation.

The only incident approaching to a difficulty, during the first night's sojourn, arose from Will's objection to the dogs' quarters : not a door of the outhouse or stable had anything in the shape of a lock upon it, and Will, from long experience, was far too knowing to run any risk with respect to the dogs' safety in a country unknown to him and them. His usual mode of securing them in similar unsafe places was by a strong chain, which, passing between the steel collar and the neck of each dog, was then united at the two end links by a strong padlock ; and thus, double-coupled, they could

neither stray away nor be stolen by any thief inferior to Cacus himself. But on this occasion the lock and chain had been forwarded with the baggage, and, as Will demurred to a separation for the night from his four-legged friends, they must either come to him or he go to them. M. Tennyson was quite ready to receive Will and the dogs into his dormitory; 'he had often,' he said, 'slept in worse company;' but Pendril would not hear of that arrangement, even if the hostess had not already protested against it. So Will had to go to the dogs, a course which he quaintly told Pendril the parson had predicted for him in very early life. However, in reality, Will preferred the company of Wildfire to M. Tennyson; because, having always been treated with due consideration, he had an instinctive respect for a gentleman, and shrank from the feeling of intruding on his privacy under any circumstances. A wholesome feeling that of Will's, and one which in that day was far more prevalent than it is at present. The decline of this right principle between master and man, that is, of respect on one side and kindly consideration on the other, must eventually tend to the subversion of society. Daily the breach widens under the influence of hauteur, over refinement, and neglect on this side, and, consequently, of estrangement and hatred on the other; for there can be no doubt that as a general rule the corruption of servants is owing to the conduct of the masters. In the present day the very name of gentleman is losing its original signification. 'Tell me,' said the rector of a country parish lately to a humble member of his congregation, 'who was that stranger who entered your pew to-day, I think I ought to know the man?' 'Well, sir; that's Mr. Stone, that lived at Chiddingtong, and used to mend your children's shoes; then he broke; afterwards he kept a public-house at Charlton, and then he broke again; and now, sir, he's a gentleman.' By which the respondent simply meant to say that Mr. Stone, having no occupation, was now a gentleman.

Every fish-woman in France is now addressed as 'Madame,' a designation which the Bourbon court once held in the highest honour; and in England, the application of 'Lady' to the fair sex of all classes has become so universal that its omission is really now the exception; it is a middle term so well distributed that its comprehensiveness has no limit. Cheap finery is at the bottom of all this mischief, and cheap finery will be the ruin of the country.

The French tree of fraternity and equality, so long planted in America, has now taken deep root in Old England, and, sooner or later, will bring forth a heavy and unwelcome crop of bitter fruit.

Will, as we have already intimated, belonged to a better school: he had been trained in the family of an English country gentleman of the Coverley type, and kindly consideration from his earliest years had impressed him with a sense of deference to, and respect for his superiors, which, as we have said, is rarely met with in the present day. The story of the old servant who, being ordered to leave his master's service, declined doing so on the plea that 'if his master did not know when he had a good servant, he knew when

‘he had a good master,’ savours of an age earlier than that of Joe Miller, and indicates the existence of a bond which at least one of the parties was unwilling to sever on account of past indulgence.

The next morning the whole party were soon afoot; and as Corte was to be their head-quarters for the chase of the mouflon, they hoped to reach it comfortably before sundown, the distance between it and Bocognano being something less than twenty-five English miles.

After a bountiful breakfast on omelets and other savoury messes, in the concoction of which M. Tennyson took an active part, our friends quitted the albergo, and soon entered into a grand forest of chestnut-trees, which are at once the ornament and the riches of the country. Will, mounted on the Corporal, with Wildfire and Charon at his heels, held steadily to the main road; but the gentlemen, diverging on either side, amused themselves by drawing the rough ground, and getting an occasional shot at small game as the spaniels bustled it out within reach of their guns. On one occasion, a loud shout from Tennyson, whose practice it was to be wide of his companions, attracted their immediate attention; Will, too, halting in his course as the sound reached him, dashed off to discover the object of the view-halloo (for as such it greeted his ears), and coming up to Tennyson before Pendril and Temple could do so, he found him in a state of wild excitement, but from what cause Will for a few moments was unable to divine. There he stood under the shade of a huge chestnut-tree, pointing at the butt, and examining sundry deep gashes which had been recently made in the bark of the tree. His ejaculations, uttered in the Breton tongue, impressed Will with the notion that he was holding intercourse with some horrible spirit—some demon of the forest invisible to his eyes; nor were his doubts cleared away till Temple and Pendril, coming to his side, Tennyson turned to them and said, ‘See, Temple; the furrows in the bark are two feet at least from the ground; what a grand beast he must have been! Steel is not harder, nor have the blades of Toledo a keener edge than the weapon with which he has wounded this tree!’

Of course Temple saw at a glance that a boar was the beast alluded to; although he had never hunted that wild animal as Pendril had done in the Black mountains of Brittany, yet he knew by a kind of instinct which belongs to all true sons of the chase that a boar had been at work, whetting his tusks and preparing them for any deadly encounter in which they might be needed.

‘A pig, beyond a doubt,’ said Temple; ‘but why not a domestic pig that has strayed away from some peasant’s hut in this deep forest?’

‘No, no; the season has not yet arrived for that,’ replied Tennyson; ‘not a peasant will turn out his pigs till the chestnuts begin to fall; besides, it is the *gros sanglier* alone—the solitaire, the monarch of the forest, that dreads no danger from any beast of the field or jungle, that rips the trees in this fashion.’

‘He was evidently in no hurry to quit this ground,’ remarked

Pendril, as his eye caught the butt of another tree scored in a similar manner. 'I will venture to say he is at no great distance from this neighbourhood, probably in yonder dark ravine. Charon is an old hand at the work; get him on the line, and I'll undertake to say he'll rouse him from his lair however deep it may be in that tangled gorge.'

The sagacious dog thus referred to was at that moment feathering on the scent, and in all probability, if he had been encouraged, would have soon proved the truth of Pendril's words. But time would not permit it; already it was noon, and they had scarcely accomplished one-half of the appointed day's journey. So Charon, just as he was warming on the line, was checked by Will, much against their mutual inclination; and the brave dog as he came to heels, his ears pricked aside, and his tail no longer flourishing over his back, but tucked sulkily in between his hind legs, thus indicated his disappointment as plainly as words could have done it; it was a hark-back to which he gave but an unwilling obedience.

Charon had been bred in Brittany—the land of the wolf and the tusky boar, and had been trained expressly for the chase of these animals by Louis Trevarreg, the famous piqueur of the Comte Charles de St. Prix. Black and tan all over, he stood eight-and-twenty inches high at the shoulder; and although in his work and qualities he resembled the rough old-fashioned stag-hound of Bas Bretagne, yet he bore so strong a resemblance to his Wallachian sire, that Snyders would have been charmed to paint him as a true boar-hound from the banks of the Lower Danube. To the serious business of hunting and forcing a boar from his rocky lair, and even of collaring him under certain circumstances, he added the lighter but not less useful accomplishment of being a first-rate retriever. No pinioned pheasant falling into a cover stocked to repletion with all sorts of game could escape his nose; and his marvellous capability in recovering wild-fowl, when the waves ran high, the currents strong, and the banks were ice-bound, displayed an amount of power and courage which few retrievers possessed.

But of all his exploits recorded by Pendril, none equalled the fight in the forest of Dualt. A huge wolf of unusual rapacity had long been the terror of the sabôtiers and charcoal-burners in that wild district; he had snatched away the goats bound by a thong from their very door-posts, and had carried off the dogs of the *garde-du-fôret* by daylight before his face. So daring were his depredations, and so marvellous the mode in which he contrived to escape from bullets and traps of all kinds, and even from St. Prix's hounds, that the scared and superstitious peasantry came to the firm belief that the monster was indeed the *Loup-garou*. On several occasions St. Prix, officially invited by the mayor of the commune, had brought his hounds from Morlaix expressly to hunt this scourge of the forest. A large concourse of the Breton noblesse, the true legitimists of France, usually assembled at these meetings, not so much to do honour to M. de St. Prix as Capitaine de Louveterie,

an officer of considerable distinction under the Bourbon kings, nor yet to confer on political subjects, which just then were affecting not only France but the whole civilized world, as to enjoy the sport of wolf-hunting in all its wild grandeur.

The story of the Dualt wolf in connection with St. Prix's hounds is almost as well known in Brittany as the name of St. Prix itself. As often as they met at Callac and drew the deep cover of Dualt, so often a hound was missing from the pack and was never heard of afterwards. And as it invariably happened that this was the fate of a tail and not a leading hound, the loss was never attributed to the braconniers of that district, who, if they had wanted a hound, would have certainly not stolen the laggard of the pack, but rather the best they could have laid their hands on. At length it was observed by St. Prix that this wolf, which was always found in a particular quarter, ran a long ring before he quitted the cover; and then it occurred to him that the wary brute had overtaken the tail-hound and destroyed him, while the forward pack was engaged in the chase.

This proved to be really the case: the wolf turned round, and, although pursued, became the pursuer himself, and easily overcame the weakest or the slackest hound of the pack; then, having wreaked his vengeance, he broke away, as old wolves do break, for a strange country, and so escaped with his life. St. Prix, however, having discovered the stratagem, was at no loss to baffle it by a counter-plot. The next time and the last time that wolf was found, he ordered Charon to be coupled up for twenty minutes after the wolf was roused; then to be slipped and laid upon the line of the forward hounds. In the mean time St. Prix rode ahead, and posting himself at a point, just passed by the pack, he awaited with intense anxiety the appearance of Charon, now coming on the foiled scent. He had not been a minute at his post before he viewed the gaunt wolf in the rear of Charon, actually hunting the hound and running in to him with a headlong rush, which the hound, he thought, could hardly withstand. Then came the tug of war: Greek met Greek, silently and fiercely; and over they rolled fast locked in each other's jaws. Now the wolf was uppermost, and now Charon; then, as they struggled and reared up together, the wolf seemed a head and shoulders bigger than the swarthy hound. St. Prix could hear the clash of their teeth; and, as he hurried on with his *couteau-de-chasse* drawn, the combatants caught sight of him. Again they rolled over and over; but this time Charon rose from the ground, like Antæus, with renewed vigour, and with a desperate effort seized the wolf's throat. Under that vice-like grip he seemed to stagger and gasp for life. St. Prix was at hand, but the brave hound no longer needed his help; the wolf's eyes were starting from their sockets; his mouth, with its chasm of huge teeth, was wide open; and in another minute the gaunt beast fell motionless and lifeless to the earth. St. Prix's blade was again sheathed in all its burnished brightness; the good hound had done his own work and there the wolf lay

'Tremendous still in death.'

Such is a brief outline of Charon's eventful history: subsequently he was presented by St. Prix to Pendril, as a token of friendship and as a return-gift for a hound called Warrior, which the latter had given to the Capitaine de Louveterie, and which became, under the guidance of Louis Trevarreg, one of the best hounds in Brittany for all sorts of rough game.

But to return to the hunters: right loth was Will to check the gallant hound as he lashed his stern and improved on the scent he so dearly loved. Will would have followed him through the live-long night; ay, and into the very homestead of the boar, if he had been permitted to do so; but, as Corte was far up in the mountains, and many a league away, neither Tennyson nor Pendril thought it would be prudent to enter on a boar-hunt at so late an hour of the day, and in a wild country unknown to either of them. Temple, however, thought otherwise.

'I should like to have a brush at the beast,' said he; 'we may not again cross the fresh traces of so fine an animal. Will says he'll warrant him three hundredweight by the spread of his hoof in yon clay. We should find him for a certainty; and, after the sport, we could easily fall back on Bocognano. Then we might stay a few days longer in that place and draw the rough ground abutting on the beech forests in this neighbourhood.'

'As our chief object is the moufflon,' said Tennyson, 'by all means let us push on to the ground where that animal is to be found; our work is all in front, and our game at least two or three thousand feet above us; to fall back before we have even proved our rifles would certainly be a move in the wrong direction. Besides,' continued he, 'this is the season for the moufflon, but not for the boar: the beech-mast is high, and the chestnut still in its husk, and until the boar takes in his autumn store, he is scarcely fit food for a vulture.'

'By all means let us get forward,' chimed in Pendril; 'it would indeed be a fool's errand to come thus far on our journey for a specific purpose and then be diverted from it by the track of a stray boar, which by this time is probably in one of the fastnesses of Monte d'Oro. Two to one, Temple, are the odds against you; so forward for the mountains, my boy, and don't imitate the anti-quary, whose head and thoughts are retrospective only.'

What Temple's real purpose was his friends were at no loss to conjecture; they plainly saw that, at every step which removed him from the valley of the Gravone, Temple was dragging a 'lengthening chain' behind him. They had already noticed, with much concern, that the magnificent wild scenery through which they were passing had no charms for him; that neither the dark pine forests, the trees of which towered to the skies, nor the savage grandeur of the mountain-side, arid, verdureless, and desolate as it was at certain points, retained their wonted attractions for Temple's eye. Even the love of wild sport, and the prospect of the chase before him, which for months past had been the subject of his daily thought and

nightly dream, was no longer enjoyed. Another passion far more intense, far more dominant, and utterly regardless of consequences, had swept out the tenement and dwelt there; and the power of seven evil spirits, instead of one, had taken possession of his soul.

Under this influence, which he rather cultivated than resisted, the desertion of his friends was the first thought suggested by a minor spirit; then soon followed the graver counsel of still worse spirits, counsel too dark at present to unfold, and which, if followed, would inevitably bring in its train, misery, ruin, and despair.

Temple made no response to the observations of his friends; but lighting a cigar and shouldering his Lancaster gun, he strode moodily forwards in the direction of Corte. They soon left Vivario behind them, a village overhung by dark forests of the *Pinus altissima*, and notorious for the fierce truculence of its *vendetta* feuds. Hence they caught their first view of the Monte Rotondo, the summit of which seemed to sustain the skies; then crossing the Vecchio, and afterwards the Restonica and Tavignano rivers, they ascended the steep heights by which Corte is approached, and entered the little town as the clock struck six.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

It falls!—the Blow, we first began to dread
 When the foul primrose reared its monstrous head:
 When first uprose from bank and mossy dell
 The flaunting violet's ungrateful smell;
 When hideous lambs commenced their foolish bleat:
 (Oh! when they're roasted, won't revenge be sweet!)
 When angry farmers first were heard to shout—
 'Now then! 'ware wheat! Where are your eyes, you lout?'
 It falls—that Blow! and I, of heart bereft,
 Feel as though King had hit me with his left—
 Hit me, just after I had freely dined,
 And in that spot which schoolboys call 'the wind.'
 The Season's over—we have heard this morn
 The last sweet notes of huntsman's cheery horn;
 And, sweeter still, the last melodious sound
 Of deep-toned music from the eager hound!
 All now is mute, save one word, whispered low,
 To man and horse alike, and that is—'Wo!'
 Oh, boots beloved! and must we meet no more?
 Must seven sad sultry summer months pass o'er
 Ere your brown tops, toned down with white of egg,
 Shall clasp this slender but rejoicing leg?
 And ye, whose name 'twould be, from scruples weak,
 A breach of etiquette for lips to speak,
 Must we, too, part? Must these unhappy knees
 Wear the long garments of inglorious ease?
 For the last time thy buttons now I see.
 (Mothers of many a *purl* they've been to me!)

And 'When shall we three meet again,' I cry,
 'These buttons, with the button-hook and I?'
 Oh! for that time when he, who for our chins,
 Brings boiling water, and 'puts out our things,'
 With smiling face shall draw our blinds, and say,
 'John's just gone on, sir, with the white-legged bay.'
 Oh! for the cantering hack, the genial weed,
 The cheery friend, who joins us as we speed.
 Oh! for that hour, when once again we'll greet
 Our brother sportsmen at the merry meet.
 Behold the sight, with which none ever vied—
 The hounds, the horses, and the men who ride!
 Ah! then once more in ringing woods we'll thank
 Those English squires whose coverts ne'er are blank,
 While, cap in hand, o'er grass or heavy clay
 Once more the huntsman cheers his pack away,
 While our hearts leap with wild, ecstatic joy,
 And all is happiness without alloy!

THE SIRES OF THE DAY.

NO. VI.—**LORD OF THE ISLES, DE CLARE, PRIME MINISTER, WEATHERBIT, ETC.; WITH REMINISCENCES OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.**

OUR list of first-class tried sires is pretty nearly exhausted. In my last paper I remarked that the year 1855 produced, besides Wild Dayrell and Oulston, two other good horses, both sons of Touchstone, and both sires of winners, Lord of the Isles and De Clare, the former the winner of the Lavant and Biennial at Goodwood, and of the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket; the latter, of the Municipal at Doncaster, and the Produce and Newmarket Stakes at Newmarket. Both these horses inherit to a great degree the fault of Touchstone, upright fore-legs and ankles, in consequence of which neither of them bore the wear and tear of training long. They ought, therefore, to be most carefully crossed with mares possessing very firm and sound fore-legs, and especially with oblique shoulders.

Lord of the Isles is a bay horse with a long neck, bold head, with a capital back and hind legs, but leggy, and upright on his pasterns; still he is a most racing-like, commanding-looking horse, and, as the sire of Dundee and Scottish Chief, is far from a bad specimen of the Touchstone family. He possesses the good cross with Pantaloon, which on every occasion asserts its excellence in racing blood. Fair Helen, his dam, was out of Rebecca, who was also dam of Alice Hawthorn.

De Clare is of a different mould to the above. While the one is a light, airy horse, the other is a ponderous specimen of a thoroughbred horse. His size and bone are immense; his action in his slow paces bad, owing to his very ill-placed shoulders. He was proved

by the three races he won a good race-horse, as he was never beat ; and he was also tried very highly, but his legs would not stand a strong trial, which his owner wished him to have, after winning the Newmarket Stakes, and he broke down. His dam, Miss Bowe, was an extraordinarily good brood mare, bred especially stout, being by Catton, out of Tranby's dam, by Orville. She lately died at the great age of thirty-two, and her grand-looking son Longbow died at the same time nearly. He was another example to be quoted of some horses being comparatively neglected. His son Toxophilite was a superior runner, and promises to come to the fore ere long as a sire. His pretty little daughter Feu-de-Joie won the Oaks, and, considering the very few mares ever put to him, he got a great many winners. In addition to De Clare and Longbow, who have been kept at home, Miss Bowe bred many more excellent race-horses, several of whom are becoming noted sires abroad. William Tell and Boiardo are highly esteemed in Australia, Strongbow in France, whilst Bowstring has for years been an approved hunter-sire in the south of England. Miss Bowe always bred well to the Touchstone strain, always moderately when crossed with any other line. De Clare is very likely to hit well with the Birdcatcher mares—Claremont is so bred. Klarikoff, as every one remembers, was the unfortunate horse who was burnt to death on the Great Northern Railway. He was, no doubt, a good horse.

Prime Minister and Old Weatherbit remain to be discussed : both horses who have reached the circle of the crack sires of the day. Prime Minister is a very neat, sound, and wiry son of Melbourne. He is a nice-sized horse, being 15 hands 3 inches in height. In his racing career he showed good racing powers, having won at two years the Castle Stakes at Warwick and the Clearwell. At three years old he ran 9 times and won 3 ; he won the Manchester Produce, &c., and ran fifth in Teddington's Derby. As a four-year old he won the Port, the Newton Trial Stakes, and the Ludlow Cup. His dam (also the dam of Harriott and Peppermint, and who died early) was a fashionably bred one, by Pantaloon, dam by Camel. Be it remarked, wherever there is a cross with that most perfect-shaped horse Pantaloon, the beauty of shape in some way or other is sure to reappear. If it is crossed with coarse breeds, it always tones them down and refines them. Hence its success with the cross with Melbourne and Touchstone.

We come next to the dark-brown son of Sheet Anchor, and Miss Letty, by Priam—not a bad cross, the one being winner of the Great Portland Handicap—a race in its day of surpassing interest, but which was, alas ! soon given up ; the other one of the three daughters of Priam, who each won an Oaks. Weatherbit was a good horse at four years old, having run second to Chamois for the Great Metropolitan, carrying 8st. 4lb. He also won the 300 sov. Stakes at Goodwood, and a race at Newmarket.

At the stud he has been the sire of many good, hard-working horses, first and foremost of which is Beadsman, winner of the

Derby, who at last brought back to Sir Joseph Hawley the large sums expended on his Mendicant. But the old horse (now in his twenty-third year) came out with the greatest force in his old age, and his last year's batch of two-year olds won all before them. His success of late years at the stud may be seen by the annexed table:—

	Foals.	Winners.	2-year olds.
1856. . . .	18	6	4
1857. . . .	15	13	3
1858. . . .	19	10	4
1859. . . .	21	7	1
1860. . . .	26	9	3
1861. . . .	17	14	7
1862. . . .	13	19	10
1863. . . .	7	15	7

This season he is limited to 12 mares at 50 guineas each; and as the selection of those sent appears a good one, we may yet see many a winner by Weatherbit.

The mania for writing on horse-breeding has during the past few months filled to overflowing all the sporting papers. Most of the writers on the subject appear to me to imagine that race-horses can be bred in a cut-and-dried way—merely by watching the different lines as they appear in the Stud-book, deducing certain principles therefrom, and making the various crosses, from the easy chair of the writer.

But, with all due deference to such opinions, I believe, study the Stud-book as one will, the chief deduction to be gained from it is that from some cause or other nine out of ten of the crosses therein have been mere matters of *chance*. A hundred years ago it was absolutely necessary to breed race-horses in a confined circle: hence the union continually of Snap, Match-'em, Eclipse, and Herod.

From them descended to us all the lines we may study in the Stud-book—most of them very similar in their component parts, but too often showing evident symptoms of most haphazard crossing. How very many breeders of racing stock know absolutely nothing of the blood and performances of the ancestors of the sires they run after with such avidity; and if they are thus ignorant now-a-days, it is fair to presume they were equally so in the days of Eclipse and Herod, who were the Stockwell and Newminster of their day.

Even the best judges will fall into the great error, even now, of conveniency, by which I mean the calculating expense, distance of sending mares, and last, but not least, the possession of a stallion at home, before the absolute necessity (if the *summum bonum* is to be attained) of mating their mares wholly, solely, and judiciously with those horses only who in pedigree, form, and internal qualities are marked out as most fitted for them.

All people will humbug themselves in this, as in all other pursuits: to a certain point, therefore the possession of a crack stallion is to a breeder a constant temptation to error. He will persuade himself that such and such a mare is worth the trial—that she ought in some

respects to hit with his horse—that it will save expense—that there is less risk and more chance of a foal—with a hundred other plausible arguments. Grant all this—but is it, after all, good judgment? And what is good judgment but judging for and selecting the best and the best only? If a man must stick to his own stallion the only way to avoid utter failure is to buy those mares only fitted for his cross. And how difficult is this! Far better to chop and change about with the owners of other crack sires, and endeavour to establish a good ‘Give-and-take’ principle. Is not every page of the Stud-book and Racing Calendar crammed with instances of wasted energies and signal failures through this suicidal principle of stud-farm breeding? I cannot exemplify it better than by pointing out how the haphazard style of breeding proves what I say, in many of our studs, whence year after year the majority of our race-horses have emanated.

No stud has finer-shaped or better-bred mares than Lord Exeter’s at Burleigh. The mares are sprung chiefly from Sultan and Reveller, both, in their day, extraordinarily good stout runners. The one ran second for the Derby, the other won the St. Leger, and both ran on and won an infinity of great races. Nor did their descendants in any way fall short of their ancestors, as Lucetta, Greenmantle, Varna, Galata, Amima, Toga, Marmora, Macremma, and a host of others testify. They won the Oaks twice, and all the good things at Newmarket and elsewhere. In fact, at one time it was Sultan, and Sultan alone.

Here was a breed worth starting from; but what has been the result? Why, that of all these splendid mares the progeny was for many years most indifferent. No expense was spared, and the most fashionable sires of the day were selected to cross with them. But how were they selected? As I said above, the mares were put almost indiscriminately to the stallion hired for that one season: selected because he had shown great merit himself or been sire of some star of a preceding year.

In successive years Velocipede, Colwick, Hetman Platoff, Giovanni, Gladiator, The Provost, Plenipotentiary, Voltaire, and St. Martin were hired, and stood a season at Burleigh. A reference to the Calendar will show that not one of these high and mighty sires ever begot there the winner of any one of the great races. Surely this bears out to the full my argument that an indiscriminate use of one sire in a stud, however good, must end in failure.

Had these fine mares been changed about and mated to the sires suited to them, is it not probable that the good times of Greenmantle and Galata, of Augustus and Patron, would have been preserved, and the blue and white stripe been ever in the front on the ‘Olympian Plains?’

But the above-mentioned stud is no solitary instance of dead failure from this cause. Did not that good judge, the late Lord George Bentinck, stumble through the same mistake? Because he had bought Bay Middleton for 4,000 guineas, because he had won

everything, and was, no doubt, a great horse, he imagined he could not go wrong at the stud. So a colossal stud was got together, the country was scoured for Defence and other good mares, and all were *condemned* (no other word will suit) to Bay Middleton. The result, I have no hesitation in saying, is, that our whole country has been poisoned with the long-necked, long-legged, worthless sons of Bay Middleton. Among the immense number of mares sent to him he got a large number of horses, of course, who came to the post, some few possessed of speed, but the mass undeniably bad, and inheriting constitutional infirmities from Cobweb and Phantom. Hosts of these colts, being soon thrown out of training, have for years been sown broadcast over the land, and deteriorated the breed of the 'useful and sound horse' beyond measure.

A bad strain in a family does incalculable mischief so long. It is always presenting itself—oftentimes when least expected. No one can say how many generations will eradicate it. Look at Hesperus!—a son of Bay Middleton, one of the most injurious horses a breeder can use. Hesper, and others of his get, are most plausible animals to look at—they possess size, and have terrific speed: hence they suit the 'bookmaking' generation of Turfites. But the hereditary curse of foaming is stamped on them, and when out of training, what becomes of them? Why, they hand down another generation of the Bay Middleton unsound blood.

But there is to this a single and striking exception, and that is The Flying Dutchman, who, himself a very sound horse, has also been the progenitor of a very useful as well as racing description of horse.

Though somewhat calf-kneed, he had very firm and wiry legs, pasterns well sloped, and action very true. No one part of his frame is in excess of another, and so he never wore out his fore-legs; though he ran very often, and always, with the one great exception, successfully. That his stock have natural action is proved by those (and they are not a few) who have been transferred to the hunting stable, and who have proved themselves natural jumpers as well as stout horses. Many of my readers may remember Chapelier (out of Blue Bonnet, the winner of the Leger): he is one of the finest hunters now in England.

Again we have an instance of the good qualities of the offspring being chiefly dependent on the dam.

Barbelle appears to have neutralized, if not wiped out, the bad qualities of Bay Middleton. She was by Sandbeck, by Catton, out of Darioletta, by Amadis: both these horses were a mine of wealth in the hunting as well as the racing stud. Never were such good hunters as those by Sandbeck, Catton, and Amadis; and many a tale is extant of the 'never-say-die' sort of Old Amadis, when chases were long and lands undrained. Is not this, then, apparent again in the jumping powers of the Dutchman's stock? Barbelle produced three great horses—The Flying Dutchman, Van Tromp, and Zuyder Zee, and by three as different-shaped sires—Bay Middleton, Lanercost, and Orlando—as it is possible to imagine. Does not

this prove that a really sound, good mare only wants a cross with a horse of repute and tried excellence to insure success?

Very much has been written on the sires; but I am inclined to think quite as interesting a subject, and one more requiring inquiry, is the cause of failure among the mares in every stud.

In addition to the three cracks above named, Barbelle bred two other good runners, the one, De Witt, by The Provost, the other, Vanderdecken, own brother to The Flying Dutchman. Her son De Ruyter, own brother to Van Tromp, was hurt in the back when a foal, so never was proved. But after having bred these first-rate horses she was put to the five worst sires possible—Pompey, West Australian, Ashgill, Pottinger, and Wingenund. I need not add that the old mare's produce did not again appear in the winning pages of the Racing Calendar.

If we go back another generation it will be found that what I have more than once directed the attention of breeders to, viz., the search for those mares who have for more than one generation established the 'good habit' of throwing winners, is again, in the instance before us, established. Thus, Darioletta was the dam of four very superior horses—Perion, Florestan, St. Bennett, and Galaor. But mark, again, these horses were not by inferior sires, but by Whisker, Catton, and Muley Moloch.

So much for the breeding of The Flying Dutchman!

But it is the soundness of the Dutchman's stock that is most especially to be valued—soundness derived, no doubt, from the good combination of blood in Barbelle. Like many other stallions—Kingston, &c., to wit—at the outset his stock were disappointing. He got at first a great many narrow-backed, light fillies, when at Rawcliffe, and he quickly lost the favour of the public; but as years passed on the improvement not only of the racing powers, but also of the shape of his progeny, became strikingly apparent; and now all the good judges in France are rightly sticking to him. Canezou never bred a clever-shaped horse till Cape Flyaway. He was, whilst in training, one of the soundest animals ever trained. No amount of work ever made his legs fill, and between races and trials he had but little rest. I fully anticipate seeing him some day turn out a superior stud horse, especially for Touchstone and Melbourne mares. Being put this season at a low price, and being at Knowsley, he promises to have a fair start—a matter of no small importance to a young sire.

Ignoramus and Ellington are very good specimens. Brown Duchess is certainly one of the finest mares in the world. All these three possess good stout blood again on the dams' sides—Muley, Tomboy, and Liverpool, respectively.

Nor need one forget such a beautiful model of a horse as Amsterdam, or so good two-year olds as Brick and Fly-by-Night, the latter not only a great winner in public, but, tried, an extraordinary horse for the Derby. But he broke down before the event, and was sold, and went to the United States.

I might mention many more scions of the Dutchman's race, of nearly equal merit to the above. It is, however, worthy of notice that a vast proportion of very hard wear-and-tear platers are his descendants; and they are horses which run on year after year.

It was thought by many (and good judges, too) that the French, in buying The Flying Dutchman, had the worst of the bargain. Alas, for human foresight! it now appears we have parted with a trump card.

In horse-breeding, patience not unfrequently brings a rich reward. The instance of Mendicant and her son Beadsman is always worth bearing in mind.

We lose very often a good horse, and a rich harvest, eventually, by a too great desire of early realizing. Priam, General Chassé, The Flying Dutchman, and, I may safely add, Saunterer and Fisherman, are examples, as Longfellow says, in his motto on the chair of the Falconer of San Federigo—

‘All things come round to him who will but wait.’

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING IN WALES.

WOODCOCK-shooting, *per se*, is a peculiarly charming and exhilarating sport. I do not refer to indiscriminate shooting, when, if good luck should attend the day, two or three couples of cocks grace the bag, but to the search for cocks in localities only where there is scarcely a head of any other kind of game, or absolutely no game whatever, until this migratory bird makes its appearance on our island—localities, where, to insure anything like sport, you have to walk hard for your game, and to work hard too. The whirr of the pheasant, the sudden start of the timid hare, the bustle of the rabbit in covert have their attractions for some; yea for many, but not for me. I like stubbles, turnips, and pointers, but I ignore the present system of battue-shooting. Such sport as I delight in can be enjoyed only in its entirety, for it is one strictly *sui generis*, in the wild and mountainous parts of Wales, Mid-Wales particularly; in districts of Derbyshire, Herefordshire, Yorkshire, and the North, where ‘hills and dales and dells’ are the features of the country, interspersed with streams and rivulets; where the abruptness of nature is broken and relieved by oak and larch plantings; and indigenous shrubs and briars in luxuriant wildness, mingled with fern, help to form an almost impenetrable covert. My own experience has reference to Wales, perhaps the very best of all places, from its natural advantages, and proximity to the sea-coast, for giving the sportsman a true taste of what the enjoyment of real woodcock-shooting is. For excitement there is nothing like it. I appeal to those who have been fortunate enough to indulge therein.

But a very few years back four or five coaches, ‘well appointed’

in the literal sense of the term, daily crossed the Severn by the old Welsh bridge at the 'frail,' but good old conservative town of Shrewsbury, *en route* for Mid-Wales and its sea-coast. I do not write of the fast-running days of the Holyhead mail, L'Hirondelle, The Cambrian, and others, but of the steady times of those of a more recent date. My pride and pleasure it was wont to be then to 'relieve' at intervals the coachman for a stage or so, when, with his accustomed good nature (may I say in appreciation of my qualities as a whip?), he would say to me, rising up to exchange his seat—

'Will you have 'em now, sir? a good road, as you know, and no 'old gentleman to find fault.' To a man fond of driving, and knowing something about it practically, what could have greater charms on a summer's morning than a box seat and the whip and reins occasionally, especially through that beautiful country, of romantic grandeur and diversified scenery, which lies between Shrewsbury, Newtown, and Llanidloes!

I know no route so picturesque, if I except that of Llangollen, Capel Curig, and Llanberis—the Switzerland of Wales; and as regards the good 'going' of the road itself, I prefer the former infinitely.

The sportsman true has always, I believe, a keen eye for, and a ready appreciation of, the beauties of nature; and, in high spirits, and pretty free from care, with Ray, as guard, playing his cornet in semi-masterly style, and as good a team as a moderate man could wish to handle, who will doubt that I was in those halcyon days extremely happy? Did I look at the pretty girls, who would ride outside 'just to see what was to be seen,' more than at my horses, and who were hastening to dip in the briny at Aberystwith? Surely I looked at both. Did I feel proud to be steering such a fair, such a valuable cargo? Decidedly. What gloves! what a neat scarf and pin! What a well-brushed 'Lincoln and Bennett!' Pardon my weakness, my digression. Accept as apology 'Juvat præterita recordari.' Alas! it's all over now, and I'm getting sulky. That scourge of modern days, the rail, about which there has been so much squabbling of late among the Welsh directors, has knocked us off the road; has with its innovations destroyed our fishing; caused our shootings, which once were 'gratis,' to be hired; has deluged us with a monied mobocracy of the John Bright school; and has, or will, make every place accessible to any one who can pay his fare. Little did we think that the iron road would have traversed even the fastnesses of Wales! 'Tempora mutantur.' It is some satisfaction to think that Colonel Corbett, one of the truest of Shropshire's aristocracy, an ex-M. F. H., and a county gentleman, *a vertice ad pedes*, yet holds his own; and to his great delight, and to that of every one who has the pleasure to ride with him, preserves in pristine form the good old coach and four from Carnarvon to Barmouth. Long may he continue to do so! His is one of the very few coaches now running in North Wales worth speaking of.

Well, an invitation from a relative, telling me I could now come all the way to his place by rail, which he thought would be an extra inducement, caused me in sorrow more than in anger to book myself to Shrewsbury once again. On my arrival, and on inquiry, I rejoiced to find that, though I *could* go all the way by rail, yet a coach *did* run as far as Newtown. Coach for me! Where is the coachman? He has retired in disgust. Where is Ray? Nobody knows. I was in high dudgeon, still I enjoyed the ride, and in the remembrance of old times silently forgot the present. But what was my disgust when at Newtown I was informed that the coach would be put upon a truck specially made for it, and forwarded by rail the next twelve miles, and that then it would be re-horsed, and proceed on its journey! And so it was. Thus did the rail completely and literally triumph over the coach, and the poor old thing submitted quietly to be pushed into its place, and without its horses, to be whirled through the air. What a degradation! What a mockery!

I believe I should have quarrelled with any fellow-passenger who might have spoken to me, had it not been that the originality of the 'Taffies' greatly amused me. They were quite new to railway travelling, and kept holloaing out at every station to know where they were. It was now getting dark, as my journey was undertaken in the last week of October, 186—.

'Hi, maester,' shouts one, as the train drew up, 'be we at 'whoam?'

'Where are you going to?' replies the guard.

'Why, to Abermule.'

'Then you're eight miles off yet.'

'Can I get out here?' sings another.

'No.'

'But I mon.' Off goes the train.

'Well, indeed, this be a strange place,' says an old Cardigan woman with her tall-crowned beaver hat, as we left the last station but one; 'why we be in a town—look at the clock a-lighted!'

Sticking my head out of the carriage window, I was enabled to hear these, and a lot more rapid remarks, and certainly felt surprised to find so much pure English spoken by the leek-eaters.

Out at last I jump considerably relieved. In a quarter of an hour I was in the hotel of the Welsh half-town, half-village. Upon inquiry at the bar for my relative's house, I found that he had gone from home. He was a doctor, and appeared to be as well known as to his movements as to himself.

'Indeed, I did see the doctor ride past not an hour ago,' remarked a jolly old fellow, dropping his spectacles on his nose, and the newspaper at the same time; 'I do believe he has gone to Trefeglys; for 'Mrs. Owen, they do tell me, is uncommon bad.'

'He will be here when he comes back sure,' joined in the landlord. 'Will you stop for him, sir?'

'Ah! he's certain to come in,' said a good-looking middle-aged

man in a rusty suit of black, with a white choker and a long pipe, and a glass of something stronger than tea before him, but about the same colour.

'Are you fond of shooting, sir?' asked a fine-built, muscular man, the reverse of the Welsh generally, they being, as a rule, short, thick, and cobby.

'Oh yes,' I replied, putting my gun-case in the corner. 'I thought I might get some down here, as the doctor told me there was good woodcock-shooting about.'

'Well to be sure you can,' said the man of muscle in the most frank way, whom I shall call Pugh. 'I'm going to-morrow where I know there are plenty of 'oodcocks. You know, Davvid,' turning to the old man, 'there be always a good sprinkling at Cwm-y-Hafren, and Lewis Richards does tell me that he se'ed seven there yesterday, when he were a-taking the cows to the meadow as runs along the dingle by the mill. They had just dropped there I 'spect.'

'That's a rare place for 'em, I used to know, and just leave me one, if you kill any. Good health to you, sir, meaning me,' added the old man.

'I once kilt three couple there with Tim Powell,' remarked a red-nosed, hard-drinking looking fellow, whom I afterwards found out to be the clerk to the magistrates. The party it appears, was composed of the mayor, the old man, the vicar, he of the white choker, the magistrate's clerk, Pugh the principal tradesman, a retired publican, two farmers, and the watchmaker, an out-and-out Radical, the news-monger and politician of the town. They were only waiting for the doctor to make the set complete. Presently he turned up, and after taking divers potations—all wishing to treat the stranger, myself, amid 'harmony, conviviality, and good-fellowship,' we quitted the scene. I remarked on our way, 'All seem hail fellows well met here.'

'Oh, yes,' replied the doctor. 'The Welsh are no respecters of persons.'

Running after us comes Pugh.

'Evan Humphreys shall call you, sir, at the doctor's, at half-past six. We must start at seven or soon after, and please don't be later. It's a long way to go.'

'All right, good-night.'

Some shots rattling against my window, and a slight ring at the door bell, roused me next morning; and drawing aside the blind, I perceived a man in the street making violent gestures. Concluding he was Evan, and that time was up, I hurriedly dressed, and let him in, for the servants were still roosting. The snow lay thickly on the ground, though there was not a vestige on the previous evening, and it was a hard frost. 'How far have we to go?' I inquired, 'for it's a raw cold morning.'

'Well, indeed, middling.'

'Have you had any breakfast?'

‘ Well, indeed, I donna know.’

To other interrogatories I got the same answers, or partly so ; so concluding that his stock of English was very limited (which was the true state of the case), I left Evan, and by dint of curiosity and the help of a candle, found my way into the larder. Coming across a cold goose, I took the two legs and some bread, and sticking the former together with a goodly plaster of mustard and salt, wrapped all up in paper, and handed them over to Evan to carry. After discussing a quart of good old ale, which I was enabled to get from the cellar, with my ‘ valet,’ who, like a true Welshman, was always dry, we set out ; my fast not at least having been broken, as regarded solids. Meeting Pugh at the end of the town, where I was conducted by Evan, we trudged on in the murky light of an October morning, and were presently joined by two more as ragged, hirsute, and hardy-looking cads as Evan himself.

‘ Are these fellows coming with us ?’ I asked.

‘ Oh, indeed, sir, they are—to mark.’

Pugh had two setters with him. One was a white, thick, short-legged, useful wear-and-tear looking sort of an animal, built for endurance, which he called, as it sounded to me, ‘ Kerrycoo.’ The other was a fine up-standing dog, a noble specimen, rightly named ‘ Ranger.’ He had a most intelligent head, capital stern, good legs, arms, and feet, and was very true in shape altogether. His colour alone was against him, which was a nasty, rusty, half-dun, half-brown. A tramp of nine good Welsh miles, ere we arrived at our ground, through lanes and ravines, bearing evidence of winter torrents, and at times, I believe, quite impassable, is no joke, particularly on a cold morning early, and with an empty stomach. The ruggedness of our way was not rendered less arduous by the frost and snow, neither did the gradual ascent almost throughout make the walk appear shorter.

‘ Well, here we are, sir.’

‘ Thank goodness for that,’ I inwardly murmured. Giving orders in Welsh to Evan, and the other two markers, who quickly made across some enclosures, Pugh led the way for another quarter of a mile, till we came to a narrow sloping covert, composed of oak shrub and beech, some juniper, and plenty of ragged holly and native brambles. These with other underwood appeared each to be usurping the other’s ground, and choking one another in their growth. Some larch and oak saplings towered above the dwarfy thicket and fern, like rye among tares. I thought I never saw a more likely spot ; and, as I took a general survey, I espied Evan on the outside at the top of the hill, one of the others at the far end, and the third at the side on my left. The Severn ran in the valley a field below us.

We had not been in many minutes before ‘ Kerrycoo ’ made a point in a hollow, beautifully backed by ‘ Ranger.’

‘ What is it ?’ shouted I, as I had never before seen dogs stand so true to cocks.

A wave of the hand from Pugh told me to come up nearer. As I approached, keeping my eyes upon a large holly bush in front, 'Kerrycoo' drew on very stealthily, and sure enough I saw trailing its wings on the ground like a turkey cock, and with a cat-like 'purr,' a cock running on among the withered, rusty fern. Up he rose: bang from Pugh, and down. Immediately another sprung on P.'s right. I looked for him also to fall.

'Why did not you shoot?—Mark!' shouted he.

'I left him for you; he was your bird,' I replied.

'But d——n it, I've only one barrel; mine's a single gun!'

'What a nuisance! I quite forgot that.'

'Always shoot, sir, when you've a chance; through an oak-tree, if you can only see your bird.'

Steadily proceeding in that covert, we bagged five more, including the second we rose, and which was marked to a yard by one of P.'s 'factotums.' All were pointed shots. Such setters I never before saw. They seemed to go straight to their game without trouble or hunting, being evidently old hands at the sport. Two of the five fell to my gun, and the others to P.'s; and as one carried just over the Severn, I hastened to pick him up, and though I walked through it, did not get my feet wet through my shooting-boots. It will be guessed how near the source of that noble river we then were.

'What is that mountain?'

'That's Plinlimmon.'

'I say, this is grand sport, Mr. Pugh.'

'Yes, it is, sir; but we shall have better just now, when we come to Cwm-y-Hafren.'

We walked on for two miles or more nearer to Plinlimmon, but saw nothing. Then we got on to a swampy piece of land in the valley, where the foot of man appeared rarely to have trod. A vast waste lay before us, moor, ravines, small plantations, and hills and soaks on all sides. I got a widgeon, a curlew, and three snipes; in this part, ere we found another cock. Indeed I was in luck's way, keeping as closely as I could to the course of the Severn. Pugh did not deign to fire at snipes, not considering them worth shot and powder. His whole aim was bagging cocks only.

And now amid the solitude, utter barrenness, and wildness of the country, which greatly enhanced the pleasure, our sport in earnest began. A meadow (an oasis in the desert), if meadow it can be called, was in front, hedged in on either side by high ground. It was a 'slang' of some three-quarters of a mile, skirting the river, and ran up to a dilapidated mill. It was full of springs, quicksands, rushes, and tall coarse grasses, even at that time of year. Here and there black peaty mud kept boiling out. Low alders, cropped by the mountain sheep and cattle in hard weather, and consequently stunted and tough, with here and there patches of heather, made it excellent covert for wild-fowl and birds of solitude. The walking was somewhat dangerous, and may be compared to walking upon a floor of india-rubber balls. Close against the high land the ground.

was firm enough for cattle, and appeared to afford some scanty pasturage.

'Ranger' stands: P. knocks down a cock, a very easy shot. We proceed abreast, and walk up three cocks at once (the first time in my life I ever saw three on the wing together).

In all eagerness, and with my eyes fixed on the birds, down I go with my right leg into a bog above my knee, but, like a Volunteer rifleman, I fire from this position, and bag one bird. P.'s unerring tube secured another. Not to enter into useless detail, we bagged six and rose three more cocks, ere we quitted that bit of wonderful shooting-ground.

Four couples and a half of woodcocks in one meadow! This was Cwm-y-Hafren. Pugh had not missed a shot, and we might have got the other three, had we followed them. 'I want some grub and beer awfully; let us go to the mill,' was my remark, which caused us to turn to our right, instead of proceeding.

'They have no cwrw there, sir,' said one of the markers.

'No what?'

'No beer, sir.'

'Well, but the gentleman can have some buttermilk and gin, I dare say,' replied Pugh.

'Come on then, by all means.' And in we went. Sharing my two legs of the goose with P., he and I taking a thigh, and letting the other three scramble for the two drumsticks, I breakfasted; and oh! what a hearty meal! Buttermilk and gin, which I had never tasted before, and have not done since, went down as if it had been nectar. The miller, at his rough but hospitable table, contributed bread and cheese; the bread as hard as a simnel; the cheese truly 'Protestant,' which would burn, but never run.

'And what time is it? Let us look at our bag.'

'It's nearly twelve,' replied Pugh. 'Turn 'em out Evan.' What a sight! Seven and a half couples of woodcocks, three snipes, one curlew, and a widgeon!

'Don't you ever bring anything to eat with you when you go out for such a day as this?' I asked.

'Oh, no,' said P.; 'I can always do until I get home.'

I must say the hard-walking powers, and the amount of fatigue, which can be borne on the part of the Welsh, did surprise me. Whether following harriers over the mountains on foot, or ranging after shooters through all kinds of difficult country, they never seem to tire. Hunger is apparently unknown, and languor of body cannot be felt when sport is at hand. Evan, and the other markers, as I found, would gladly leave any work, and run any risk, even for a shilling a day, for the sole sport of seeing game—woodcocks especially—brought to bag. Yet they are the greatest poachers in the world, from the drunken cobbler to the hill farmer. They kill fish and game at any season, and anywhere, and such conduct is overlooked; for what reason I am at a loss to imagine, except it be, that 'birds of a feather flock together.' The dog, the gun, and the rod, are certainly the household gods of the natives of mid-Wales,

After quitting the antiquated mill of Cwm-y-Hafren, we worked some three or four miles further into the country over the roughest ground, and the most trying, I ever trod, principally on the steep and rocky slopes of the valley, up and down, through bog, heather, and water, and Pugh as fresh as when we started. Our bag was now increased by two cocks and a mountain hare (much smaller and of a lighter colour than our common ones), and we halted.

P. proposed a circuitous route home, as he thought the present an excellent opportunity to send some cocks to a gentleman at Shrewsbury, over whose land we had been partly shooting, and who was about to entertain at this season, according to his custom, a large party for the Salop Hunt Ball.

'We can go round by Jack-y-Mound's, and meet the mail cart there, and we shall get a bird or two on our way home through Bryntail and Penstrowed. You can get some beer there, sir,' turning to me.

'Thank goodness for that; for I'm getting tired, and our shooting seems to be over.'

'Not a bit of it,' answered Pugh, with a smile.

We approached, after a good long step, a low hut on the edge of a moss, where turf is wont to be cut for fuel, and in crossing which I shot two snipes.

'Here you are, sir.'

'Is this the inn?'

'Yes, and here is the high road that leads to Machynleth.'

I can't describe the inn; it would be too ludicrous. A woman, short and squat, without shoes or stockings, greeted us with a smile at the door. She knew Pugh, evidently. A hearty, bonny-looking little woman she was, with rosy cheeks, a good fat face, and a buxom appearance generally.

'Ah, Jenny, cwrw da,' and something else in Welsh, which I understood not. We enter. There were two rooms, as far as I could see—kitchen and bedroom. The floor was mother Earth—no flags—swept into holes, and, from the appearance, every shower filled them with rain from its entrance underneath the door. A barrel was placed on an old chair in one corner, and there was just room enough in the kitchen for us all to sit down.

'She brews her own beer, sir.'

'In what?' I asked.

'In yonder large pot.' The beer was certainly a decoction of malt, hops, and sugar, I believe; quite meat and drink, of the consistency of ditch-water after a thunderstorm, and of the same colour. We lighted our pipes, and it went down, as any sort does with a weary sportsman. A gallon was soon floored among us; and on my telling Pugh I thought we should drink the small barrel dry, Jenny informed him, in answer to my fear, that 'she had two more barrels in the bedroom brewed on Monday': this was Friday.

A twang from a tin horn announces the mail, and Jenny hurries for some letters out of a box in the bedroom.

'Where do letters come from to such a place as this?'

‘Oh, from Dylife mines, four miles up the mountains, and he only calls three times a week.’

We then tied up by the necks, like a lot of young rooks, six couples of cocks, affixing one of my cards with the address in pencil (Jenny having neither pen nor ink, as nobody in the family could write), and handed them into the cart *en route* to Newtown for Shrewsbury.

‘They do look a lot, sir. I never had so many before in one bundle as I knows on,’ remarked the driver, finishing his *cwrw da* (good ale).

The mail cart still lingered on the road, postal arrangements not having been completed with the railway companies, but there was an air of melancholy about the whole turn-out, suggestive of departing greatness, of decayed importance. The driver was dirty and seedy-looking; the horse an old screw, still retaining blood and traces of quality, but literally on his last legs; and the cart bedaubed with mud, with tied-up springs, and V. R. on the panel almost obliterated by age and rough usage, still dragging its slow length along.

It was now freezing hard, and the trouser of the right leg, which had been in the bog, was very stiff: still on we walked, but no sign of home. We got four more cocks on our way; and nothing else worth recording occurred, if I except that we came across a man in a field getting up some potatoes with a pick. The ground was as hard as iron, and I suppose he had been too *busy* to attend to them before. Thus much for Welsh industry and forethought!

‘Well, how many miles have we been to-day?’ I asked, as we entered Pugh’s house at five o’clock, scarcely able to drag one leg after the other.

‘About five or six-and-thirty altogether; but what a bag we’ve got!—four and a half couples of woodcocks, five snipes, a curlew, a hare, and a widgeon, and we’ve sent six couples of cocks off to Shrewsbury!’

And now just a few words concerning my experience in wild woodcock-shooting since my first day at Cwm-y-Hafren. In the first place, the sportsman must make up his mind to rough it, to disregard all inconveniences, and to persevere in spite of all natural or artificial obstacles. Woodcock-shooting requires great endurance, and first-class walking capabilities. Let your boots be waterproof, well nailed, but not heavy. I would particularly advocate a waistcoat, warm back and front, and a pipe and flask in the jacket pocket. Always fire through bushes, trees, or thicket, if you can but get a glimpse of your bird. Never go out without markers, and let them be stationed in different parts outside the covert while you are in. It does not take much to kill a woodcock, and so a stray shot often brings him down. Beware of getting into bogs and soaks, as they are very holding, and always to be avoided.

To those who suffer from loss of appetite, I say, Go and have a week’s woodcock-shooting in Mid-Wales, and I’ll be bound that not even fat bacon shall come amiss to you at the end of that time. Brother sportsman, ‘*vires acquiris eundo*,’ when in quest of cocks in the rugged and mountainous districts of Wales.

CRICKET, COLONIAL.—THE TRIP OF THE TWELVE.

'If I live, at the end of next season I will go to Australia with such a team 'as never before played cricket on one side.' These were the words uttered by George Parr in the summer of 1862. Steadily following up this resolve, the great batsman of the North slowly but surely completed his arrangements, and the end of the home season of 1863 found him with Anderson, Cæsar, Caffyn, Carpenter, Clarke, Mr. E. M. Grace, T. Hayward, Jackson, Lockyer, Tarrant, and Tinley, practically repudiating the 'Rest and be 'thankful' doctrine, by undertaking a voyage of 16,000 miles to play double their number a few matches at cricket, and thereby uphold the national character for pluck, enterprise, and pre-eminence at the fine old game. A pleasant voyage of sixty days in 'that noble steam-ship the "Great Britain" brought their outward journey to an end, and on the 17th of December 'Our Twelve' were all landed in Melbourne, sound in wind and limb, excepting Mr. Grace, who, *viâ* a whitlow, had a finger of his left hand on the sick-list. A fortnight's enjoyment of Australian hospitality, much pleasure, and very little practice, finished up old 1863, and then came New Year's Day and cricket. It was the great colonial holiday, and generally and gloriously was that holiday kept. How all classes entered into the affair heart and soul may be guessed by the following commentary from a Melbourne pen:—'The 'presence of the All England Eleven enabled us to revel—so to speak—in a 'perfect atmosphere of cricket: the manly game claimed paramount attention, to the displacement and confusion of business of every kind. General 'Cameron was supplanted by Captain Parr as the object of hero-worship, 'and the operations of trade have been transferred from the mercantile 'quarter to the cricket-ground. The ledger-keeper has succumbed to the 'wicket-keeper; the miner has left his drive at the diggings to admiringly 'contemplate Hayward's drives to the pavilion; and cricket has not only 'ruled the court, the camp, and the grove, but the boudoir and the bank 'parlour.' Indeed, such was the interest that Parr and his Eleven had created at Melbourne, that on New Year's Day—at enhanced admission prices—some 20,000 visitors had assembled on the cricket-ground to witness the first appearance in harness of the old country's Eleven on Australian turf. With a grand stand filled with 3,500 of the cream of colonial society—with other stands and tents crowded—with a huge ring formed round the ground by some 15,000 Australians—with flags fluttering, music playing, and a bright, hot summer sun gleaming on all, was the great international cricket-match commenced by the English Eleven putting their opponents in to bat. On excellent wickets and good fielding ground the English cricket opened in a not very brilliant form. The fast bowling of Jackson did not pay, nor were the mediums of Hayward or Caffyn effective, nor was the out fielding of the Englishmen particularly gay, and it was not until Tinley's slows were put on that the out cricket from the old country shone. Then the combined abilities of the most able and effective slow bowler seen in England since Old Clarke's days, and the most brilliant wicket-keeper ever known in the old country, altered the phase of the match. They would not wait for them 'tantalizing 'slows,' went in to hit, and consequently fell easy victims to Tinley and Lockyer, and were quickly 'played out' for 146 runs. From the English batting the Australians justly expected a great cricket treat, nor were they eventually disappointed; but when Julius Cæsar, Tarrant, and Tinley were all three 'crashed out,' with the score at 16 only, they looked unutterably

astonished. Hayward was then joined by Carpenter, and by a display of their own grand batting 'the chums' gradually but surely altered the phase of England's innings, and won the astonished admiration and hearty applause of that vast throng of lookers on, both, wrote a Melbourne critic, 'both giving such a sample of scientific play as will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.' At one time the bowling against them was so straight and good that 13 successive overs (10 of them successive maidens) were bowled for 2 runs only; and although ten changes in the bowling were tried, from half-past twelve until twenty minutes to six did these two 'rare batsmen' superbly defend their sticks, presenting to the straight ones the full width of the bit of timber in their own admirable form, and hitting the loose ones so effectively that when 'a curler' took Hayward's wicket it was found the prides of Cambridge and cricketing England had brought the old country's score from 16 to 138. Hayward had made 61 runs and Carpenter 59, and both received a pleasant taste of Australian applause and liberality: this fine display of the very highest form of batting brilliantly redeemed the other portion of the innings. Mr. Grace was suffering from *another* whitlow, and his still tender finger made him 'Ware ball!' He scored but 8: the English innings closed for 176 or 30 on. The second innings of the Victorians collapsed at 143, letting the Englishmen in for 114 to win. The two fast hitters—Mr. Grace and Tarrant—opened and had made up 30, when the latter was run out; Mr. Grace was then stopped by the long stop for 18; Hayward was run out without scoring; Carpenter was bowled for 18, and then Caffyn, hitting in his old fine form, was joined by Anderson. It was the fourth—and last—day, and very near the agreed time for drawing the stumps. There was a bare possibility of their making the runs required to win, but a great probability that they would not; both played the game. Caffyn was well in, the Yorkshireman was warming to his work, and the long hand on the dial was fast nearing the big number, when a 3 hit by Caffyn made the score 100, leaving 14 runs only to make to win. The bowling was then changed, but singles were made at each end until the score stood at 105, when the clock struck six. 'Time!' was called, the stumps were pulled up, and the four days' match declared 'Drawn,' the Englishmen wanting 9 runs only to win, and having six wickets to go down, Caffyn carrying his bat out for a finely-played 37, and Anderson the same for 11. That this, the first and most important of these matches, so ended, is to be regretted; and so are the coarse remarks that appeared in a leading London sporting journal in connection with this strict adherence to time. During the four days 41,000 visitors paid 5,000*l.* for admission to the ground and stands, proving beyond doubt that wherever Englishmen or their descendants pitch their life tents and colonize, whether they tread soil as bare as a newly-born babe, or as green as the turf of dear home, there will they pitch the stumps, bowl the ball, hit like troopers, or otherwise patronize the good old national game of cricket. Two incidents are said to have occurred in connection with these matches proving this strong love of cricket among Englishmen, young or old. Having promised to play in the first match, Mr. T. W. Wills—some few years back Captain of the Rugby Eleven, and a fine cricketer—travelled from the north of Queensland, a distance of nearly 1,800 miles, but unfortunately arrived too late at Melbourne to play; the other incident was in connection with the Ballarat match, the Australian journals recording that 'an old man verging on sixty years had travelled nearly 300 miles—a third of that distance on foot—to witness the match. He was introduced to and warmly welcomed

by Lockyer, Jackson, Caffyn, and others of the Eleven. The old man stated his intention of accompanying the Eleven to Ararat to see them play once more, and then he should return to his garden and his work contented and happy. He had played in several matches at St. John's Wood forty years ago, and he could not rest contented until he had once again witnessed the play of the Eleven of Old England.'

The remaining matches played by the Eleven up to mail-time require but few remarks here. The wickets were bad, and as guiltless of grass as some sporting scribes are of modesty. Moreover, but few of the colonists could play Tinley: his slows, Carpenter's pointing, and Lockyer's wicket-keeping slaughtered the colonial innocents like a lot of lambs. At Sandhurst the Englishmen won by 144 runs, Carpenter heading the home score with 17 and 33. Here it was that George Parr was attacked with erysipelas in the face, preventing him playing in this, and the other three matches. At Ballarat some attention had been paid to the wickets; but, notwithstanding Mr. R. T. Wills played good cricket, scoring 4 and 32, here the Englishmen won in one innings, scoring 188, the trio of Surrey bats contributing 110 of that number, viz., 40 from Julius Cæsar's bat, 39 from Caffyn's, and 31 from Lockyer's; the other prominent score being 32 made by Tarrant, who was an immense favourite with the men of the gold-digging metropolis. He and Mr. Grace played eight of their best men at single wicket, and whipped them by 8 runs. At Ararat Carpenter headed the English score by an innings of 32 out of a total of 137, which, however, was found sufficient to pull off the match in one innings, as the Ararats made but 36 and 34 runs, or 70 in their two innings, 8 being their highest individual score. Here Tarrant—having Clarke and Hayward to field for him—played eleven of Ararat; he got them out for 4, and then, after having the wind nearly knocked out of him by the second ball bowled to him, he scored 4 himself, and made 'a tie' of it. At Maryborough the English scored an innings of 223—the highest they had then made. Mr. Grace (who was then playing into form) led off with 44, Caffyn made 32, Hayward and Lockyer 30 each, Jackson 24, and Tarrant 21. The colonists scored 72 and 74 only; so the Englishmen won in one innings by 77 runs. This was the fifth and last match played up to the mail leaving for England, the result being—the first drawn when considerably in favour of the English Eleven, the second won by England by 144 runs, and the other three were all won by them in a single innings. The prominent features of the English cricket in these five matches appear to have been, the fine back play and masterly defence shown by Carpenter, the splendid cricket exhibited in Hayward's innings of 61, the dexterous wicket-keeping of Lockyer, and the extraordinary success of Tinley's slow bowling. The joint doings of these two cricket notabilities shall have what they richly merit—an especial record in the green-covered pages of 'Baily,' so that when the frost of age has silvered their head-covering, and frozen the oil in their limbs, they may say to the heir to all their cricket greatness, 'There, you young rascal! see what your old sire did when '16,000 miles away from home!'

				Wickets.	Stumped.	Caught out.
In the 1st Match	Tinley	had	19,	Lockyer	6,	5
„ 2nd	„	„	27	„	6	„
„ 3rd	„	„	23	„	3	2
„ 4th	„	„	25	„	9	„
„ 5th	„	„	22	„	3	2
Total . .				116	Total 27,	9

It is gratifying to all who have the good name and high cricket character of their country at heart to know that 'Our Twelve' had won the esteem and respect of all classes in Australia. May they continue in that good form, and return home laden with well-filled pockets and the goodwill and esteem of all they leave behind them!

Home Cricket we have very little to write about, and very little space to write that little in. 'The Bulls' would not go to the Congress, nor will the English gentlemen go to the Cricket Parliament. A Member of the M. C. C. wrote a very angry letter to 'Bell,' pitching into the ground, the pavilion, the lessee, the tavern landlord, the luncheon, and the waiters. So he and all who wish well to the leading club must be highly gratified at the announcement in the respectable portion of the sporting journals, of the meeting to be held at Willis's Rooms on the 8th instant, to consider 'an arrangement by which the Club may become lessees of Lord's Cricket Ground.' The Club dine, as usual, on the first Wednesday in May, but this year in an unusual place—to wit, the Freemason's Tavern, whereat we trust 'the Member' will find the *cuisine* the correct thing, and good digestion wait on appetite. County Clubs have been formed in Middlesex, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, at which 'Baily' heartily rejoices, because county cricket, after all, is the real genuine article, and without it the game would languish.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' ELEVENS will show several changes this year; the most important being at Eton, as out of the Etonian Eleven of 1862, A. Lubbock, J. Frederick, H. B. Sutherland, E. W. Tritton, Hon. F. Pelham, A. Pepys, and A. Teape have left, leaving W. S. Prideaux (captain), Hon. N. Lyttelton, Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, and H. D. Forsyth in this order as regard choice. The old Etonian professor Bell will for part of the season be assisted by Dawes. At Harrow, John Lillywhite for a short period will be assisted by Mortlock and Thomas Humphrey; and at Marlborough during the current month Sewall, jun., will assist Brampton. And 'Baily' regrets to have to announce that attempts have been unsuccessfully made to obtain a third day for the Eton and Harrow Match this year. 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—March Manifestations.—Liverpool Lights.—Racing Records.—Stud Strays.—Coursing Crayons.—Hunting Histories, and Monthly Mortality.

MARCH, this year, was fully determined to act up to the attributes which custom has assigned to it, viz., of coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb. It also produced the next greatest certainty to death, viz., quarter day, with its usual regularity, and set the Sporting World fairly in motion again. In fact, what November is to the gentlemen of the long robe, March is to the gentlemen of the Ring, who arrange their circuits and their messes in the same way, the hotel-keepers benefiting not a little by the spoils of the battle-field. Fortunately for them there have been no postponements, although at one moment Liverpool looked very much like running into Shrewsbury. Mr. Frail, however, had made the necessary arrangements for such a contingency, so wonderful is the fertility of his resources. The horrors of the first day on Aintree, none but Sir Leopold McClintock could correctly portray; for the wild country around was so covered with snow, that nothing but a few large

dogs were wanting to transport us to the land of the Esquimaux. If the patricians with their Pooles could not keep themselves warm, and the Ring with their seafaring attire were in the same position, the condition of the poor jockeys may well be imagined, and those who had been waiting orders came in spotted like a thorn dike, the mud on the white and black jackets creating a colour which was not mentioned in the cards, and which would have puzzled a less experienced Judge than Mr. Justice Johnson. In fact, everybody looked as if they had the Sorrows of Werter on their mind, with the solitary exception of the purveyors of early dinners and hot punch, whose countenances were as happy as that of Bacchus himself, on the principle, we suppose, of what is one man's meat being another's poison. The whole proceedings were of the most listless character, the legs themselves regarding them with indifference, for it required all their efforts to prevent their cards being reduced to pulp in their hands, and the telegraph was almost the only guide they had to go by. The evening was even worse than the morning, and not even the tempting prospect of getting a tenner out of a corpse, could allure the book-makers from their claret. Verily, then, the severity of the climate may be estimated; but with the morrow came a happier change, and saw Count D'Orsay's cherished estimate of the British climate, that when you went to bed at night, you never knew what sky you would see in the morning, verified to the letter, for all was sunshine overhead, and by midday the snow had melted, and no doubt could exist, that man and horse would be permitted to risk their necks, backs, and collar bones in the pursuit of fame and money. When the lot were drawn out in battle array, even the late Lord Sefton could not have failed to be proud of them; and it is to be regretted that the present owner of Croxteth should have resigned the starter's pole, for the effect of the tableau was much heightened by his riding at the head of a troop of the first cross-country race-horses in the world.

Jerusalem, the property of the Elmore of Lancashire, had a wonderful lot of 'pilgrims' come to see him win, and their money made him first favourite. Like Heenan, however, he looked too fine drawn for his frame. Bantam crowed loudly about him, but although his plumage was beautiful, the best judges, when they came away from inspecting him, hinted his legs would not carry him over the country with such a weight on him, and that when horses were put by for a year or two, their joints were apt to get stiff, and this proved to be correct. 'The Ken,' as Kendall is familiarly called, had done a good deal for Portland, a name so very intimately associated with punishment, that it was not surprising he should have been a victim to it himself, by being prevented riding him. Although Lord Coventry, with excellent taste, said, lest any opposition on his part might be deemed to be of a selfish nature, provided Kendall could obtain by telegraph the consent of Admiral Rous and Mr. Alexander to his steering his horse, he would at once cheerfully give way. As it was, his Lordship was bound to entertain the opposition that was put in, which was strictly a legal one, and the fact of its being held tenable will be productive of the best results. Kendall, however, although by no means well educated, had sufficient knowledge of the world, as well as of the value of pounds, shillings, and pence, to decline incurring the expense of 'the wire,' and preferred putting up Mr. Goodman, who otherwise would have been on The Czar. As it turned out, Portland was by no means the dangerous animal he was represented; and 'a good man' could do nothing with him, although Kendall imagined he had nothing but Jerusalem to beat. Thomastown had furnished more than any horse of the lot, and the gallop Arbury had at Derby had done

wonders for him, which Lord Westmorland was the first to profit by, taking fifty hundred to one about him, and a thousand to a hundred for a placer. Real Jam, purchased beforehand by Lord Courtenay, looked as if she had been well 'preserved,' and she ran a very long way in front, but, as we conjectured, there was hardly wear and tear about her for so long a journey. Ocean Witch did duty for 'the constant Medora,' but her 'spell' was confined to a very limited circle. Like Frank Butler on his Derby winners, George Stevens was the last out of the enclosure, and when he went down to the start, a feeling sprang up against his mare which was by no means 'emblematic' of satisfaction, and she rapidly went back in the market beyond a hedging point. Those, however, who can 'put down a horse like waxwork,' as John Osborne remarks of 'The Sporting Life' Commissioner, were of a different opinion, and instead of regarding her as a hack, beheld a very clever mare, with splendid shoulders and very deep chest. Her quarters are long and powerful, and the way her hind legs are put on insures her being a jumper. In fact, but for her light Teddington neck, there was nothing to quarrel with in her. Never was a National run at a better pace; and poor Mr. Edwards was as unlucky with Jerusalem as he was with Master Bagot a few years back, for he was out of the race very early. And as Romeo 'came to grief' very early, and Bantam could not stretch his wings, and Real Jam found all the strength taken out of her at the end of three miles, it was clear to the initiated that the favourite was a certainty, and the cries of 'I name the winner,' might have been heard in the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. One animal alone stuck to her like gutta percha, and the slightest fall on her part, or the least error in judgment on that of her jockey, would have been fatal to the Teddington mare. But the horoscope of Lord Coventry was propitious, and Emblematic once on the flat, was as much at home as Charles Mathews on the boards of the Haymarket, and for a second year 'The Croome Troupe' were called before the audience. To Mr. Astley, the owner of Arbury, to meet with a second Emblem was indeed a disappointment of a severe nature, and it is to be hoped that fortune has something in store for him to make amends for it. To the foreigners, Arbury would be a real prize; but we trust he will long be spared to us, for he is one of the best genuine steeple-chasers of modern days.

The moral to be drawn from the late Liverpool is precisely that which we have so often inculcated in these columns; viz., that speed is as essential an ingredient for a winner as staying powers, and no mere hunter can ever be expected to get registered in the gallery of Lottery, Chandler, Peter Simple, Abd-el-Kader, and Emblem. As the breeding of two Liverpool Heroines in successive years is quite as great a feather in a man's cap as two Derby winners within the same time, it is only rendering unto 'Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' to state that Mr. Swale, of Saredon, near Wolverhampton, is the fortunate gentleman who has acquired this distinction. And the real facts of the case are these: Mr. Swale sold Emblem to Mr. Halford as a three-year old for seven hundred pounds; and after Emblematic had won a Selling Race at Leicester, Mr. Halford was so partial to the blood, that he gave 100 guineas for her at the hammer. So his foresight must have been very conspicuous, and, we should hope, remunerative. And so ended the great spring gala of Lancashire. On the two following days Mr. Frail entertained 'a small but select circle of noblemen and gentlemen' at Shrewsbury, and the first of Thomas's Saturday reunions closed the week. Monday opened with Doncaster; but what a change the little town presented to its September aspect! It is true a gloom

had been cast over it by the unparalleled catastrophe of Sheffield, the fruits of which, we regret to say, we witnessed with our own eyes; but we have seen more animation in its streets during a Missionary, or Visitation Meeting. Card-sellers were few and far between; lodging-house keepers moderate in their demands; waiters for once knew the meaning of civility; and cab-drivers were grateful for patronage. The handicaps at the hotels were on the light-weight scale; and Mr. Johnson, feeling he would be lost in his new office in the Town Hall, returned to his first love in the shape of the partition of the saddler's shop. But if the town was dull, the course was duller. The deaf and dumb children never came out to greet us, not a carriage was drawn up against the rails, and a limited party at Rufford alone occupied the stand of the Upper Ten. The Northern training interest were but poorly represented, and the Middleham Bridgroom was in good force with his Veterinarian. Old John Osborne bore the marks of Anno Domini very prominently, and is still as sanguine as ever of Prince Arthur beating Coastguard for the Derby. The Hopeful two-year olds at Doncaster are always objects of interest, and the present ones were pronounced to be a fair average lot. The Leamingtons had many good points about them, as well as plenty of size, but like him, they want plenty of time to furnish. As in nine times out of ten with two-year olds, the best goer of the lot proves the best of them in the race. And no sooner had Moneyspinner cantered, than there was a general 'query of 'What's that?' and a reference to the cards. A whisper also having got about that he had pleased John Dawson at home, a few adventurous speculators followed him in the ring, and saw the Middle Park yearling of last season win very cleverly. The Spring Handicap we only notice for the extraordinarily fine and patient riding of Loates on Anglo-Saxon, which in these postboy days is worthy of a first-class certificate, and John Scott's stable may be congratulated on having got the second call in time for the season. The Steeplechase was the slowest affair of the sort we ever witnessed, either in the North or South, although it brought hundreds of farmers from the wolds. Emblematic, of course, attracted as much attention as John Scott's Leger crack, and was followed about, with her noble owner at her side, in the same manner. It will be recollected that at Liverpool no one would have her when they saw her. But Yorkshiremen are better judges of horseflesh than Lancastrians, and the surprise that she was designated in the sporting papers as a weed, was universal, and 'what a wonderfully clever mare' was the verdict of all who knew the difference between a horse and a hen. Flyfisher, imported by Alan M'Donough, whose once smart figure has been multiplied over and over again, went to please everybody, and Lincoln was positively beautiful. Throughout the whole distance the pace was little better than that of a funeral, and the favourite jumped so slovenly that her backers wished they had reversed their tactics, and taken, instead of laid, odds. This feeling increased every moment, and crossing the road the second time round, a shout from the fielders warned us she had come to grief, and a very fine race between Flyfisher and Lincoln, owing to an accidental stumble on the post, led to the victory of the latter. The excuse for Emblematic was, she had not got over Liverpool; and we believe she will be found to be one of those delicate mares that cannot come more than once or twice in a season. In the Don Steeplechase that followed, there was as nice a case of pigeoning as we ever saw, and the Tykes took care the author should know their sentiments upon it.

But it is not only for subscriptions to stakes that Doncaster is celebrated, for it is equally conspicuous in its efforts to alleviate distress; and it speaks

volumes for the character of the Betting Ring, that no sooner were they acquainted with the extent and nature of the Sheffield calamity, than their leaders, Messrs. Morris and Stevenson, set to work with a hearty goodwill as was evinced a few years back for the rebuilding of the New Church. In less than four hours four hundred pounds was subscribed, and that from a class of men whom it is the fashion of some writers to decry. Whether their indifference to money arises from the easy manner in which they acquire it, or from the nature of their disposition, we cannot say, but certain it is no men 'part' so freely when appealed to in a worthy cause; and we can echo the words of a gallant Major who has dealt with them for upwards of thirty years, and say they are 'a noble race' *sui generis*. Pursuing our journey northward, the following afternoon found us under the hospitable roof of The Wizard of the North, as provincial reporters love to designate John Scott. The veteran, we were glad to find, had wintered well, although occasionally his pipes, like those of some of his horses, had been out of order. Studying the course of events, he had got well through the worst months of the year; but the Holstein difficulty and the question of the Duchies he had not yet mastered, but he approved of the decision that had been come to in the case of the Essays and Reviews. His lot, he remarked with great truth, were as good-looking, and looked as good as his neighbours'; but of course they were backward, as was the case with all the Yorkshire horses, from the frightful weather they had had.

Going on the Wold the following morning, after an absence of many months, we could not help being struck with the fearful manner in which its fair proportions had been cut up by the Norcliffe heir, who so soon had to seek fresh fields and pastures new, and leave a neighbourhood which had become too hot to hold him. There stood the old Stand, seeming to frown at its destiny at being converted into a homestead, and sighing for a return of the days when the hunting men of Yorkshire crowded its roof and its enclosure, to witness the Masters of Hounds contending for The Walham Cup, and Spring Cottage and Whitewall fighting for Plates. No more trials either was it destined to see, save those of its tenants, respecting which the touts, we presume, are absolutely indifferent. Strangers who have not visited the spot of late, may fancy there is some truth in the rumour that John's territory has been too much circumscribed to enable him to extend his horses as well as in the olden time. But this is quite a mistake, as the winner of The Oaks and the second for The St. Leger proved last year; and if a horse can manage Grimston Hill to the old gentleman's satisfaction, his backers need be under no apprehension of the Epsom Hill being too much for him. Scarcely had we reached the top of it, when we were gratified by seeing the mysterious Blair Athol gallop, and the secret of his being such a favourite with the public was at once accounted for. Familiar as we have been for the last fifteen or sixteen years with the Malton cracks, which have been 'Harry Hall'd,' we can safely say we never saw one go better, and he literally flew, taking up half the Wold to himself. At present, we believe, he is what is termed, in naval phraseology, under 'sealed orders;' but an idea prevailed, from the manner in which he had been got ready, that he would 'clear out' for the port of Newmarket, and subsequently refit for Paris, as 'the Manchester underwriters' would not insure him for Epsom on account of 'the risks.' This was the *canard* of the hour, and as such we give it, without vouching for its authenticity. Of his rivals in the neighbourhood, we may say that Claremont has thickened very much, and certainly improved, but another rib would have been of the greatest advantage to him, for, like a telescope, he wants drawing out. Baragah, all

to pieces last year, has framed into one of the handsomest Stockwells we have yet seen, and he went like a bird, giving us the idea of a good future being before him. Hollyfox was all quality, but altogether a lighter horse than we expected to have found him. But before he is done with he will pay back his two guineas a week. War Dance looked more like speed than staying, and we should doubt Harkforward, from being on so big a scale, being 'forward' enough for Epsom. Old Welcome, who led them, seemed to have taken a new lease, and was as lively as a two-year old, but now and then, as he approached the hedges, he pricked his ears as if he would like to have gone into a new line of business. Conning the youngsters, that were going through their goose steps like recruits on a parade ground, the most promising to our mind, were Farewell, by Launcelot, out of Auld Acquaintance, belonging to Mr. Bower, and Whirlwind, by Voltigeur, out of The Wizard dam, the property of Lord Durham. Of course nothing was known of them save their good looks, and of the three-year olds the same may be said; but as, up to the present time, most of the Derby horses are all together, it is just on the cards that John may put his hand on a trump, and score the odd trick. At Middleham, we learnt Lord Glasgow's horses were going on well, and were as fine a lot as a man would see in a day's march. The most unpopular of them was General Peel, but his colleague, Strafford, looked all over like racing, and First Flight was supposed to be Dawson's favourite. John Osborne's partiality for Prince Arthur was not shared by many who train on the Moor, for they object to his size, and say there is not enough of him for a Derby, which has all along been our own opinion. Mr. Jackson, it is said, has something in reserve to astonish the natives with at Epsom, but the name of the stranger has not transpired. Harking back to Newmarket, we found Doctor Field had prescribed rest for Cambuscan, and no doubt with very good reason, and rumours were rife he had got what trainers designate 'a wheel;' and for the sake of precaution, and preserving him fresh for the great event, he will not run for The Two Thousand. Neither Fille de l'Air nor Coast Guard were so much liked as they had been, the former from not having grown, and the latter from the nature of his hocks. Macaroni, it was understood, had finished his racing career, so the great Ascot innings between him and Lord Clifden will not be fought out. From Sussex, our advices tell us that Forager is a good-looking horse, and a fine goer, but nothing is known sufficient to warrant the public taking the present short price about him. From Hampshire, our despatches are favourable as regards the improvement in Ackworth and Copenhagen, but of course they have never been stripped, and the last named never even tried. The Scottish Chief is firmer than any Derby favourite has been for many years, but the money is that of the public, as Mr. Merry has never backed him for a sovereign since he was at twenty to one. That he is a flier, we do not pretend to assert, but we certainly coincide with his trainer in the belief he will beat all that he met last year. Warwick was not so full of horses as usual; but 'The Regent' arrival list spoke well for the Stand, and the Coffee Room was quite a United Service Club. The easy defeat of Johnny Armstrong by Lord Burleigh created some surprise at the moment; but it was clear that Johnny was not so fit as his opponent, who is 'a perfect phizzer' at a mile. Liverpool and Shrewsbury seemed to have taken all the steel out of Aurelian, and the lot that ran in the Warwick handicap are not worth mentioning. The Telscombe affair, which was the *bête noir* of the Meeting, we do not regard in the same light as some of our contemporaries, who have been lamenting its occurrence. We, on the contrary, re-

joice at it, inasmuch as it has rid the Turf of some vermin; and no doubt nipped in the bud some well-concerted robbery on a more extended scale. The cool and quiet manner in which the younger culprit confessed to carrying out the instructions that were given, spoke more for his obedience as a son, than his honesty as a Christian; and we fear he had not studied sufficiently the old sentence in his copybook of 'evil communications corrupting good manners.' The antecedents of Mr. Melon have been variously stated, but we believe his history to be as follows:—Sprung from the people, he filled for some years a confidential appointment at the back of the people's favourite carriage, 'The Omnibus,' and in the course of his frequent journeys from Charing Cross to the Bank, he acquired that knowledge of riding which enabled him to criticize so minutely and loudly the 'riding' of the best jockeys of the day, and to discover when the strings were on. Circumstances, unnecessary to mention, caused him to transfer his services to Birmingham, where he rose in the social scale, to the rank of a billiard marker. In this capacity he realized sufficient means to start a book and a pencil, and in the course of four or five years he rose from pounds to hundreds, found himself possessed of two or three platers, and warned off every respectable race-course in the kingdom. His future course of action is not yet resolved upon; but in usually well-informed quarters, it is asserted he will 'take a tree' in Hyde Park, and aspire to the vacant throne of Russell. So, to the curious in such subjects, the sight of a Melon growing in such an open enclosure will be a curiosity worth seeing.

The Steeple-Chase Meeting at Rugby was brought to a most satisfactory conclusion amid alternate smiles and tears, the first day being dedicated by the Clerk of the Weather to the ladies, who honoured the course with their presence, 'never' (in racing parlance) 'looking better,' and dispensing hospitality with a graceful hand. But the second day was as damp as it could be, and the excellent racing alone prevented 'spirits falling as well as rain.' The Gold Cup was, as usual, the coveted prize, and many a gallant soldier's heart beat a little quicker when he thought perhaps his regiment might be the lucky one. A great many previous ideas were proved to be fallacious; and Mr. Coventry's countenance when he walked back, his worldly possessions reduced to a bridle, would have made a study for an allegorical sketch of Poland smarting under her wrongs. The race was a capital one, and Bell's Life, remarkably well ridden, proved himself a game, good horse. Mr. Burdett, in both the Farmers' races, stole a march over his less fortunate brethren, and after he had won the first told them he had a better rod in pickle for next day, which proved the case, although Mr. Congreve tried all he knew, and never rode better, his defeat almost looking like a victory on his good-humoured face, the yeomen of the Shires being less apt to make a wrangle after a race than in many parts we know. Bounce, as usual (without 'the toothpick') won the Veteran Stakes; and Jerry, in the Handicap, upset the Thomastown pet, whose jockey holloed at his horse over the fences as if he were jumping an Irish round. The first military race on the second day was a most interesting one, the horses and riders deserving equal credit; and Charity Boy, judiciously eased at the distance, won cleverly. Falls and refusals reduced the field gradually in the Grand National, and the three first had it all to themselves. It was quite on the cards, Miss Lawrie might have done it, but being wet her jockey could scarcely hold her, and she just ran herself out at last. And here it is as well to correct a mistake which appeared in several accounts of the races about the Grand National. Whitewash was said to have broken his back at the big brook.

The anti-steeple-chasing world are always glad to get hold of these things, and they regard brooks as a species of Styx, and say, with Miss Ada Swanborough, 'Pray take care on us.' But where he came down it was at a small grip in the field which preceded the brook, or else the fence into it, as there was no inequality of ground; both the brooks were small, and being prefaced by fences, were safe as a hurdle to jump. Although a very handsome horse, Whitewash looked just too long in the back, and likely 'to crack.' With a rather laughable 'scurry' the day wound up. Thus ended another Rugby Meeting over the time-hallowed field of the Pytchley, a parting glance reminding us of Charles Payne and 'A kind of thing, sir, anybody might enjoy—twenty-five 'minutes like blazes! then good hunting, and killed him.' Talking of hunting, the run from Sulby in the fog bids fair to be as well known as the duel in the snow, and the claims for precedence as jealously contested as among ladies at a country dinner-party; but all agree in placing Mr. E. Chaplin 'The 'Young Lochinvar' first of the day; while Major Fort, Mr. Angel, Sir C. Mordaunt, Mr. Villiers, &c., were about next. However, the brush was half down either Warrior or Woldsman's throat before anybody claimed it, and, we believe, did not go to the right party after all.

The Coursing Season has turned up in the most satisfactory manner, and the Ashdown and Coquetdale Meetings were largely patronised by the lovers of the sport. At the former, but for the fog on the second day, which was so thick it might almost be cut with a knife and fork, nothing could have been finer than many of the courses. The task of reaching the Meet was as difficult almost as discovering the source of the Nile; and the excitement of peering through the fog on those extensive Downs, in the hopes of coming across a trail, resembled very much the cruise of a revenue cutter at night in search of a smuggler. Patent, of whom we spoke so well in our last, and whom we confidently anticipated would have won the Waterloo Medal, came out triumphant both here and in Scotland, confirming our own notions that his Aintree defeat was occasioned by an accident over which he had no control, and which will happen in the best-regulated families, as the saying goes. For we find by Robin Hood, the Babbage of Coursing writers, that out of fifty-five courses he has run, he has only lost four. Those who have not seen him, may like to hear he is a brindled and white dog, by David, with good back, legs, and feet, and his running weight is 63 lbs. He is now in his second season; and for the stud, when his career is ended, he will be certain to be appreciated. The opening of the Coquetdale Meeting was a true exhibition of Coursing under difficulties; and not even the natural beauties of the Falls of the Clyde could compensate the Southern Pilgrims for the toils they underwent; and as they roved across the snow-clad fields by 'melancholy steps and slow,' they are stated to have strongly represented the Arctic voyagers in search of the late Sir John Franklin. Mr. Warwick, we are glad to learn, gave the greatest satisfaction; and the announcement he made in the newspapers, that he had never received money for the success or defeat of any dog, has met with general acceptance. But we regret there should ever have been any necessity for such an explanation, which ought to set matters at rest for the future.

The Hunting Season has all but terminated, and weekly the list of fixtures are diminishing. From the want of rain almost throughout the month, hounds have done very little. In Yorkshire Sir Charles Slingsby has been doing all that man can do for The York and Ainsty, and a more popular Master they have never had. Mr. Hall, of the Holderness, has had very good sport until stopped by the snow; so much so that he has been induced to prolong going

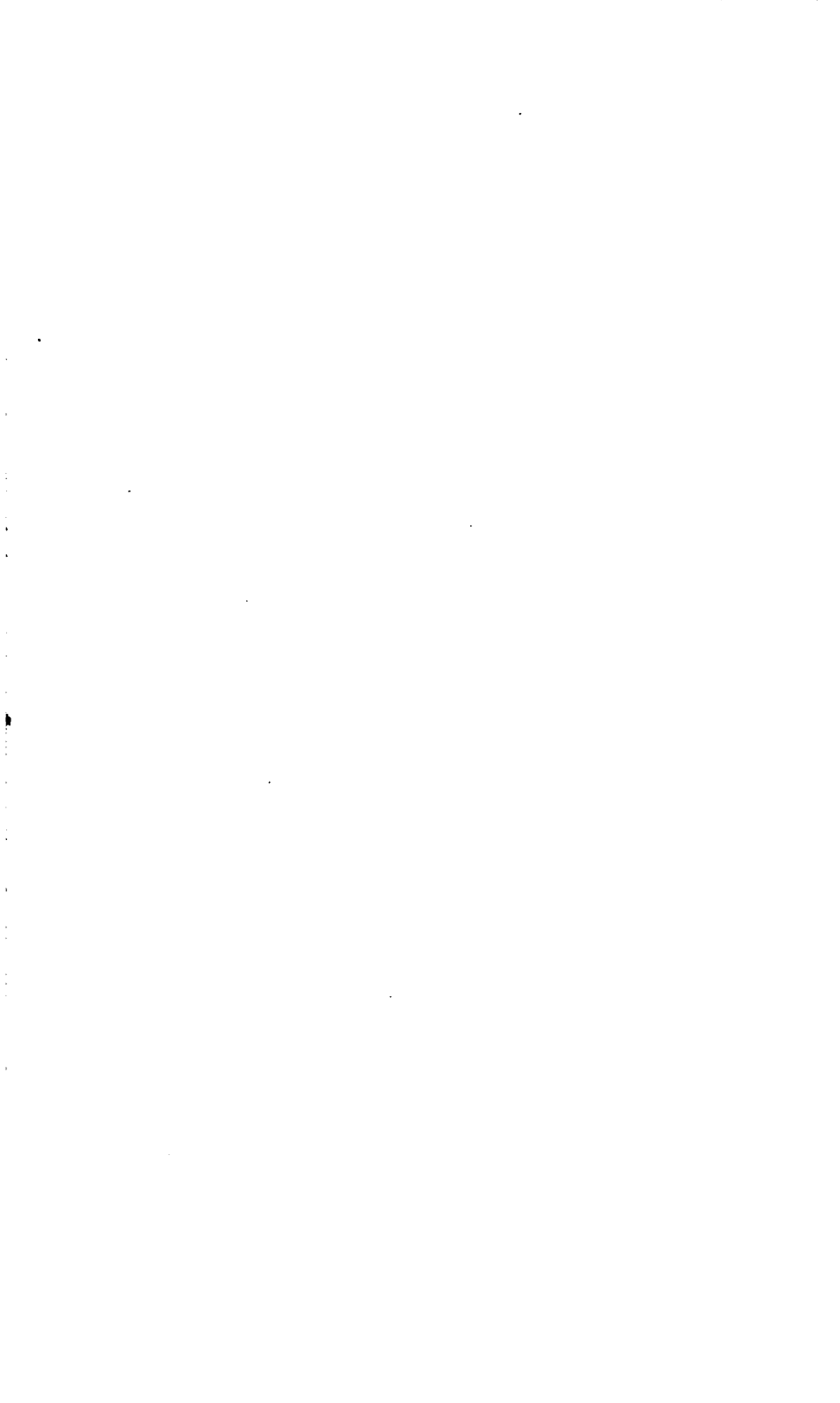
on. The Duke of Cleveland having ceased to contribute his brother's munificent subscription to the Hurworth, Mr. Cookson and Mr. Parrington have resigned office, and the former will be succeeded by Major Elwon, 'a good man and true.' Lincolnshire is in arms about Lord Henry Bentinck's resignation; and the agent of Lord Scarborough, who is said to be the cause of it, has not, as may be imagined, received any accession of popularity by his injudicious measures. Whether Mr. Chaplin will succeed his Lordship is not yet decided, but he has been made 'first favourite,' and with the very best of reasons. Captain Fox succeeds Mr. York as Chairman of the South Wold, and the country ratifies the appointment; and under the new *régime* the strongest measures will be adopted to put down the midnight murder system, so prevalent during the late season. In the Isle of Wight, small as is its compass, they have had some capital sport, and, what is better, capital writers to describe it. Mr. Dyson, the M.H., has fairly earned his testimonial by the manner in which he has stuck to his post, and helped to increase the amusements of the Island, which, as may be imagined, in the winter are at rather a low ebb. The Vine, for the second season in succession, have not had a blank day; and on the 15th they had a brilliant fifty minutes into the H.H. country, with the dust flying over the hounds' backs. This was the first time Mr. Whieldon had been out since his severe fall, and notwithstanding the long holiday the frost gave the foxes, the Vine have killed more than they did last year. Mr. Ingram succeeds Mr. Pain in the South Wilts, and the latter's horses go up on the 5th at Salisbury. Press, the Huntsman of the Craven, who unfortunately broke his leg a short time back, has, on account of the satisfaction he gave during his short tenure of office, been presented with forty pounds, just to mend the splinters. The Hambledon have had the worst month during the whole season, as there has been a total failure of scent, owing to the dry weather. But they had a run on the 14th from Mirsted Wood, over fourteen miles of stiff country in the Petersfield Vale, all along underneath the hills, running into their fox handsomely in the open, by the village of Bepton, in Sussex, in one hour and ten minutes, with only one momentary check. They have now done for the season; and were reference made to 'the old Masters,' it would be found that never in the annals of the Hambledon had such sport been shown. Owners of coverts should, however, bear in mind that six days a week requires plenty of preserving, and the maintenance of the system rests solely with them. Such a start, in fact, has Hampshire made as a hunting country within the last few years, that it has led to the springing up of a new chronicler of its celebrities past and present. The gentleman who aspires to the title of 'The Druid of the South' is bred for the appointment, as far as a love of the chase is concerned, being the son of a well-known Hampshire Sportsman. Moreover, he is well known as the contributor of the Letters in 'Bell' which have appeared for the last two years under the signature of 'Æsop,' and which have been conspicuous for the playfulness of their style and the pungent manner in which the follies of the day among the rising generation of hunting men have been assailed. Speaking of Sporting literature brings us to notice the death of Mr. Surtees, so well known as the author of 'Jorrocks and his Jollities,' 'Soapy Sponge,' 'Ask Mamma,' and a host of other Sporting works, the last of which, 'Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds,' would have appeared with our own publication next month. Mr. Surtees, who was a most estimable man in private life, may be described as 'the Dickens of the Hunting world;' and what Pickwick was to the latter gentleman Jorrocks was to Mr. Surtees. By these respective works both will ever be identified by their admirers, for they will for ever bear

reading, which is not the case with most comic works, which rarely live beyond the hour. To the 'New Monthly,' and other magazines, Mr. Surtees was a constant correspondent, and whatever subject he treated upon he illustrated with a sound knowledge and a graceful fancy.

With Stud news we are not so well supplied as usual. We dealt so largely with the cracks last month we need now only go into the second class, at the head of which stands Chevalier d'Industrie, whom John Osborne has filled with eight dams of winners, which would infer a slight falling off in his old love for The Cure, whom we thought would monopolize all his mares. Col. Towneley is going in wholesale for Thormanby, sending no less than eighteen of his best mares to him; and Selina, the dam of Caterer, is also destined for him. Hesperithusa, the Hunt Cup winner, however, goes to King of Trumps, who we imagine would have been better patronized but for the raising of his fee, which might have been judiciously delayed. Macaroni's dam has dropped a brown filly to Romulus, and Theodra, the subject of such a severe contest at Spy Park, a colt to St. Albans. The Prime Minister is gradually attracting the attention he deserves, and Melissa is among his latest arrivals. The report of Piccador going to Ireland is incorrect, for the Vale of Cleveland will be his head-quarters, and from Richmond we learn that Carbineer begins well.

Short as is the space left to us, we must not omit to notice the death of Mr. Maxse, one of the last of the Meltonians, who flourished in the age of 'Nimrod,' and who was contemporary with the Musgraves, the Mahers, Alvanleys, and Plynouths of those days. His health had long been declining, but his end was tranquil; and he has left behind him an enormous fortune. To the great Turf sensation novel of 'Sackville Chase' we had hoped to have done justice, but we must reluctantly defer our notice to next month, as from the marvellous nature of the plot, and the number of living characters introduced into it, a cursory review would be as unjust to the reader, as to the author.







Engraved by

James Brown

R. Im Broek

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. RICHARD TEN BROECK.

THE United Kingdom and France having furnished us with subjects for our Gallery of Sportsmen, it is only due to England's eldest daughter—as Colonial Secretaries of State are wont to term America—that we add to the collection, the portrait of a Gentleman who for the last few years has been credited by the United States to the Court of Newmarket.

Mr. Richard Ten Broeck was born at New York, and educated at the West Point Military Academy there, an establishment which bears a close resemblance to L'Ecole Polytechnique of Paris, and our own Sandhurst. Mr. Ten Broeck's first connexion with the American Turf was in Virginia, when he came out as the confederate of the well-known Colonel Johnson, who may be styled the Napoleon of the American Racing World, and whose sayings and doings were quoted in the Turf circles of New York, as much as those of Lord Palmerston's are at the present time at the West End. The confederacy, only terminated by the death of the Colonel, was a most powerful one, and carried all before it, as the American 'Calendars' would disclose to any one curious on the point. It is unnecessary in a Memoir of this length to enumerate all the horses that Mr. Ten Broeck possessed, while he raced in the New World. But we may remark that he owned Lexington, some of whose stock have been recently imported into this country, and who was by far the best horse known in America: inasmuch as in a match against time in Kentucky, where he first came out, he ran four miles in seven minutes and sixteen seconds, which feat has never been surpassed. In 1856 Mr. Ten Broeck came to England; and armed with the best introductions to Lord Fitzwilliam, was, through his influence, presented to our leading Racing Aristocracy, who vied with each other in their attentions to the American stranger. The Hon. Admiral Rous was one of the first to welcome him to Newmarket, and propose his being elected a member of the Coffee-Room, and assisted him by his able advice in the management of his small stud. On his

visit to Goodwood, the Duke of Richmond invited him to join the House party; and he at once took up a position with the Upper Ten Thousand, which he has ever since maintained, much to the annoyance of many of his countrymen, who were not a little jealous of his reception. In 1857 Mr. Ten Broeck was united to a lady endowed with many personal attractions, and an ample fortune, and settled permanently in England.

Mr. Ten Broeck's first appearance in the Ring excited as much curiosity among the professionals, as that of his horses, trainers, and jockeys with the Newmarket folks, and all sorts of rumours were in circulation respecting their manners and customs. His trainer, Brown, was reserved in his habits, and seemed attached to nothing but the calumet of peace, which was never suffered to go out. And strong walking exercise was the main feature of the preparation of his horses. Mr. Ten Broeck himself hardly knew how to enter a bet in his book, and had to have the way pointed out to him,—a species of attention which the Members of the Ring were, in most instances, very happy to pay him. For the first year, his ventures were by no means successful, and the drains on his exchequer were heavy and continuous. Still the ways and means were always forthcoming so readily, that it was universally admitted that 'Tenny' (for he had already become so popular, as to have his name abbreviated), did deserve a turn. No doubt the subject of our Memoir took the same view of the case as his friends, and in order to take advantage of it, in 1857 he had Prioress so ready for the Cæsarewitch that he broke the ice of his luck with her, and after a dead heat with El Hakim and Queen Bess, he won the odd trick with her. Again at Goodwood, in 1859, we find him in great force winning the Goodwood Stakes and the Bentinck Memorial with Starke, and the Goodwood Nursery with Umpire, landing by each race what is termed 'a rattler,' for the 'Talents' were quite led astray in their calculations, the previous running of both animals being such as would scarcely warrant the anticipations of their respective victories. Indeed, Mr. Fleming, the owner of Caviare, imagining that Umpire could not have improved so much on his form since he had ran Twang to a head in the July Meeting, demanded to have his mouth examined. Mr. Ten Broeck, conscious of having nothing to fear, said nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to have all doubt about his age set right at once. And those eminent racing dentists, Messrs. Spooner and Mannington, having been called in, a certificate of the most satisfactory nature was instantly issued by them, and Umpire retained the laurels he had won. How he afterwards went to Stockton, and won two rich stakes there, beating High Treason, whose breeder thought him invincible, and how he became the Derby winter favourite, is too much a subject of Turf History to need further dwelling on. No horse stood his position in the market better until reaching Epsom than Mr. Ten Broeck's colt. But when he arrived there, the terrific work he had done on the Monday previous to the race, quite appalled the English trainers, and made his backers apprehensive about him. His appearance on

the day with a group of his countrymen round him created an immense sensation. And it seems but yesterday we saw him under the Durdans plantation waiting for Fordham. Whether his trainer had any idea that Englishmen, out of national prejudice, might attempt to nobble Umpire before starting, we cannot say. But with his backwoodsman's fur cap on his head, he was not content with merely using his walking stick like an ordinary being, but twisted it and held it in the air ready to go into action at a moment's notice.

The impression that Umpire created when he went down was by no means favourable, for he gave every appearance of being hurried; and the contour and expression of his head led one to imagine that he was either a sulky or cowardly horse. He galloped, however, magnificently; ran very fast for a mile and a quarter, when he tired, and finished fifth or sixth to Thormanby. In the St. Leger he did not improve upon his form; and he finished his three-year old career by beating Tom Bowline in a match for 1000 guineas, on the Abingdon Mile in the Houghton Meeting. His subsequent career we have not space to detail; but it will be recollected he was sold to Lord Coventry for 500 guineas, and has proved a useful horse to him. In the following year, the Ascot Stakes were placed to Mr. Ten Broeck's account with Optimist; and Goodwood was again a fortunate meeting for him, as, after running second to Elcho for the Goodwood Stakes, with Starke, he won the Goodwood Cup with him, beating The Wizard by a head, and having his second string, Optimist, in the third place. At Brighton also, the following week, the latter won the Brighton Stakes in a canter; so that Sussex may be considered, perhaps, the most fortunate county in which the American colours have been hoisted. In 1862, Mr. Ten Broeck had only a moderate year, although he won a few stakes with Tornado and Amy. But last year his visit to Sussex was as profitable as ever, for he won the Findon Stakes and Nursery with Paris. He also won a few minor stakes with Lord of Lynne, and was only beaten a head for second place in the Cambridgeshire. And while this sheet is passing through the press, we may add that he ran second with Paris for the Two Thousand Guineas, to Lord Glasgow with General Peel.

Thus it will be seen that, hitherto, Mr. Ten Broeck has no reason to complain of the frowns of fortune. His system of managing his horses is peculiarly his own; and his friends have not failed to profit by it. Unlike his countrymen, Mr. Ten Broeck is free from the besetting fault of curiosity; and one secret of his popularity is, that, while he minds his own business, he does not interfere with that of other people. For several years he has maintained his position among the noblemen and gentlemen of the English Sporting World, by pursuing a straightforward course of conduct and observing the *convenances* of society. And were other Americans to come among us under similar circumstances, there is no fear but they would experience a similar reception to that which has been accorded to the subject of this sketch.

A FEW WORDS ON SPORTING LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THE advance of everything connected with Sport ought to have carried with it the literature of the day, as its exponent. Nothing, in a general way, stamps the character of a people like its literature; and on the subjects with which we deal there ought to be no deficiency. Perhaps we ought not to admit the possibility of such a deficiency: but we are compelled to believe it, notwithstanding the well-directed labours of some good writers in the cause. Sporting literature has many peculiarities; difficulties of its own: difficulties not easy to be overcome. By-and-by we shall endeavour to show the reason of this: first we will examine the literature itself.

It is of two kinds: there is the heavy and sententious, which deals with facts; and, after a certain time, becomes singularly distasteful. It admits of very little variety. To be sure there are ways of telling a man about the breeding of horses, or the hunting of hounds, or the preserving of game, or the taking of fish, which will interest the general reader. But the subject is so limited, that it requires great skill to tell it more than once or twice. We ourselves have a great admiration for a foxhound: we could look at one for an hour by the cover-side, and follow him over a country as long as our horses could carry us. We have read with intense satisfaction the details of a run through a country we know; have followed the windings of our favourite pack; have imagined ourselves by their side—when some limner more expert than common has drawn for us the varieties of a hunting run in the Shires. We can appreciate the life-like description of Nimrod, or the graphic pencil of Whyte Melville: the practical knowledge of Scrutator or Mr. Delmé Ratcliffe, and the dash of a contributor or two to our own pages. But is there in the world a thing so pointless, so flat, so somniferous, as the regular professional jargon about the Quorn Rasselas, the Fitzwilliam Hermit, and the Belvoir Chorister? It is quite right that there should be chroniclers of these circumstances, as there must be actors to do the heavy business in every walk of life; but it is dreary work to the lookers-on. The fact is, sport should be and is a recreation: it should be light and graceful; and so should its literature. This heavy dealing with the gossamer threads of existence jars upon the mind, and turns into a business what should only be an amusement. Of course even fox-hunting has its serious side: the management and the exchequer, the preservation of foxes, the sticking of covers, and the mollification of unreasonable enemies, are necessary to be talked about, but should be kept in the background as much as possible. They do not stand twice serving up. One or two thoroughly good books on the subject are as good as one or two hundred; and when any gentleman

goes in for the paste and scissors we hope he will not select sport for his labours.

The other class of sporting literature is the humorous : and this has the advantage of universal popularity. It has a fault. It verges into caricature. But every man likes caricature ; and though some very refined critics are always calling out about the vulgarity, the slang, the smoke, the loudness of such writings, they are not the less willing to laugh. Poor Surtees is gone ; but the author of *John Jorrocks and Soapy Sponge* is immortal. Whilst man wears leather breeches, and slow old duffers can be found to cast backwards, the author of *Jorrocks and Pigg* can never die. It is vulgar certainly ; occasionally indelicate ; but it is full of wit and humour ; and there is not much of the latter in any man's mouth without vulgarity. Did you ever hear a gentlemanly man sing a comic song ? We have heard some lugubrious attempts at such an entertainment by a well-dressed, elegantly-mannered individual in a white waistcoat and patent-leather boots, but it nearly made us cry. A good honest vulgar man, full of grimace, and not afraid of committing himself, can sing a comic song, but then his strong point is his vulgarity.

Just so is it with a certain class of sporting writing. Far preferable to the eternal twaddle which we all of us know by heart. Very useful certainly—but utility is a bore. Besides, a sportsman has to chain himself down, when he wants to write practically and learnedly, and never expresses himself as he should. He is not half himself. Turn him loose to express his meaning in bad English, and defy the critics, and he is infinitely better worth reading. You may get grammar and good sense together ; or good sense and vivacity ; but grammar, sense, and vivacity have never yet fallen to the lot of the same man. We beg pardon—there are two—we need scarcely say they are appreciated.

Nimrod was a great man—that is to say, he was original—but we never saw Mr. Apperley in his true colours till the 'Quarterly' brought him out, with an apology for discovering to the world one of the best bits of writing in the English language. He has received immense credit for teaching men how to summer hunters. If Mr. Apperley had never been born we should have found out that grass and flies, especially together, are not good for valuable horses ; but that, living in an artificial state, to talk about nature is pure nonsense. Young ladies and gentlemen who wear crinoline and bandoline, starched collars and clean shirts, would feel very queer if turned into a state of nature after the London season, especially when the climate is apt to be variable. Yet, but for the 'Quarterly Review,' the fame of Nimrod would have rested upon some such pedestal as this. Thank goodness, he has been rescued from such oblivion, or recollection of perpetual boredom ! Every time we strive to write sense, to fulfil a great duty, to 'point a moral or 'adorn a tale,' we read from the pen of some kind and considerate critic that we are 'more pedantic than usual,'—'more pompous and 'didactic ;' whilst an easy butterfly sort of progress through the

flowers of fancy is always followed by favourable criticism. We are obliged to do the heavy sometimes, and submit with a good grace to the ordeal, just to show the world that we are not without some settled purpose, and a substantial way of putting it.

The writers of a former period had their ambition, just as we have now. They were determined to appear scholarlike, feeling perfectly safe with the scholarship of their readers. Hence we meet with such curious misquotations, or such a careful selection of modern phrases, as left everything to the imagination. One eminent performer over the flat half a century ago never saw a race that was not a *mise en scène*. Another plunged headlong into Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' and pulled out quotations with the same sort of instinct that a bulldog has for the legs of a table and the legs of a man. We have seen the *Ars Poetica* put into the form of prose and quoted as a fine passage from the immortal Cicero. It was the result of an adventurous spirit, which sought to throw as much originality as possible into other people's words. When men write prose they go back to Beckford, and for poetry they should seek Somerville.

Poetry is too imaginative for the practice of the Turf, the Field, or the Road. What we have in that way is local; and although Mr. Egerton Warburton has produced some charming songs, which have been favourably noticed, they have an interest rather for his own county than for the general reader. The same may be said of Mr. Davies, who unites to an extraordinary delicacy a thorough appreciation of sport. But one should have been west-country born and bred to follow him, with true gusto, through his charming exposition of moorland hunting.

One sort of sporting literature is said to have become highly popular of late years. We mean the sporting novel. But whom shall we take as the type of this class of writing? If we accept the late author of 'Handley Cross,' and 'Soapy Sponge,' we place the novel at a distance from its compeers. The great object of the modern novel is sensation—stirring and passionate scenes, the delineation of character as it exists among scenes which never do exist, excepting under circumstances the most improbable. The sporting novel of this class aims at no sensation. Murders, rascalities, even dishonest lawyers (who are to be met with everywhere) are here out of place. The most stirring and passionate scene is the loss of one's road on a common, on a dark night, and a *stand and deliver* by a forlorn jackass in his native language. The delineation of character is always amusing, sometimes clever, but seldom true. No man ever hunted with Jorrocks, or Sir Harry Scattercash. Jack Spraggott and his patron are impossibilities in these days, and Jawleyford stands forth as an exceptional illustration of the author's knowledge of the truth. But we would not have them changed: and we claim for them a position in the sporting literature of our country—a place which cannot be assigned to any other.

But then we do not accept these works as the type of what we

understand by a sporting novel. We rather turn to a book which is becoming more and more popular as the taste for sport increases in the every-day world. Whyte Melville has been eminently successful in this line; and although his reputation ought to stand on something higher and better, we doubt if it will. Give a dog a bad name and hang him. Digby Grand, Kate Coventry, and Mr. Sawyer's visit to the shires will be read by thousands who cannot comprehend the beauties of 'The Gladiators.' This arises from many circumstances: one is that our expectation is disappointed: we have set up an idol of one kind and he turns out to be, no less an idol, but of a different shape.

'Amphora cæpit

Institui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit.'

We expected to find our old acquaintance writing sport as no one else can, and he treats us to the learning of Juvenal and Josephus. We do not rise with him; that's the truth: he has spoilt us with his admirable nonsense, and we are not prepared to acknowledge his sense.

There are other writers of this class; but we prefer, for obvious reasons, not to discuss the merits of those who have appeared in our own pages.

Adventure is another form which sporting literature is certain to take. In our opinion one of the pleasantest, if well managed. There should not be quite so much of the Pomponius Ego style about it, as there usually is; and writers should remember that even South Africa and Timbuctoo are no longer unknown lands. When a man had a region entirely to himself, he could make what he pleased of it. He might people it with Anthropophagi, or hippopotami, with the satyr, the dodo, or the ichthyosaurus: there was nobody to contradict him, and all proof that his friends or enemies demanded was a boxfull of skins. These, of course, might be lost on the way. We often wonder in this civilized clime what two honest English gentlemen would make of a run at five o'clock in the afternoon, if everybody else was gone home: so that we feel for the temptation incident to a sportsman in the wilds of Siberia, or on the peaks of the Mountains of the Moon. The truth is, that exaggeration is the peculiar weakness of the sportsman who combines a little literature with his savage propensities, and the illiterate is only his superior in this respect, in that he does not write his adventures. A fence looks very large seen through the refraction of a magnum of claret, and a brook of '34 port is a good three feet in advance of the waters of Spratton or Wissendine. If adventures in India, Africa, or anywhere else be written with the modesty which is not said to be characteristic of the sportsman; if the writer can manage to combine with his novelties the spirit and dash which has sent him out on his enterprise, and can transfuse into his readers something of the sensations which animate himself, there is no class of literature that has so many charms for the ordinary reader. The sensational scenes of Wilkie Collins or Miss Braddon 'pale their ineffectual

'fires' in the light of realities such as a true sportsman can relate. Not that we think it at all to the purpose that his pages should run blood, and that whole hecatombs of slaughtered elephants and gorillas should be sacrificed to his inclinations. There is really very little sport, though much courage and self-discipline required in those conventional murders of innocent and sometimes defenceless babies. It is sufficient that we should have a few such adventures to instruct us how we may procure these treasures of the East or South by a pleasant and inexpensive method, instead of buying them of that villanous ivory-carver, furrier, or stuffer and setter-up of dead monkeys and birds. A work which shall inform society on the fauna and flora of foreign countries—which shall give us an exciting capture of an unknown or dangerous beast after a display of ingenuity or hardihood becoming to man, made in the likeness of his Maker, will always create in us a true tribute of admiration; and remain useful and profitable for his fellow-creatures long after the simple ferocities of brute murder have passed away. If we were ordered into the heart of Africa, or into any other warm corner, with the choice of a companion as the only set-off, we should unhesitatingly select the Reverend Charles Kingsley in preference to Gordon Cumming or even M. Chaillu. These publications hold a happy medium between the heavy and pedantic and the humorous and exaggerated.

But if the styles of sporting literature are various, so are the idiosyncrasies of the authors who write them. A very obvious division occurs to us between the educated and the uneducated. Of the first of these two classes the members are necessarily limited. No man *learns* sport for the sake of writing it up. We do not see why he should not serve an apprenticeship to that as well as to any other subject, be it of art or science, politics or war. Still the evident fact is, that 'men rush in where angels fear to tread.' Gentlemen are too much employed in the practice of field sports to find time for putting them together in a readable form. Those who could do it, and we know by the fugitive literature with which we occasionally meet, that there are gentlemen, independent of all professional pursuits, perfectly capable of giving to the world good books upon their favourite subjects—men, whose minds are imbued with a general taste for literature, and who have not sunk the intelligent in the sportsman. What a different being is the English squire of the present day from the topbooted and illiterate country gentleman of the last century! A library descended to him as an heirloom to be handed on to his next of kin, with a favourite hound or hunter, not for use as the latter, but as an useless appendage to a gentleman's estate. But field sports, though more engrossing than ever, do not imply any want of polish among us, but are accompanied now by the external delicacies of civilization as much as by the courage and determination and the knowledge or experience which distinguished the British sportsman in a former age. Why do not more of these men write books? surely, if ever there was, there is now, a demand

for them. See the avidity with which a good sporting story is received. Is it any way inferior to two-thirds of the current literature of the day? Certainly not. If handled by a pretender; if ungrammatically written; if devoid of truth in delineation; if clumsily put together, grief is the result to the writer, as well as to the publisher and the public. But see how those who have taken up the pen have succeeded, gifted with these qualities in the field of sport, and let more men of the same stamp emulate the reputation of Whyte Melville.

By far the majority of writers on sport are imperfectly educated men. Yet they are not without their admirers. Sporting readers are not wont to be critical, as long as they perceive the *vivida vis*, the *divinus afflatus* in the books that are set before them. Indeed, so little particular are they in this respect, that imitating that superb model of historical writers, Thucydides, a few grammatical blunders and inaccuracies give a zest to the subject, and appear to be inseparable from feeling and inspiration. 'Confound those parsons,' says a friend of ours, and no mean judge of literature in general, 'they never make mistakes in their grammar.' Not that this censure is strictly true; but it does seem as if, on this one particular subject, considerable latitude was to be allowed. Applying the ordinary tests to sporting literature is a little unfair. Nobody would think of permitting or even quoting as beauties the extraordinary vagaries which are to be met with in very readable works of this class, if they belonged to works of fiction of any other kind. Very little care would at least correct such errors as are flagrant, and certainly the interest they excite, and the importance of the subject, ought to induce a more careful supervision on the part of editors, publishers, and the writers themselves.

The simplest and most obvious reasons for these imperfections of style and matter are, that gentlemen, or men who are employed in the sports of the field, who are constantly riding to hounds, shooting to dogs, or fishing, cannot be induced to chain themselves to the desk for an allotted task or determinate space of time; and those who have a feeling for the subject, are devoid of experience and that delicacy of handling which a more liberal education would have given them. Vanity might urge the former, for it is usually to be found at the bottom of all great efforts, but it only works by fits and starts. Necessity may compel others to come before the public, but it rarely applies to the men in question, who are lords of the soil, the '*fruges consumere nati*.' The worst feature in our sporting literature is its professional tone: and that the world may not be without an example of the contrary, we would direct their attention to an article which appeared under the title of 'How the Late Frost was all owing to Charley Grey,' in the March number of this Magazine. No man could mistake the vigour and freshness with which it was written for that of a professional hand; and yet what descriptive powers it developed, and with what correctness of style it was penned! It is a striking proof that a man may be spirited without vulgarity in treating of sport, and correct without pedantry or heaviness.

But there is still another reason why sporting literature has no fair chance with other works of reality or fiction. It has no good criticism expended upon it, or, rather, criticism is exceedingly limited. The greatest boon with which literature can be blessed is a good, severe, but evenhanded criticism. All other classes of publication have it, sport only excepted. We ourselves are more indebted to the critics for any good that may be found in us henceforth, than can be conceived by those who have never felt their lash; and although we have escaped with infinitely more praise and less censure than we had a right to expect, we cannot but attribute it to justice tempered with mercy, quite as much as to our own merits. This *en passant*; but from some reason or other, critics shrink from attacking sporting literature; and in nine cases out of ten they are incapable of doing so with effect. No man can review a sporting novel but a sportsman; and when the attempt is made under other circumstances it is sure to be a failure. The 'Saturday Review' is wise in its generation. It has an occasional article on sport; always deficient in power, and reading very much as a mermaid would move—a *joint* performance, as if a sportsman had furnished the information, and a scholar had written the article. But, generally speaking, in reviewing a sporting novel, it does as the country manager of old, and the present Tercentenary Management of Shakespeare's Festival is likely to do; it leaves out the part of Hamlet by particular desire. It leaves out all mention of the only part of the book on which the author desires to pin his reputation. Why is this? Not because sport is so low in the estimation of the British public, that it can be ignored with impunity, but because it can only be reviewed by a sportsman, and sportsmen are seldom high enough in form for the task. It would not be amiss, if the same modesty were extended to other publications.

It is in this way that sporting literature escapes animadversion, and consequently the trouble of correction. There is much that is good in it, so much that is worth a little censure, that we shall be glad to see more done towards perfecting a class of publication which is, in some respects, at a lower ebb than it ought to be. The interest that is taken in it is by no means small: and it is quite worthy, on this and other accounts, of the criticism which ordinary literature enjoys. But let the critic beware. It would be no safer for him to enter upon the task without the requisite qualification, than it would be safe for an M. F. H. to criticise Froude's 'History of England,' or Arnott's 'Elements of Physics.' If in the present extension of all open-air recreation, of the turf, the field, and the Campus Martius (for we can say little of the road), men can be found who unite with a feeling for it a sound practical knowledge of sport—there are such things as bulls with a taste for old China,—and a capability of expressing what they know, by all means let them bend their honest endeavours to rectify the errors of sporting literature. Let them point out its beauties and condemn its extravagancies; let them censure its vulgarities and commend its inspirations; and we venture to say that not

only will the present class of sporting book greatly improve, but the writers themselves will feel their obligations to the press, and the public will acknowledge the benefit by an increased demand for the supply.

A novel written with a purpose is rather a mistake. Still men like to think themselves useful, and are not satisfied with amusing their readers without instructing them. In short, this can scarcely be done, excepting at the expense of some body or some class; for, as the interests of so many clash, to be popular with all would involve a want of principle or purpose more than inconvenient. It will therefore be safe to generalize as much as possible: and when subjects occur, which require the pruning-knife, to make use of it with so much dexterity that the sufferer shall not know that he is being operated upon. He will himself be quite certain to 'spot' some other individual of the same class, just as we are said to carry a bag-full of our fellow-creatures' vices in front, and a much heavier one of our own behind. If you desire to be popular, we would recommend you not to go in for 'the useful:' the ornamental, as much as you please: the 'τὸ καλὸν' is well enough, the 'τὸ χρήσιμον' is a bore; and very few men have arrived at Horace's standard, 'Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.'

Without acting the part of a critic ourselves we desire to bear a certain amount of testimony to the efforts of a late sporting writer, before closing this article; sorry indeed are we to have to say of the late Mr. Surtees, the author of 'Hillingdon Hall,' 'Handley Cross,' 'Soapy Sponge,' and some other works, gone before, and of another to come.

It is impossible not to select two of these as of great excellence—'Handley Cross' and 'Soapy Sponge.' Of the former of these, of its own class, it is difficult to speak too highly. It has the great merit of genius, originality. To say there never was such a being as John Jorrocks is to take nothing from its excellence. It is a creation, we admit; as much a creation as Falstaff, Falconbridge, or a Water Baby; but what a creation!—and how consistent! John Jorrocks, M.F.H., never acts but as he ought to act; and if his conduct is the acmé of humour, his lecture is the acmé of wit. Vulgar, forsooth! Indeed it is: but who in the world expected elegance in a Coram Street grocer with a monomania for hunting? With a figure that threw Banting into the shade by many stone, and an energy that rivalled the late Sir Colin Campbell, or the Wandering Jew, in the cause of fox-hunting was it possible to expect much elegance? We are provoked when men look for grapes off thistles and figs from thorns. Canary-coloured shorts and a brown wig; brandy and water and a wife like the queen of hearts, accessories to a gentleman! Surely the author knew too well what he was about to have made the possessor anything but what he has made him. If a writer paints a highwayman or a pickpocket, he scarcely represents him of so delicate a conscience as to forward 32*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in payment of Income Tax not

collected; and we are therefore prepared for the breadth of the wit in the case of the Great Coram Street grocer. But not the less dear to our hearts is he on that account; and we sincerely pity the critic, who can see no further than the vulgarity of the best book of its class that has yet appeared.

We see announced for publication, on the 30th of the month of April 1864, a primary number of a new novel by the same author. It is a continuation of Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, under the title of 'Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds.' We have no doubt that it will add to the previous reputation of the author; and we are truly happy that the work has been left in the hands of publishers so competent as Messrs. Bradbury and Evans to perfect any deficiencies which may probably have existed in a work wanting the last touches of its author. We know nothing of its nature; but it is to have the powerful aid of the pencil of Mr. John Leech, an assistance which would not have been sought for a lame dog, however capable of lifting a very palpable cripple over a style. In dealing with styles of all sorts, that gentleman's pencil is a very powerful auxiliary.

We have fallen accidentally upon this topic; and we are reminded by it that one of the great features of the day in sporting literature, is the character and palpability which the illustrations of Mr. Leech have lent to all the works which he has touched with his genius. We doubt not that thousands have an acquaintance with field-sports almost entirely by his pencil; and that the glories of Jorrocks, with Pigg and Benjamin, Mr. Sponge and Lord Scamperdale, with Sir Harry Scattercash and his host of eccentricities, Jawleyford of Jawleyford Court, Sir Moses Mainchance, and the Richest Commoner in England, would have been, like almost every other creation of the kind, a dead letter by the end of a twelvemonth, but for the marvellous illustrations by which they are made to live to the end of all time. What, in the book, is shadowy and dim, takes form and reality in the pencil, and impresses the reader with a force that words cannot impart. The custom of illustrating works of fiction has become common enough; but there is no subject which so well rewards the talent of the artist as the lively productions of sporting writers.

We must say one word, which is rather to complain of a deficiency than to censure a fault, on these books. It is the absence of what we call a 'gentleman' in almost all of them. The word itself is difficult of clear definition; but it conveys to the mind sufficient for our purpose. There is not a 'gentleman' to be met with in the whole list of characters which have been the subject of these remarks: and, to a pencil and mind so naturally refined as that of Mr. John Leech, we can believe the defect to have been a little distasteful. It takes nothing from the humour and fun, but it detracts from the material reputation of the work: and we shall be glad to see a novel which shall combine spirit with delicacy, and the courage and enterprise of sporting life with the morals of a Christian and the manners of an English gentleman.

Time and space warn us that we ought to bring our remarks to a close. With matter for a far more formidable article, we spare our readers the infliction, and turn for a moment to notice a peculiarity of the sporting literature of the day in the journalism with which the country is being overrun. In this respect sport is again behind the age. There is scarcely any subject which has not added to the number of its commentators. Cheap literature is not found to be necessarily bad, although it often is so accidentally. It is not because one paper costs sixpence and another a penny, that the first must be admissible to a table and the other not. It is clear that, if the sale of the cheaper paper be proportionally extensive, it will afford the same remuneration for talent as its more expensive rival. It does not always get it; because there is such a thing as character and reputation; and when that has been acquired by long usage, and never forfeited by dishonesty or inconsistency, it is, very properly, a barrier difficult to break through, and deserving the support of respectable people.

Some time ago, sporting journalism was discovered to be vulgar. So it was: the subjects with which it dealt were vulgar; and perhaps the manner of expressing them was not the less so. It was difficult—and is difficult—to tell of a prize-fight in Homeric strains. ‘The Times,’ indeed, has done so: but then the fight was no longer a prize-fight, and interested the lovers of fine writing, and disgusted the lovers of fair fighting, and was altogether another thing from that which it pretended to be. Nobody wanted to hear of King as Ajax, or of Heenan as Ulysses, of the bumps and the thumps, and the blood and the gore, and all the other disgusting paraphernalia. People who were not fond of fighting ought to have remained so; and those who were ought to have stuck to their original ‘uppercuts’ and ‘sloggers,’ ‘claret’ and ‘conks,’ ‘mawleys’ and ‘domino-boxes,’ and then there would have been no harm done. True vulgarity is pretension; and therefore to turn a stand-up fight into a battle of demi-gods is vulgar to a degree. Be that as it may, it certainly was fair that ladies who indulged in horseflesh, like the Tartars, should have it served up to suit their palates, dressed with dishes of fish, and garden-stuff, hothouse grapes, and dainties from the poultry-yard and pigeon-cote. Certainly there was room for it; and in the pages of ‘The Field,’ the agriculturist went hand in hand with the sportsman. Dog-fighting and Jemmy Shaw, respectable, and indeed necessary adjuncts to the happiness of some, were better out of the pages of a drawing-room newspaper: and while such publications never can supersede the old-fashioned and still popular ‘Bell,’ there surely must be plenty of room for all in the increased limits of the sporting world. A sporting journal cannot be perfection; for it must depend on the taste and discrimination of numbers of persons, who are as apt to follow the age as to guide it. An educator of the public taste is sure first to regard the direction in which it goes: and an acute journalist will be said to direct rather than to form. Sportsmen are more refined than formerly, and embrace a much larger circle of per-

sons; so journalism met the feelings of the age, and persuades itself too often that it has created that for which it only catered. Success will probably attend the man who is acquainted with the subject on which he treats; and the more so if he keeps his mind in communication with the age in which he lives. It is as dangerous to be too much before it as behind. He should endeavour after truth; candour is the soul of criticism. Journalists should remember the powers they wield; and that every subject is not equally fitted for the crucible, any more than it would be desirable to pass by anything from fear of handling it. As the main study of a writer should be to do good, he would rather succeed by the *suaviter in modo* than by the *fortiter in re*. He should always be sure of his ground; and, although it is honourable to retract when wrong, it is more honourable never to have cause for doing so. There can be no doubt that the main cause for the increase of sporting journalism is the extent of Turf business. We have nothing to do with that subject now, whether it be for the good of the country or not; whether the thoroughbred horse is regenerate, and the people degenerate, or the reverse: but if there were not some thousands of horses in training, and some thousands of persons interested in their performances,—thousands indeed, who, in the glorious days of our grandfathers, might have run without being able to read, but who now find their ‘Sunday Times,’ or ‘Sporting Life,’ as necessary as their betting-book and their season ticket,—sporting journalism would long ago have reached the end of its tether.

THE CLOSE OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

HUNTERS’ STAKES, THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

THE past hunting season may be considered throughout England as barely an average one for sport. It has been a season very variable from the incessant changes of wind and weather. It began by two months’ drought in the midland counties, consequently a general lack of scent. The year was ushered in by frost, and though in the midland counties hounds were not stopped hunting more than twenty-one to twenty-five days, yet there were many unpropitious days, from fogs and constant high winds. In February there was a good deal of rain, and the best runs were chronicled in that month. Among several good runs chronicled with several packs during the month, none excelled one with the Duke of Rutland’s hounds on February 23rd.

It was a frosty morning with snow, so that it was doubtful if they could hunt, and in consequence but a small field of the most keen sportsmen were present. They found their second fox (having run one a smart twenty minutes to ground before, from the same gorse, to which they returned again on spec), at Folkingham big gorse, and going away close at his brush, they ran him over a fine grass country by Spanby, and pointing for Aswarby; but the fox, a

real stout one, changed his mind and his point, and set his face for the big woodlands. Leaving Threckingham village on his left, he ran by Walcôt, and over a fine hunting country as straight as a line, being several times viewed in the same field as the hounds, to Aslackby Wood, which he entered half a field ahead of the pack. He held straight through this wood, and at undiminished speed, through Bulby Hall Wood, into the Norwoods: Time, exactly fifty minutes, and the distance gone over, above eleven miles. Here several foxes were on foot, and the hounds instantly changed to a fresh one. The result was our gallant fox escaped. He was met by a gentleman returning from hunting with the Cottesmore hounds, in the park at Grimsthorpe Castle, about a mile from Norwoods, where they changed. Had this chase ended in a kill, it would have been as good as anything in the annals of the chase; as during the run the hounds never checked, were never cast, and did all the work from first to last. The fox never was far before them, and the half-dozen gentlemen who rode the run were always near enough without being able to gain any advantage on them. In these days the best runs always take place on *uncertain* days. The reason is obvious. Cattle are under the hedges, the workpeople are not in the open fields, and the crowd of riders is lessened. The fox can therefore make his point and hold it. The hounds feel the scent better because it is straightforward, and there is but little twisting and turning to throw them off the line.

Of such a run we may well say,

‘Semper Honos,
Nomenque tuum, laudesque manebent.’

If this is a day of higher farming, and greater intelligence, it has not abated the love of hunting, nor do I think the amount of sport, taking one season with another. There were in the halcyon days of the chase (and such are held to be the years from about 1790 to 1830), dry or very frosty seasons, when sport was just as bad, and the constant cry of ‘no scent’ just as common as in the seasons of the last twenty years. The same may be said of the run of foxes. Good scents make good foxes; but there are seasons when they run rings, and no good ten or twelve mile points are made. Then a season or two comes of wet and propitious weather, and there is again a succession of long days, straight runs, and tired horses. In hunting, the good run must be (as it always has been) the exception, not the rule. Hence the many who ‘hunt to ride,’ not ‘ride to hunt,’ are loud in their complaint of ‘no scent;’ no sport and perpetual disappointment. They simply expect too much.

If there be one thing more than another which interferes with good runs now-a-days, it is the foolish and ignorant system, pursued daily, of overriding hounds at the start. No matter how bad the scent, yet men, who have hunted all their lives, treat hounds as if they were skyrockets, once gone, never to be seen again. In hunting every one thinks himself a consummate judge. The apprenticeship required in other pursuits is here supposed needless, and any

advice treated as unwarrantable. Still, as people come out hunting for the amusement, and the pleasure of a run, it is wonderful that day by day they destroy their own and others' sport, simply by pressing on hounds, when in difficulties, and riding the high-couraged creatures over the line of their game in the first five minutes. A fair fox, well found, and with a reasonable start, will generally afford some sort of a gallop; but when hustled by horsemen, halloed at all corners, and then probably ridden after by some adventurous youth, how is it possible that flesh and blood can tolerate such an amount of injustice? In an article some time since in 'Baileys' Magazine' on the subject of 'Farmers and Fox-hunting' by 'Scrutator,' several very just and admirable remarks were made.

He proves that the independence and pleasures of hunting, as well as the profit part, are highly conducive to the good fellowship and well-doing of individual districts. One point of his story ought to be read attentively, and it is that of *unfashionable* countries, and the cry raised by game preservers, that in them, being *rough* countries, game must take the precedence of fox-hunting; in fact, that hunting should be abolished. What is the result of such a cry? Why, that the few, the very few, are to have their enjoyment—their hares and pheasants; but the hunting man (be he of great or little consequence), the farmer, and the tradesman, the rustic and artisan, all equally fond, in their own way, of the chase, are to be entirely debarred from their amusement. They have not the means or inclination to move off 'bag and baggage' to 'the Shires,' to Melton, to Harborough, or Leicester; and if they had, it should be borne in mind that the owners and occupiers of land in these favoured regions, though contented with and enjoying their own and neighbours' society in the field, are not anxious that the whole sporting population of England should make a simultaneous irruption on their country.

The charm of fox-hunting consists in its general character, and the more packs of hounds are dispersed over what are termed provincial countries, the more beneficial is the effect on their various neighbourhoods; and it is a great mistake to suppose that sport is only to be had in Northamptonshire and High Leicestershire. A first-rate run in those counties is, of course, the cream of the thing; but it is a scarce commodity, and many a rough country can tell of a greater average of 'good days' than either Quorn or Pytchley.

There are kept in England one hundred packs of fox-hounds, fifty-five packs of harriers, and seven of stag-hounds. Think of the employment of labour these constitute to keep up; the large sums of money dispersed throughout each district, not only for the hounds, but the horses kept to follow them; and can any one say that hunting is antagonistic to the interest and well-being of any class in the kingdom?

The close of the season introduces us to Steeple-chases and Hunters' Stakes, in our various districts.

Steeple-chasing exhibits a reviving tendency, and the late Grand National at Melton was a decided success.

On Hunters' Stakes I have a word to say ere I conclude.

They are, and always have been, liable to abuse, from a certain description of horse being sent about to pick them up, who gain a qualification for them, much to the detriment of the resident farmers and gentry in a neighbourhood, without being regularly kept and ridden as *bonâ fide* hunters with the hounds, in whose neighbourhood the plate or stakes is given.

To meet this, the stakes should be drawn up with more stringent rules—'That none but horses who have been regularly hunted with the neighbouring packs for three months previous to the race, be allowed to start.' And that 'the qualification for starting for the race be given by the master of the hounds, or whom he may appoint,' and not by the huntsman, as is usual. This takes away any charge of favouritism which might be laid against a huntsman, and, moreover, the masters of hounds are the best judges whether horses have hunted fairly and regularly enough with their hounds to be entitled to a certificate.

The amount of interest in a Farmers' and Hunters' Stake in a country meeting is always great. It is very hard, then, if a racing hunter is to be brought from a distance, in which no one takes any interest, to carry off the stakes, expressly subscribed for to encourage a show of good hunters at the post, who have been hunted from home and fairly earned their certificate. The only way is to make the rules very stringent, and so stop all dodging and chicanery.

Hunters' Stakes and Farmers' Plates deserve all encouragement. They are the means of bringing to light many a good horse, who would otherwise be overlooked, and a winner of them is immediately looked after and snapped up. But if racing hunters are admitted, the *bonâ fide* hunters are driven out of the field; the race becomes merely a speculative affair, and very soon, as has been shown over and over again, dwindles away, no one wishing for, or caring for its renewal.

THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM out the long sweep of the waving plain that stretches beyond the solitary masses of Stonehenge, looms, in the far distance, the steep bluff, on which, above the surrounding wood, rose in former times the three stately towers of Fonthill Abbey. There was a dark mystery attached to everything that belonged to that princely structure. Stories were told of strange sights that had been seen by the workmen during the time of its erection, and the night gangs that continued the unceasing task with their twinkling lights flickering about the indistinct towers, were regarded with awe by the simple folk who dwelt on the Plain, and to whom night-work seemed to be an unholy violation of the customary law of labour. Neither was the eccentric and accomplished being, at whose bidding the monastic

pile had arisen in all its severe majesty and beauty of proportion, less an object of suspicion and fear. His charity was profuse:—the sick were cared for,—the poor were relieved, and not a labourer was without the means of getting his daily bread by constant and well-paid employment,—yet wherewithal although the charity was accepted, and due thankfulness expressed for the provision of work, there was a feeling of mistrust and a repulsion that mingled together with the gift of lovingkindness and goodwill. The author of ‘Vathek’ never went to church. The peculiarity of his religious opinions increased the sentiment of terror that he inspired; and the chapel within the building,—built according to the plan of those sanctuaries in the recesses of continental cathedrals, and not less elaborately ornamented with sculptured device than that of Santa Maria della Spina, on the Lung’Arno at Pisa—only increased their doubt and apprehension. Divine service was occasionally performed, not in worship, but as a mime, and to test the impressive effect of the Anglican ritual, chanted according to capitular ordinances; and when the tones of the powerful organ pealed throughout the reverberating halls, and went forth from out the building as a voice and a lament, the good and righteous trembled, and the guilty in conscience shrunk at the resounding psalmody clashing out at the evil command of an unbelieving brother in sin.

The towers of Fonthill were often objects of joy and sorrow to lighter hearts and happier natures in that livelong time when of them it might be said—

‘Gay hope was theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.’

The towers served as the beacons of the halfway home between school and Exeter to the Etonians of the west. Early of a fine summer morning on turning round the hill at Deptford Inn, the tall pile, lit by the rising sun, could be descried from the top of the Subscription Coach, and was always hailed with a cheer, and ‘There they are again—the old towers—hurrah!’

‘Dulce domum,—dulce domum,
Dulce domum,—resonemus.

‘Musa, libros mitte fessa,
Mitte pensa dura,
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium
Me,—mea mittito cura.—

‘Heus! Rogere,—fer caballos,
Eja! nunc eamus
Limen amabile
Matris et oscula
Suaviter et repetamus,—
Dulce domum, dulce domum.’

Yes, that spring-time moment of life,—how warm and bright let all say with one consent,—when the ‘matris et oscula’ reign tri-

umphant, and the recollection of that suave passage of existence flashes over many an after-hour of danger and distress, with its melting power. Never was a heart of crime so hardened but that one spot retained the softness of its holy impression. Then again on the return to Eton, Fonthill, in the gloom of the evening, was in unison with the lingering regret and the disrelish which boys always will feel on leaving home—however easy may be the yoke of school, even that of Eton. Time at last made the building amidst its forest of wood to be looked upon with a kind of friendly affection, and this interest was increased as the mysterious owner might be seen sometimes driving his grey ponies over the downs, or his keepers with their greyhounds out coursing in the vicinity of the long wall.—Beckford was no sportsman. He had warned off both foxhounds and harriers from his grounds, and not being able to prevent the foxes themselves from taking their own line of country, he had a wall built twelve feet in height, which surrounded the immense *plaisance* of his domain. He was a confirmed vulpecide. One of the reasons he gave for his dislike of hunting was its cruelty; yet his keepers coursed hares, shot partridges, and procured trout for his epicurean breakfasts. There is often a puerile contradiction in the way that certain philosophers absolve their practices from an obedience to their pet theories, which places them in a light at once ludicrous and discreditable.

No one had ever been permitted to pass the barriers of that guarded enclosure, or admitted within the walls of the magnificent mansion. What could be the reason of this seclusion savagely solitary? One unhappy wight had ventured to scale the wall and to visit the forbidden Eden. He encountered Beckford himself, without knowing him, and having been interrogated as to the motive and means of his intrusion, Beckford most courteously volunteered to be his *cicerone*, accompanied him over the grounds, and showed him over the abbey with its rare collection of pictures, and almost unrivalled valuables and curiosities. Refreshments were offered, and then Beckford, taking the stranger to the spot where he had first found him, with a graceful salutation, left him to depart by the same way that he had entered. How could Eton boys gain admittance, and induce 'Vathek' to make an exception in their favour? Faint heart, however, never could have bumped the old 'Mars,' or ride to hounds, or get the introit to Fonthill; therefore a council was held thereupon—now called a Conference—with the very powers themselves *in comitia*. It was resolved, in protocol 1, that Mother Coker's chick No. 8, stroke-oar of the 'Defiance,' should draw up a graceful petition in the shape of a collective note, setting forth the desires of the young magnates in congress, and appealing to the favour of Mr. Beckford to grant their request. It was further stated that a postchaise on a particular day—there was no time for a reply—containing so many Eton boys, their names and residences being appended—would await at the lower lodge for an answer. The passengers of the Subscription Coach breakfasted at the Lamb Hotel,

Hindon, with half-an-hour for bolting-time. Mr. Harrison, the landlord, therefore was directed to have a chaise and four clippers ready and awaiting the arrival of the coach at the cross-roads of Bishop's Fonthill—the abbey being a mile and a half south of Hindon—with another four at Mere. The plan was to quit the coach two miles from Hindon, to race away to the lodge, there to take our chance, and then by cutting off an angle of a couple of miles, to regain the coach at Mere, thus having something over the half-hour to see the abbey. No. 8 did his part, and then came the taking leave of Eton.

This is an event of moment in the life of an Etonian, and consists chiefly in a parting banquet to school chums and allies. The valedictory spread is usually in the shape of a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, wherein the most liberal range of delicacies is permitted, provided always that it be innocent of alcoholic accompaniment. A dinner is strictly prohibited, being opposed to the Academic Constitutions of Clarendon; and therefore it was that Mother Coker's chicks, Nos. 7 and 8, determined to club together, and in wilful transgression of the collegiate statutes to have a flare-up dinner, and to leave Eton in a cracker of pyrotechnic glory and insubordination. It was a feast of reconciliation given to the 'Mars' crew—'Pax urbi et orbi,'—and our peace-offering partook of more sincerity than that of the Pontifex Maximus, whose malison and benison from the balcony of St. Peter's may be said, in the language of the stableyard, to be 'match cattle.' The 'Mars' accepted the olive branch gaily, and the 'Swan' above bridge, kept by Lilliwhite, was appointed to be the theatre of conviviality. The cads, Joe Cannon, Paddle, Shampo Carter, Jem Miller, Jack Hall, Tim Hennessy, with Jack Garraway in the chair, were provided with a separate table; and after dinner they joined the upper division in the bacchanalian pleasures of punch, bishop, claret-cup, gin-twist, dog's-nose, ambrosial, &c., amidst the cheering of toasts varied in sentiment as the hues in the garment of little Benjamin the ruler. But notwithstanding the actual misdemeanour of the moment, without fear of result, and challenging the consequence, we left the old college with an ample share of regard and respect for the pastors and masters who had taught us well and laboriously, had flogged us deservingly for sins committed, and had been equally prodigal of kind acts which now, in the hour of departure, were well memoried. Keate, our tutor Yonge, Goodall, crumpety Sumner and Miss Barbara Middleton, Botch Bethel, Carter, Knapp, and even Slinker Heath, were loudly cheered; but above all, and more than all, and with an excess of affectionate jubilation we shouted our pæans in honour of the favourite master of Eton—BEN DRURY.

'Hark! rising to the joyous call,
How answers each young Bacchanal!'

No master ever more happily blended the severities of education with a frank and gentlemanly kindness out of school, than did this most accomplished member of an accomplished family. Then came

the parting gifts, the '*pegni di benevolenza e di consiglio.*' From our tutor we received '*Gisborne's Duties,*' a staid work, well suited to the more sober years of an M. F. H. when hounds have well settled down to their work, and are free from riot; whilst Keate sent a quarto edition of Lucretius,—a '*per contra,*'—wherein the passages of metrical beauty, however seducing to passion and epicureanism, in the bonnie search '*de rerum naturâ,*' are in riotous antagonism to the stern admonition of the pious clerk. The poison and the antidote were thus pounded together in a '*Neri e Bianchi*' selection of opuscles, in our case the reverse of wise.

Down the river to Staines,—once more upon the silver patriarch of waters—alas! no longer of right and belonging to the old crew—a trespasser in the playing fields, a stranger to Mother Coker, and having ceased to possess even a collateral interest in the old block; albeit bearing the tokens of a former possession bravely about our person. Well!—it was a consolation to think that if one happened, to be dragged out of the river on some '*beau matin,*' a respectable panel might return '*Found drowned with the marks of Keate upon him.*'

It was a bright morning, and the day broke more gloriously, even, than in Guercino's Aurora of the Ludovisi Palace, as the Subscription Coach was going at a bat, down the slopes near Yarabury Castle beyond Amesbury, with the prads hard held by Handsome Harry, the flash coachman of the road. Deptford Inn—one minute for changing, and then at a rattle under Chicklade ridge, up the ascent—on—on—and in the distance there they are—four posters at the cross-roads of Bishop's Fonthill, like Cinderalla's mice turned into thoroughbred cattle at the bidding of our nursery fairy—

'The foremost Tartar's in the gap,'
Conspicuous by his yellow—cap'—

Eh? No, jacket; but it's all the same—Tartars all,—postboys, and Eton boys, and with the horses' heads turned the right way all ripe for a lark.

Exactng the promise of a long breakfast at Hindon from Walker the guard, and of jog-trotting to Mere from Handsome Harry,—away, away, we go—at the top of the pace, and racing down the incline and up the opposite rise of the land with a swing, we approach the lodge with eager eye and beating heart. How say you—a go or no go?—What are the odds?—All right, by Jove! There is a small crowd of expectation outside the lodge, and as we turn round the drive the lodge-keeper, hat in hand, points to the open gate through which we rush without drawing rein,—then up the hill through the dark wood and out on the level space of ground on which stands, in all the pride of its grandeur, the lone and solitary abbey. Hold hard, postboys! It was a sight on which even a wild schoolboy could not look without a feeling of wonder akin to reverence. There was no similitude of a mansion; it was a magnificent minster. Towers, pinnacles, caputular columns, gables, cornices, and all the decorative minutize of Gothic art were lavished upon this mighty pile that in its

solemn dignity of grandeur, single and sole, and without the vestige of a habitation near, commanded the respectful homage of a hushed admiration. And this was the dwelling-place of one man of moderate stature, standing on the marble platform above the steps that led to the central building! Beckford was plainly dressed in black, with a small red flower in his buttonhole, and received us smiling with the most winning courtesy. He took the lark as a good joke, bordering perhaps on the impudent, but not disrespectfully meant, and was as well taken. He was a gentleman, and gave credit to Eton boys for a similar gentility.

The grand entrance, having all the appearance of a chancel, and very similar in proportion to that of St. Mary Church near Torquay, was ornamented by that gorgeous and famed chimneypiece, studded with every kind of precious stone from the pavement to the ceiling, in which were imbedded and concealed the iron framework and stanchions that served for a false foundation to the extra twenty-five feet that had been superadded to the original height of the tower. This weak point of the edifice was only known to Beckford and the architect. When the greed of the Anglo-Indian purchaser sold the rarities piecemeal in 1825, to make the most of his commercial investment, and the beautiful tower, deprived of its stay, had crushed down suddenly in the December of that year, Beckford, on hearing the news, showed no emotion, quietly remarking, 'I always said that no one should possess and live at Fonthill as I had it—but myself.' The cost of the building was 240,000*l.* and the sale of the various effects lasted forty days. A delicious repast, that threw into the shade the farewell breakfasts of Spiers, awaited us in a side saloon, and then we were shown through the building—house it never could be called. The main anxiety was to get to the top of the great tower. The galleries of pictures and statues were thrown away upon us, and drew forth only one remark from an indiscreet fourth-form boy, who, on looking at one of Albano's nude masterpieces, exclaimed, 'By Jove! what a jolly first letter of the alphabet!' The summary rebuke was rendered of no avail by the laughter of Beckford, who listened to the unsophisticated affirmation of the truthful flesh tint of his favourite Florentine with great gusto and delight. What a splendid view of the whole county of Wilts is spread out as a map beneath and around us! The Roman, Saxon, British, and Danish encampments may be traced on the plain, and three of the Roman roads pass through it. Salisbury spire is to the south-east, Alfred's Tower at Stourhead appears on the west, the woods of Longleat are seen in the distance—and beyond the hills to the north, far, far away—the bard of Erin, since, breathed his last.

'Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unboard thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song.'

If dependence can be placed upon Moore's Diary, edited by Earl

Russell, the charming poet as a Liberal was a humbug: his true character was Epicurean, and the reality of his patriotism went not beyond the ringing apostrophes of his 'Melodies.' And now through gardens of oriental luxury, glad with every variety of fruit,—oh! for one hour, not 'of blind old Dandolo' but of a fair field and no favour. Time is up—three-quarters of an hour have flown away,—hearty and kind thanks are spoken to our courteous host, who seems, if anything, more pleased than ourselves, and away. Before starting, however, Beckford gave positive orders that Harrison, of the Lamb, was to come to him for the expenses of the horses, and that we were to be galloped on until the coach was overtaken, ay, even unto Exeter. Hearty cheers, such as he had never before received, acknowledged his liberality, which is accepted without a murmur, and we are off once more *ventre à terre*. Had not No. 8 of Mother Coker's chicks duly played his part?

The time-worn shandrydan creaked again, in its unwonted jerks and bumpings,—every spring was shaken fearfully,—the tires of the wheels were loosened; it jingled, and jingled again, in its agony, with every screw loose, and the linchpins alone held firm just for the luck of the thing. Sandwiches, cold fowl, and baskets of fruit were stowed away through the kind attention of our late host, and the necks of bottles protruded from the pockets of the old trap, which never before had been so honoured. On between the two huge grassmounds where sleep the brave of old with their flint-headed war hatchets beside them, down into the little cold grey town of Mere! 'Late, late, so late, but we can enter still.' Devil a bit. 'Too late, too late,' at it again with fresh horses merrier than ever. Away we go by the stone watchdogs of Zeal House, standing patiently on their columns, on to White Cross, where we get a glimpse of Walker, the guard, with his hat stuck on to his long tin horn, by way of telegraph. All right, the race is run, and together we ascend the hill into Wincaunton.

Years, long years and many, have passed since that happy day; saint and sinner, the first questionable, the other unquestionable, have trodden the onward path, and left the lying and tinsel hopes of earth for brighter realities, and scarcely more than one remains to bear in mind that hour of youth, which, even now, can lighten a passing moment with the remembrance of its early sunshine.

At that time cricket was looked upon as an accomplishment in the slow—and still slow—regions of the West. A match was an event; and eleven Eton boys could have played the twenty-two of the Western counties, and have beaten them with plenty to spare. Something of that kind took place in the summer of that year on the Den, at Teignmouth. George Templer, an old Westminster, gave the challenge and provided sixteen; and Harry Taylor was ready, with a handful of Fonthill Tartars of all ages, to win Etonian laurels. Dr. Goodall, the provost, happened to be on a visit to an old pupil, and gave every encouragement to the match. Bats and balls were

sent down from Thompson of Windsor, for nothing of the sort could be obtained at Exeter, and everything was ready for the fray. It was made a ladies' day, with a dinner in the tent, and a ball in the evening; and this small beginning was the origin of, and resulted in a club of standing, now called the Teigngrace, which was shaped into its proper proportions by the ever-lamented Templer, of Stover, and some of his friends and relations. The game was going on smartly, and the spectators were delighted at seeing boys contending successfully against a larger number of men. Some other attraction, however, divided public attention, for there were knots of old salts and yachtsmen on the terrace of the Den, spyglass in hand, looking towards Hope's Nose and the Oar-stone. The masts of a man-of-war were descried over the headland of Hope's Nose,—an unusual occurrence, and for which no reason could be assigned. Something was up. First came conjecture; afterwards positive assurances, which are always safe to be wrong; and then a few startling words were heard.—Is it true? Yes; Buonaparte is in the Bellerophon, Captain Maitland, and yonder she rides at anchor. Stumps were drawn, and boats and yachts were in immediate demand. Sharp's the word, and off we were in a clipping little schooner of ten tons. Going by Babbicombe Bay and Anstis Cove, and rounding the point between Hope's Nose and the Oar-stone, we came straight upon the Bellerophon, at anchor in the outer bay by the Shagrock.

It is impossible to exaggerate the sensation that the fact of Napoleon being, as it were, in England, created amongst all classes. 'Boney' was in the mouth of every common person. His name had been made a terror and a bugbear. The people held him to be a kind of ogre, and as one possessing a power of evil beyond that accorded to ordinary mortals. And there he was, visibly before their eyes,—the conqueror of the world a prisoner on board a British man-of-war! It was barely credible. He had played his game rashly, and he had lost. A few months more of patience, and France would have risen as one man to expel the hated Bourbons. Louis XVIII. had not been in France two months before he became sensible of his insecurity, and that his dynasty had utterly lost their lien on the affections of the French nation. The prediction uttered on his death-bed has become singularly verified. The Stuarts, the Vasas, the Bourbons, and the Hapsbourg Lorraines have been found wanting in the balance; and having outlived fame, character, and dominion, belong, happily, to the past. Napoleon was then in good humour, and did not surmise his impending fate. Dressed *en tenue*, in the green uniform of the Chasseurs-à-cheval of the Guard, wearing the star and the small cross of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole, he walked the quarter-deck still proudly, as became an Emperor of the French. He talked affably with those about him, always retaining the graciously lofty carriage that marks the occupier of a throne. He appeared gratified with the view of England; coming repeatedly to the side of the vessel, looking eagerly and with satisfaction on the rich coast of Devon, and asking incessant questions.

The scene was of the liveliest. Flotillas of boats and yachts, of every fashion, were standing out in all directions. Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exmouth, Sidmouth, and Dartmouth had lines of boats from their several harbours; and as the news of the arrival of Napoleon gradually extended, a fresh crowd of sails in the far distance shot out, and bore down to the common centre of attraction. The first confusion around the vessel had subsided, and order had been partially restored. The man-of-war boats pulled round the ship and kept the visitors at a certain distance, allowing them to come sufficiently near to have a perfect view of the quarter-deck and the Emperor. No one was allowed access to the ship without a special order. The provision-boats which passed through the guarded circle were gathered round the gangway. The gardens of Tor Abbey sent forth their richest produce for the table of the Emperor; and presents of the most splendid flowers and fruits poured in from all parts. These attentions, small in themselves, bore pleasing witness of the perfect absence of hostile feeling towards one who, although the bitter foe of England, will, by the force of circumstances, fill one of the proudest positions in the history of mankind. The fame of his victorious antagonist has its just and imperishable renown; but the glory of this mighty chieftain is of another temper—

‘Conqueror and captive of the Earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne’er more bruited in men’s minds than now
That thou art nothing.’

The boats were rowing slowly round and round the Bellerophon with crews, it may be said, of devouring eyes. In one from Torquay was a lady, wrapped, even in that warm weather, in a long dark mantilla. Her veil was closely drawn, and she evidently avoided observation. She was alone with a servant, and, notwithstanding the effort at concealment, her whole bearing betrayed a foreign origin. That rare elegance with which the shawl or mantilla is adjusted, and the grace that manipulates the light fluttering of a veil, belong to those who have made secrecy a law of social existence, and have converted an arrangement of colours into a language that more than speaks. She was a regal creature, moulded in that Giorgione form of voluptuousness which embodies an epic of real and surpassing loveliness, and which, ‘glowing and circumfused in speechless love,’ makes the entranced gazer, ‘reeling in its fulness,’ turn away ‘dazzled and drunk with beauty.’ By her side lay a choice bouquet. It was not an ordinary nosegay; the flowers had been cut short, tied on a stick or handle, and ranged in peculiar rows and after a particular fashion—

‘By all the token flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well.’

The boat approached slowly, nearer and nearer, and then became stationary. The servant was despatched in another with the bouquet, and reached the accommodation-ladder. Up it went with its special direction. The lady watched every movement with an eagerness

and anxiety that stirred tremulously the mantilla and veil. You might almost fancy that you could hear the beating of her heart. The nosegay was passed onwards on the main-deck, and reached the steps leading to the quarter-deck. Then, in an agony of expectation, the lady lifted her veil, disclosing one of those glorious countenances that the sunny South produces, not often, which 'now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime,' those who are spellbound and possessed by the charms of this exceeding beauteousness.

Napoleon, at first, received and laid aside the bouquet without particular notice; but, looking at it again, he seized it suddenly, paused a moment, and then came hastily to the side of the ship. Shading his eyes with his hand, with a look of intensity that seemed to penetrate and transfix by its keen glance the object of regard, he caught at last in its range the bright vision he sought for. What a look of mingled emotion!—The grey eye was fixed, full and fervidly, in an earnestness of devotion; one long, lingering gaze, soft and fond, yet tinged with a passing shade, as if memory had done for the moment, an unwelcome duty. At that instant he was no longer a conqueror. Then came back the stern expression; and, with the rapid fingers of his delicately-shaped hand, he gave, precipitately, the signal message that was so hoped and longed for. Once more—a second, and in the next the boat was bounding over the blue water on its way back to Torquay. It was the last that the great Emperor ever saw of the beautiful Italian. Jealousy separated them: she was not permitted to accompany him to St. Helena, and the mighty Conqueror became obedient to the will of a worn-out harridan.

THE SIRES OF THE DAY.

No. VII.

IN my last paper I brought to a conclusion my remarks on the most fashionable sires of the day.

I propose in the present paper to pass in review a class of horse which can hardly be called second to the above, except that they are not so generally used for breeding for Turf purposes; yet, in addition to their value for the turf, they possess the chief qualifications for breeding the stout, serviceable horse, be it for the chace, road, or harness.

There are, in fact, three classes of thoroughbred sires to be selected from, viz., the cracks I have reviewed; secondly, a class somewhat below them in fame and proved value, but whose rate of service is at nearly as high a figure as the highest class, consequently, excepting to amateurs, debarring their use to the ordinary breeder; and, thirdly, a class of horse who are put at a fee of 10*l.* and under; and among whom are represented not a few of the most desirable sires in the kingdom.

Of these it is my present purpose to treat. The public favourites of the year 1864 are Stockwell and Newminster. After them follow King Tom, Voltigeur, Orlando, Young Melbourne, and Chevalier

d'Industrie, among tried sires; whilst Thormanby, St. Albans, Buccaneer, and Trumpeter are at the head of the untried ones. All their subscriptions are full.

The stock of Newminster, Stockwell, Voltigeur, and Young Melbourne have already distinguished themselves in 1864. That the Voltigeurs, Stockwells, and King Toms' want time is patent to every observer. Their large frames will not bear early preparations, like the Orlandos and Newminsters; but they train on, and at five and six years old are running and retaining their speed, when the stock of other sires is worn out. Bathilde and Loiterer (first and second for the Granby Handicap the other day, at six and seven years old), with legs as clean as foals, are proofs how they run on. The Voltigeurs, again, are always in the front in long races at four years old, as Light Bob in the Derby Trial. The King Toms, it is asserted, can't stay; but why? Because they are not allowed time to mature their large frames: if they are, they stay, as Wingrave and the Giraffe colt have lately proved. Indeed, King Tom had a right royal day on the Friday of the last Craven meeting, winning four races with Wingrave, Giraffe colt, Tomato, and Amber; and beat by a neck in a fifth race with Sister to Breeze, giving the winner a stone.

Only select the proper sort of stout and lengthy mare, and 'the King' cannot fail to reward the patronage of the breeder.

My present object, however, is not with 'Kings' and those horses who hold the highest place, but a peg lower, among the *οἱ πολλοί*.

And here may be found, scattered throughout the land, a very fair amount of really sound and valuable sires. The critic, no doubt, may find fault with each and all; but as perfection is unattainable, let us try to get as near it as we can.

Among 'the many,' I select those who are adapted to improve the breed of serviceable horses especially; and, as this is the time of year when sires are selected for half-bred mares, a few remarks on those who seem to me best calculated for this especial purpose may not be out of place.

I have selected those whose fee does not exceed 10*l.*, and who generally are at a still lower figure.

There are, in my subjoined list, different styles of horse; some, smart, lively animals; others, again, on a larger and heavier scale. Generally speaking, light flippant action is a gift bestowed on the lighter sort of horse; and very large, weight-carrying horses do not possess it in the same degree. Action may, in some degree, be remedied, if moderate, or improved by judicious crossing with good-actioned mares. Many good hunter sires never got stock with good knee action,—as Drayton; yet he got good, bony, and valuable hunters.

Among the larger class of sires, I consider Ignoramus, Rapparee, General Williams, Knowsley, Magnum, King of Diamonds, Canute, Wallace, and Annandale, to be good specimens. All the above were good, sound racehorses. Ignoramus is a son of The Flying Dutchman, dam by the Little Known (a brother of Little Wonder,

winner of the Derby). He beat Fisherman for the Queen's Plate at Doncaster, and won several good races over a distance of ground. His dam runs back into Mr. Nowell's large and stout Muley family. Having been most judiciously selected this season by Mr. Clay, of Wem, to improve the well-known sort of hunters in Cheshire and Shropshire, I doubt not that he will restore the celebrity of that breed, which was formerly noted throughout England. Rapparee, an equally powerful horse, is full of stout blood, being by Rataplan, dam by Muley Moloch. As a colt, Rapparee was so much despised, from his general coarseness of appearance and slovenly action, that he was given away by his breeder as utterly hopeless. But, under John Osborne's care and tuition, he soon showed himself second to none, both in ability to carry weight and run a distance; for at four years old he won the Cup at Croxton Park, with 11st. 6lb.; the Thirsk Handicap, beating, among others, Tim Whiffler; the Ascot Stakes, with 8st. 9lb.; the Queen's Plate at Carlisle, and the Warwick Cup, three miles. General Williams, a strong, plain-headed son of Womersley's, has done good service in Yorkshire, his stock being firm and good-legged, and some of them have run very fairly. For those who look for a handsome horse, he is not the card; but 'handsome is as handsome does,' and I prefer him, coach-horse though he looks, to a vast many prettier horses. His blood, too—Birdcatcher and Pantaloon—generally produces beauty; but 'the General' is an exception.

Knowsley is by Stockwell, dam by Orlando, grandam Brown Bess, by Camel, a decidedly in-bred horse. He possesses the large frame and excellent limbs of his sire, and is well worthy the notice of all hunter breeders. Canute and Magnum are two fine horses. The former has more than once been decorated with prize medals at agricultural shows; and the latter is a good specimen of Surplice: he, and his handsome half-brother, King of Diamonds, are out of Emerald, by Defence; and Canute is by The Emperor, a son of Defence. Defence is well remembered as a successful sire; and in the south many years ago, his stock, both thoroughbred and half-bred, were eagerly sought after.

There are few smarter horses than King of Diamonds. His head, neck, and shoulders are especially beautiful. He began his career at Doncaster, winning the Champagne; ran on at high weights, and winning in good company, till six years old, when he won the Stockbridge Cup, carrying 9st. 4lb. Emerald, his dam, bred eight fine horses, all winners. She is by Defence, dam by Emilius, grandam by Whiskers, great grandam by Castrel. Can this be excelled in pedigree?

Drogheda is another valuable sire on a large scale. He is by Mountain Deer, dam by Melbourne. Wallace, who is reserved for Lord Fitzwilliam's home stud at Wentworth, has also much to recommend him—though curly hocks are an objection: but he was stout and could carry high weights. He is by Malcolm, a grandson of Dr. Syntax, and his dam is by Rector, a son of Muley, out of a

mare who was also by Muley. Close breeding this, but successful, as *Manœuvre* (Wallace's dam) is also the dam of *Lioness*, the winner of last year's *Cæsarewitch*.

Annandale, by *Touchstone*, out of *Alice Hawthorn*, dam, has been an unsuccessful sire on the turf, but he has been the sire of many hardy, useful animals.

Such are some of the largest and boniest sires to be found. There may be more of the same stamp equal to them; but I speak solely of those I have seen.

When we come to a lighter, smarter style of horse, the list can without difficulty be enlarged. I can hardly commence it with a prettier, more symmetrical animal than *Amsterdam*. He, again, is a son of *The Flying Dutchman*. He was a fast horse, and bore a great deal of hard work, winning many races. A brother of his, *Idler*, has lately gained the first prize as a hunter sire at *Northampton*.

Cape Flyaway I have before spoken of as the right sort; sound, of good constitution, and a racehorse to boot, with such prime forelegs as are difficult to match.

Although aware that the faultiness of moderate forelegs and ankles belongs especially to all the *Touchstone* family, yet they have so many good points to counterbalance them, that one must look favourably on some of them, even for the general useful purposes I am speaking of.

Frogmore, a son of *Touchstone*, dam by *Belshazzar*, has much to recommend him, though faulty as to his forelegs. *Cotherstone*, the eldest son of *Touchstone* (and who, I see, is just dead, at the age of twenty-four), escaped this defect. He (though quite a first-class racehorse), never got stock at all equal to himself, and many of them mere curs.

Why should *Cotherstone* have got so many false-hearted ones? Scarcely any horse won so many great races in succession as he did; and he was a game horse himself, and a fine bred one, being out of *Emma*, who also bred *Trustee*, an excellent runner; *Mundig*, a very powerful horse, and winner of the *Derby*, besides many more.

Marionette (who ran second for the *Derby*), also a son of *Touchstone*, and with the usual failing, is nevertheless an excellent getter. *Glenmasson*, a son of *Cotherstone*, and *Crater* and *FitzRoland*, two sons of *Orlando*, are all promising young ones. I need not recapitulate their prowess on the Turf, for each of them was successful above the average. As aspirants for racing honours they deserve patronage, having respectively, on their dams' sides, the blood of *Priam*, *Gladiator*, and *Emilius*. There is something particularly refined and elegant in the appearance of *FitzRoland*; and if for general purposes, as well as for racing, I have to select especially any of *Orlando's* sons, it would be the two above named; and to them I should add *Orpheus*, whose stock appear to be on a very large scale. I have said before, in speaking of the *Orlando* tribe, that they are, as a rule, a light and washy sort, admirably adapted for the modern style of racing and T. Y. C. courses, from their early maturity and quickness.

of action. But for improving the general breed they are not fitted; though Orpheus, Crater, and FitzRoland are, to a certain degree, exceptions. Probably Newminster will be the greatest improvement on the Touchstone family, as the cross with Dr. Syntax appears to give more wiriness, and better conformation of the forehead. I would point to Newcastle as a good specimen,—a very true-made horse, and one who could stay. He is on too light a scale throughout, and requires a cross with wide, coarse mares. Musjid and Lord Clifden, the two best sons of Newminster, are too tall, and the former is far from a true-made one. They both differ remarkably from the usual mould in which the Newminsters are cast.

But there is no lack of variety. Besides the above, my list comprises Colsterdale, Defiance, Dilkoosh, The Hadji, Hospodar, Jordan, Kingstown, Knight of Avenel, Master Bagot, Neville, Optimist, Dagobert, Sir John Barleycorn, Windhound, Oxford, Nutshell.

All these possess very distinct varieties of blood. It is not, therefore, difficult for the breeder to choose some one tolerably suitable. Besides the large number which are advertised in the 'Calendar,' 'Bell's Life,' &c., every country district possesses a good many, known only in their immediate neighbourhood. That they are not generally known is, in many cases, a benefit; as the general stamp of those travelling a district are sadly infirm and worthless. But if we criticise the breeding and performances, and, I may safely add, shape, of the seventeen I have enumerated, they will pass muster with all but the most *exigent*.

Thus, Colsterdale combines in immediate relationship, Lanercost, Tomboy, Whisker; Defiance combines Old England, Touchstone, Langar; Dilkoosh combines Pontifex, Kexby (brother to Catton); Hadji combines Faugh-a-Ballagh, Orlando, Bay Middleton; Hospodar combines Hetman Platoff, Voltaire (a double cross of Blacklock); Jordan combines Jericho, Sheet Anchor, Soothsayer; Kingstown combines Tearaway, Birdcatcher; Knight of Avenel combines The Doctor, Touchstone; Master Bagot combines Faugh-a-Ballagh, Speculation; Neville combines Napier, Sandbeck; Optimist combines Lexington, Glencoe, Muley; Dagobert combines Io, Langar, Phantom; Sir John Barleycorn combines The Baron, Camel; Windhound combines Pantaloon, Touchstone, Filho da Puta; Oxford combines Birdcatcher, Plenipo, Bay Middleton; Nutshell combines Nutwith, Sultan.

Again, in addition to their pedigree, it will be found by reference to the 'Racing Calendar,' that all the above named (with hardly an exception) won, often, at distances, and up to their fifth and sixth years of age. Stamina, therefore, and good constitutions they must have possessed, or they would have failed to train on.

The American horses of late years imported into this country, and for which we are much indebted to Mr. Ten Broeck, give promise of some day or other doing our breed decided benefit. They certainly possess powers of endurance; their legs are hard, wiry,

and bear a deal of hard work ; but whether some of them have not a stain in their escutcheon—and that not very far back—is a question which admits of some doubt ; so many of them show great coarseness, and a deal of hair about their heels.

Charleston is an especially low-bred looking horse, and in a Yorkshire fair would be taken for a coaching stallion. Prioreess, the winner of the Cæsarewitch, was also a very vulgar one in appearance ; nor can Umpire, though a horse of great bone and substance, and a most valuable and promising hunting sire, be considered but as very coarse and under-bred in his general contour.

Not but that this coarseness, as it is decidedly accompanied by great powers of endurance, may eventually be of great service in crossing with the antelope-like tribes of T. Y. C. racers which abound ; but I look upon the second and third generation as likely to prove, more than the first, what benefits may result from the introduction of the American horses.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

THE BREEDING OF HUNTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'BAILY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR—As it seems generally allowed by all that the breed of horses in Great Britain is gradually deteriorating, it behoves everyone to consider the matter over, and try to arrive at some practical plan by which this national calamity may be averted. Now we all know the difficulty and delay that invariably attend any government project, even if they ever adopt any such plan as I ventured to suggest in my last letter, which you were kind enough to allow a place in your Magazine for February. The first step to be of any use in improving the breed of our horses, is to provide real good stallions for the use of farmers at a reasonable price ; and it really is of such consequence to us as a nation (for without the superiority of our horses, how could we maintain the high repute of our cavalry, which, at the present, is the best in the world ?), that it behoves every Englishman who has the interest of his country at heart to try, and do all in his power to promote the breeding of good sound horses.

On these grounds, I venture, as an humble individual, to suggest that all Lord-Lieutenants and County Members should inquire into the matter in their respective counties, and where there are not enough good stallions, take steps to provide a sufficient number of good sound ones, to cover tenant farmers' mares at a price they could afford to pay. As a dissolution of Parliament must take place before long, this would be a good time to appeal to the generosity and patriotism of candidates for the honour of representing counties. Breeding any sort of animal has always been considered very uncertain, and a matter of chance or luck (as it is erroneously called). So it is to a certain extent, and the chances are very much against those

who breed (particularly horses) from parents who are faulty, or whose progenitors were faulty. But, on the other hand, I maintain that if horses are bred with good judgment in the selection of dam and sire, supposing both to be really well descended, and free from any great imperfections, the result will, as a rule, be satisfactory to the breeder; but people are too apt to breed from mares that are very faulty in shape, and trust to the horse they put them to, to correct those faults, and call themselves unlucky if the produce is not perfect.

In breeding we should endeavour to divest ourselves of prejudice as much as possible, and take for granted that any imperfections in dam or sire will be transmitted to the progeny. Animals, particularly horses, in course of time, by judicious crossing, may be bred to almost anything; for example, thoroughbred horses might be bred strong enough to shaft a waggon, if bred for many generations entirely for size and substance; speed, as a matter of course, would to a certain extent be lost, but as portly gentlemen don't want to go at the rate of a mile per minute, although they do want to go as fast across country as their lighter friends, and would give long prices for thoroughbred horses that could carry them, there would be a good market for such animals. Every one will, I think, allow that the better bred a horse is, the more likely he is to be a fast and enduring hunter. What gets a horse to the end of a severe run through deep ground, but the drop of good blood that is in him? and the more he has of it, the farther he will be able to go. The great difficulty heavy weights have to contend with, is to find horses with power to carry them, possessing the blood they ought to have, in order to give them sufficient speed to live with hounds, at the pace they go now-a-days without being blown. When such a catastrophe takes place, all the bone and power in the world are of no avail, and down comes our portly friend lamenting (I hope) that he has not paid some attention to the breeding of horses in his own immediate neighbourhood, and taken steps to procure good thoroughbred stallions for the use of his tenantry.

Ever since the breeding of horses has been made a subject of discussion in the sporting papers, I have carefully read every article with an earnest desire to profit by the experience or theory of all the writers, and regret to find so little has been said to encourage people to breed horses. Some say, from their experience, that breeding is 'all chance;' and they are right if they have bred from mongrel-bred animals on either side; but if they would buy a well-bred, sound young mare, and put her to a thoroughbred stallion of good shape, as well as good sound stout blood, and with good action (without which a horse is useless), the bad ones bred from such parents would be rare exceptions, taking for granted the produce to be well-cared for up to the time they are taken into the stable to be broke. So much for breeding hunters! As to breeding racehorses, the word chance is more applicable, because so many racing men have only used horses as gambling implements, and neither know nor care about them as animals, and breed from them according to their performance

on the turf. Now this is very well as far as it goes, and in some instances answers, because, in the first place, you may take for granted that good performers on the turf (as a rule) are to a certain extent good-shaped animals (although there are very many exceptions); but being well descended there is the chance of their progeny breeding back to their good-shaped ancestors. Now if breeders of racing stock were to keep in view shape and make, as well as blood and performance, there would not be so many disappointments as there are. The conclusions I have come to, after carefully weighing the opinions of writers on breeding horses, are these, viz.—If you want to breed a speedy racehorse, breed in and in from speedy sorts, but you will do it at the sacrifice of power and constitution. If, on the other hand, you want to perpetuate a breed of strong, useful, thoroughbred horses, fit for general purposes, select the thickest and strongest thoroughbred mares, and horses with *good riding action*, and as far removed from consanguinity as the Stud Book will allow. Few men ever bred more first-class hunters than the late Sir Tatton Sykes: his were all thoroughbred, and many were weight-carriers, as Mr. Hall can testify, having for many years bought ten 3-year olds at Sledmere each year, out of which number he could always select a few to carry himself: he rides between 14 and 15 stone, and few, if any, can beat him over Holderness, one of the most trying countries in England, where a hunter must be a racehorse to live with hounds. I merely mention this fact as an instance of what thoroughbred horses may be bred to, by a careful selection of dam and sire, and giving them the same chance that half-bred horses have, namely, not being put to severe work, such as training, before they are 4 or 5 years old. Our friends in Ireland have set us a good example in having a gigantic show of horses: 370 were exhibited at the great horse-show in Dublin last week; and although there were not so many really quite first-class animals as we could wish to see, still there were many very good. It is a step in the right direction, and one which I hope will be followed on this side of the water. If a deputation from the Irish Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses were to act in concert with the country gentlemen of England, and together solicit the help of Government, I should not despair of seeing some steps being taken to promote such an object. Private exertions are very well to begin with, and if every man of large landed property would do, as I am informed Sir T. Lennard is doing in his neighbourhood, viz., travelling one good horse for the use of farmers throughout the country, and keeping one at home for the use of his own tenantry, the good effects would soon be felt; but it is in order people should be enabled to find good stallions for this purpose, that I want to see an establishment formed by Government solely for the purpose of breeding strong, useful, sound, thoroughbred animals, not for the purpose of racing, but for GENERAL purposes. My anxiety that some steps should be taken must be my excuse for the length of this letter.

W. COTTON.

MY MAIDEN MOUNT.

‘With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told.’—MACAULAY.

It is not every man who is disposed to describe for the benefit and instruction of a rising generation his first introduction to a pack of fox-hounds; for it is not exactly an occasion when he shows to the best possible advantage. Your horse may be undeniable, and your appointments ‘all that may become a man;’ but faultless buckskins do not impart nerve, nor is a good horse of much service unless he has a pilot on his back. Now I had neither the one nor the other of these—neither a good horse nor a good appointment. I should have preferred certainly to have made my *debüt* with a humble pack of harriers could I have had my own way. But ‘beggars must not be choosers,’ and as mine was a ‘gift-horse,’ of course I dared not look him in the mouth. It happened in this way: I was reading for my degree with a clergyman in the country who had a great contempt for field sports, and a corresponding horror—nay, detestation—for all those who ‘bestrid the manly pigskin.’ Whatever I did in the sporting line, therefore, had to be done surreptitiously, and without benefit of clergy. He always had the pull of me this same parson, for he held the rod of a vindictive ‘parient’ always over me, which, like the sword of Damocles, perpetually threatened my destruction. ‘Instant expulsion’ was the invariable threat should I ever be discovered to evince a sporting tendency. But detection in various rat-killing excursions, badger-baiting, and (on one occasion only, I am glad to say) dog-fighting, ended in a determination that expulsion should assuredly follow a repetition of the offence—this (whatever it might be) being a first transgression of a flagrant description. How he did love the loaves and fishes, that good man! Success having so long attended me, I was emboldened to try my fortune in the field, and at the instigation of a generous farmer close by, into whose good graces I had somehow managed to insinuate myself, and who offered me a mount, I resolved to run all risk of future consequences, and dare the ordeal. The horse I was to ride rejoiced in the aristocratic name of Cavendish, from his high extraction and promising qualities. He was utterly unused to hounds, but had earned renown by breaking out of the hands of his groom one day, and leaping, with no apparent effort, the high gate leading out of the farmyard. My friend the farmer had, like myself, domestic difficulties to encounter, and hunting, even in his establishment, was looked upon with no especial favour. He had the misfortune to reside with his mother and two unmarried sisters. Cavendish—or as he was familiarly termed among his nearer acquaintances, ‘Swashtail’—had therefore to be put up for me the night before the meet at a wayside inn, in order to prevent any difficulties in the way of a fair start in the morning. I was put ‘fly’ to the arrangement, and failed not to appear at the appointed

rendezvous in the best equipment that circumstances and the generosity of friends would admit of. Cavendish was as gentle as a lamb, and as his proud proprietor remarked, might be held 'with a 'needleful of thread.' I mounted him, and rode on gaily enough to the meet. The hounds were Charles Trelawny's, and when I tell you that the fixture was 'the Thorn' on Roborough Down, I need say nothing more as to our expectations of a run. I write of fifteen years ago, 'when I was young and curly;' when Limpetty was huntsman; and the famous Paul Treby of Goodamoor—'the 'foxhunter rough and ready'—yet held his own among the best. The 23rd Welsh Fusiliers were in Plymouth then, and before the Crimean campaign had wrought such havoc in their ranks. They were most of them there that morning, Torrens, Young, Hall-Dare, Evans, Conolly, and the rest. Where are they now?

'Sleeping with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill side.'

Imagine the burning ambition of a youngster to distinguish himself in such a goodly company! And besides these there were the Deacons from Tavistock (one of them the present Master of the H. H.), Harry Terrell from Brent, and Edward Williams from Honeycombe, &c., *quos olim meminisse juvabit*. I mentally registered an oath that if Cavendish but proved himself worthy of his great name, and of the expectations formed of him, I would show even these men the way along, or 'perish in the attempt.' Vain are the hopes of man! I never dreamt of looking after gear. What was it to me that girths were rotten, or reins were weak, so that bits were bright and saddles cleanly? Expect not too much from me. Let it suffice, that at the first few whippers, Cavendish bolted with me, to the immense delight of the field; and at the first fence in his way—remembering, probably, his successful escape on a former occasion—charged gallantly enough, but unfortunately left me saddle and all on the near side of the fence. This slight mistake—*horresco referens!*—was, however, soon rectified. Cavendish was caught, and I was again mounted, somewhat crestfallen truly, but not the less resolved to do or die when came the tug of war. A fox was soon away, and I got pretty well placed with the foremost flight, but had the disadvantage of riding with one girth instead of two, a drawback I very soon found out to my cost, and against which nerve and (pardon me) skill were unavailing. I was about to charge a moderate stone wall in company with some of the best—I forget the locality at this distance of time, but I have a very lively recollection of the precise spot, and a too full appreciation of the predicament—when an accident somewhat similar to the one already described again befel me; only this time I fell backwards over the horse's loins in company with my faithful saddle, into a frightfully slushy spot, known in our part of the world as a 'custard pudding.' This time 'twas a finisher. My horse was clean away to moor, as if the deuce was after him; while I lay (I am told) several minutes stunned, and

dirty ; no, beastly in the ‘custard pudding.’ I was hauled out after a time and scraped by a few rustics, and Cavendish, foam-flecked and filthy, was recaptured for me. A friendly farmer lent me a ‘gurt,’ and I was once more mounted, and set out for home. It would amuse you little, and instruct you less, to write particulars of a run which I did not see. I am told, however, it was a glorious one, and that ‘he was run into on the open, after a burst of five- and-twenty minutes without a check.’ It was a right merry burst for me, verily. I had had two bursts—a ‘gurt’ each time ; and poor Cavendish ! He had a burst all to himself, that quieted him so confoundedly, I could hardly get a trot out of him. The worst of the whole business was, that at the last fence I was almost stride for stride with a gallant officer, out of whom I intended to have taken the shine, who of course cleared the obstacle with ease, and cast on me, a civilian, a look of disdain that I shall not easily forget. However, *non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, I was not destined to distinguish myself that day ; nor indeed have I ever attained to that excellency in the pigskin which my youthful ambition had so fondly and so ardently desired. I turned my horse’s head homewards, sad and dispirited. I had nine miles to ride over as bad a road as could be found in the west ; Cavendish, however, soon warmed to his work, and trotted along freely enough until within two miles of home. Here he showed unmistakable symptoms of fatigue. A wayside drinking-trough was at hand, at which I allowed him to slake his thirst to an extent which I soon found was not good for him. I walked him on steadily—indeed it was all I could do—but soon found him reeling under me like a duck in a gale of wind. I began to have unpleasant notions that the cold-water system was not an efficacious remedy in equine diseases. I got him home and sent for the Vet., who bled him and physicked him to his heart’s content. But it was all up with Cavendish ! *Eruptit, evasit*—he was as dead as a doornail before morning, and I a sadder, and certainly, as regarded hunting matters, a wiser man than when the day before I had so proudly walked out poor Cavendish for my ‘Maiden Mount.’

TROUT-FISHING ON THE WESTERN WATERS.

It is now some summers since, that I credulously listened to the exciting narratives of a west-countryman, whose wont was to dilate at times on the many sporting experiences in his native county. Among other diversions was trout-fishing ; and on me, whose trials had never been extended in the art further than in the attempt to capture the seven or eight-pounders on the Thames, off Sunbury, an impression was fixed, to determine whenever opportunity should offer, to try my hand on my own account. Not that I suffered myself to indulge in any ‘credat Judæus, non ego’ feeling towards

my worthy friend ; but his lucid descriptions of the nature of those running streams, the mode of his operations, the basketful, and the triumphant display on the pewter dish at the old house at home, all prompted me to desire a personal inspection of such lively scenes, so distinctive from cockneydom, and City charms. Remembering, too, his favourite quotation from Thomson about, 'when the foul torrent of the brooks, swelled by the vernal rains, had ebbd away, how he would say

" ' Now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout.' "

I fully prepared myself with the well-dissembled flies, and rod fine tapering, with elastic spring—in spite of the Johnsonian definition of these implements of craft (confusion to his splenetic envy !); and found myself, in March in this year of grace 1864, pacing the platform of the Queen Street Station, Exeter, all ready to depart for scenes untried and new, by the first morning train to Copplestone. Here ended my journey on the iron road ; and being offered a seat by a Jehu professing to be on her Majesty's service, I arrived at a small village or manufacturing town on the banks of the Taw, some eight miles distant from its source, fully equipped for my long-cherished essay on the rocky-channelled mazes of North Devon. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum ; and a ride, e'en in the royal mail, so early in the morning, is sufficiently provocative of appetite to debar the inquiry for choice 'what to eat or what to avoid.' Suffice it to say I was taken in and done for by mine host of 'The Goswyck,' with a dignified and communicative urbanity that would have graced the chef of a Company's hotel. Emerging a bigger and a better man, I was piloted to the stream by what is called in the locality 'a 'cute small boy,' who watched my unsuccessful efforts for the first half-mile with a degree of inward sarcasm expressed in the vernacular as he retreated, to another inquiring youth of similar precociousness, 'No, Bill, he hant a catched none—he 'don't know his bis'ness ; if what he catch is all I gets for ate to-day, I's loiks to be cruel hungerd a-vor night !' *Labor ipse voluptas.* Yes ! such a consideration must be my only satisfaction : for it seemed very improbable that the basket would be overcrowded by any exertions on my part. In my downward progress—for besides being down on my luck I was fishing with the stream—I passed a gentleman who eyed me seemingly all over, quickly, so to speak, took stock of me, and satisfactorily reckoned me up ; and when in his turn passing me at the next stickle, he left me not unchallenged, but cheerfully addressing himself as to the nature and quality of my success, I recognized in him an old and hearty friend of a former period—in those days

' When sanguine Hope, amid each storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams and calms the internal strife.'

The greeting of an old associate, even in the land of strangers, familiarizes one immediately with the neighbourhood, and imparts that

quite-at-home element so essential to real enjoyment. I began to feel a consciousness that the 'cute one afore-mentioned had *opened* prematurely; for finding me a novice in these Waltonian exercises, my newly-found friend, who seemed fully up in his knowledge of the habits of the trout, kindly favoured me with a few hints as to their usual whereabouts, and how to catch them. According to his instructions I had no sooner dropped my fly into a small eddy on the opposite side of the river caused by a rush of water over some prominent stone, than I experienced a most unmistakeable *thug*, which caused in me a peculiar trepidation and anxiety lest I should fail in bringing this my first trout to land. Acting under the instructions of my Mentor, with a taut line and good reel he was brought nearer to the surface for a closer inspection, and having exhausted the powers of his resistance, with a gentle pull I elevated him from his native element with a deal of self-congratulation, accompanied by the cheery encouragements of my companion. 'Much ado 'about nothing:' candour compelled me to feel the application of this sentiment, after witnessing the ease and grace with which my fellow-fisherman pulled out this springy game of the finny tribe, and I renewed my exertions to fix with well-applied twitch these less than half-pounders of the upper Taw. My success was as varied as the nature of the scenery around: for every bend of the river opened up a new view—the valleys at one time gradually expanding from the river's sides, at another closing in with steep and overhanging woodlands, replete with feathered nature warbling round. I had six times repeated my first triumph, and missed twice as many more (for 'tis not in mortals to command success, however much they may strive to deserve it), when a lovely spot presented itself beneath one of these deep woods as a fit and proper place for grateful rest and a modest draw from our little stores. At the leisured meeting of old friends conversation seldom flags, particularly if the incidents since their separation be found worthy of record in the already long list of the daring deeds of Britons, in war, flood, or field. Here then in this peaceful spot, amid the contending melody of the thrush and the woodlark, the bullfinch, the blackbird, and the linnet, overpowered occasionally by the shrill, commanding call of the cock-pheasant, we chatted on amidst this prodigality of harmony, until aroused by sounds more deeply full and echoing far around, 'Heigh on him, my boys!' and the staccato notes of the huntsman's cheering horn leapt from tree to tree, exciting to the fore the deep-tongued hounds vowing all vengeance on the crafty fox. What though the source of all this music was hidden to the view, the very melody excited pleasure, and would have lingered on my memory as a fairy dream; but out they broke from these deep coverts, buoyant and hopeful of their prey, rushing up the valley whence we had lately come, and so passed away in panoramic view, till faint—still more faint rolled back the distant tones, and solemn silence reigned awhile supreme. I felt the grandeur of the situation, and looked on my fly-rod as a thing of nought: 'Non omnia possumus omnes' was a consoling reflection, so

I philosophically took another pull at the diminishing flask, and again joined issue with contending trout. Hastily fishing the rushing stickles of the back streams, we came to a long, deep weir-pool, whose surface rippled with the gentle wind. Here I was advised to throw as close as might be to the yonder bush, and playfully to work my flies across the ruffled deep. Repeating this practice for a few minutes, I struck at the first fish that rose and hooked him foully on the outside. With a sulkiness characteristic of a larger species of animated nature, down he went towards the bottom, and I shook for my rod, at every increase of tension in *gurgite vasto*; and when he did move, he went with a will, requiring a deal of cautious steering, and the exercise of all my ingenuity to prevent the entanglement of my line in the overhanging bushes, or its contact with old trunks of trees beneath, long ago buried there by former floods. Anxious for the capture of what I considered would be a prize, I patiently tired him out, and at length, with considerable satisfaction landed him on the grassy bank. I drew out a few more from this favourite spot, averaging about three-quarters of a pound, and felt an inward delight at my pleasing sport. My companion at times would amuse me with anecdotes of some lively incidents of days gone by, as well as those of a more recent date, pointing out the exact places of their occurrence on this side or on that, with badger, fox, or otter; and a favourable impression crept over me of the sports in the west: need I say that I was beginning to feel the enthusiasm on this subject entertained by my former college chum, to whom I would even now, though late, beg to apologize for ever harbouring the shadowy doubt.

The bulk of water being increased by the junction of another smaller stream rejoicing in the cognomen of 'the Yeo,' we fished on for a mile or two with continued success until we came in sight of the picturesque and castellated House of Eggesford, of which mansion I would briefly remark, *en passant*, that the names of its noble occupiers have become, I hear, as household words throughout the north of Devon. With a praiseworthy liberality, the noble earl has given up the whole of his river frontage to the management of the Fishing Association,* albeit himself delighting more in a science the practical exercise of which I was fortunate enough to witness, as above briefly mentioned. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*: he is, they say, willing to show sport to all, but very averse to the prejudice that there can be no amusement in any of its varied kinds but in that alone in which he himself particularly rejoices. The sum total of my success amounted to two dozen and three; but that of my auxiliary three dozen and five. So, having forwarded my portmanteau by the morning train, we retired to host Holmes's of the 'Fox and Hounds,' contiguous to the Eggesford station, where the companionship of my renewed acquaintance and the nature of the *cuisine* were so commendable, as to leave on my memory the most gratifying remembrance of my first day's fishing in the western waters.

* Fishing Association—Upper Taw, Mole, Bray, and Dart.

CRICKET.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

THE meeting of the Marylebone Club at Willis's Rooms on the 18th ult., was one of paramount importance to the Club and to Cricket. The Marylebone Club has now existed some seventy-seven years: for the last fifty of those years its members have bowled, batted, and fielded on Lord's Ground; the highest in the land have been—and are—the Club's patrons; many of the noblest its active playing members; the flower of England's manhood has toiled hard on school and college grounds to merit the honour of forming one of 'The Eleven' at Lord's; and the height of the young professional's ambition was to have his merits tested on that world-renowned turf, knowing that Lord's Ground was his successful starting point in cricket life. The Marylebone Club grew so in numbers and influence, that its members made and altered laws that ruled the cricketing world. Under these laws the game has so flourished, so extended in its adoption by all classes, as to literally have become the national pastime of the country. Prince, peer, parson, peeler, and peasant all participate in the game. It is professionally taught in most schools. It is a voluntary part of collegiate education. The clergy (the Bishop of Rochester excepted) award it their support; nearly every shire in England has its county club. Heads of large mercantile firms shrewdly encourage cricket among their employés; factories turn out their Elevens. Government patronise the game among their *hard-working* civil service men; and among the 'thews and sinews' of most large towns the Saturday afternoon during the season is now termed 'the cricket afternoon;' and yet the Club under whose fostering care all this success has accrued to cricket, the law-makers (and long, long may the M. C. C. continue to be our cricket legislators!) whose legislation has led to this great public good, this world-renowned body of English noblemen and gentlemen, 'The Marylebone Club,' have for the past fifty years or more really had no legal club home, they have met on Lord's Ground, they have made and altered cricket laws on Lord's Ground, they have played on Lord's Ground, but they never had right or title to call Lord's Ground the Club's own: they were not yearly tenants, they were not even 'lodgers,' they received no gate-money, they paid no rent, and they had no legal power to replace a single sod of turf, nor adopt the slightest improvement that the increasing popularity of the game had rendered necessary for the comfort of the yearly increasing number of members and spectators that flocked to the ground. Altered times brought requirements and improvements that the Club Committee were powerless to adopt; and the enforced stand-still tactics were slowly but surely sapping the popularity, the authority, and the utility of the Club. It was in 1863 that Mr. Fitzgerald was unanimously elected Hon. Sec. to 'the Club that had no legal home;' and those that knew him best had great hopes that that gentleman's energies would be forthwith directed to alter this anomalous position in which the Club stood in with respect to Lord's Ground, nor were they disappointed; negotiations were opened with the lessee and owner of the ground. These negotiations were steadily and perseveringly continued, and the result was, that by advertisements in the sporting journals, the members of 'The Marylebone Cricket Club' were invited to meet at Willis's Rooms on the 8th of April, for the purpose of—

'Considering an arrangement by which the Club might become lessees of 'Lord's Cricket Ground; and if approved of, authorising the Committee to 'take the necessary steps for completing such arrangements, and for raising 'such a sum of money as may be required for the purpose.'

It would be out of place here to chronicle in detail the proceedings at that meeting; but so interwoven with the stability of the Club, so bound up with the continuous success of the game are the decisions there come to, that the results of that meeting must be briefly recorded on the pages of 'Baily,' so that when the usual daily and weekly records have met their usual fate at the buttermen's and butcher's, future generations of cricketers, and as yet unborn members of the M. C. C., may, by turning to our green-covered pages, learn the extent their predecessors went to retain for one hundred years to come Lord's Cricket Ground for the use of 'The Marylebone Cricket Club' and for the benefit of cricket.

The meeting was presided over by Lord Suffield, the President of the Club; and in attendance were some fifty members, comprising such earnest and influential supporters of the game as the Earl of Sefton, the Earl of Aylesford, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Charles Russell, the Hon. Robert Grimston, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, Sir Eardley Wilmot, Sir J. Blois, Lieut.-Colonel Bathurst, Capt. Parnell, Capt. Bateson, Capt. Carnegie, W. Nicholson, Esq., R. Kynaston, Esq., Charles Hoare, Esq., T. Burgoyne, Esq., J. L. Baldwin, Esq., R. Broughton, Esq., H. Fellowes, Esq., W. H. Benthall, Esq., C. Marsham, Esq., R. Marsham, Esq., &c.

The noble PRESIDENT opened the proceedings in excellent form. His Lordship explained to the meeting how it was the Club had no control over Lord's Ground; expressed an opinion that this was a state of things that should no longer exist; and that it was necessary that that ground whereon their fathers had wielded the bat, they themselves had learned to enjoy the game, and where they hoped to see their sons do the same, should become the sole property of 'The 'Marylebone Club.' Such—added his Lordship—was the view his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had taken in the matter, and His Royal Highness promised his assistance to the Club in furtherance of these views. His Lordship concluded by stating it was for the interest of the game that the Club should be the Jockey Club of the cricketing world, and trusted the meeting would assist the Committee in completing the object they had in view. Thereupon

The HON. SECRETARY rose and read the Report, and then detailed the position of the Club with respect to Lord's Ground. Mr. Fitzgerald stated that negotiations had been entered into to alter this position, and the results so far were that Mr. Dark had consented to give up his interest in the ground, pavilion, tennis court, racket court, billiard rooms, tavern, &c., for the sum of 11,000*l.* for the remainder of his term of thirty years; and that Mr. Moses—the reversionary owner of Lord's Ground—had offered to grant the Club an extended lease of ninety-nine years, at an annual rent of 550*l.* The sum required the Committee proposed to raise, first, by subscription; secondly, by issuing a certain number of life-memberships, at 30*l.* each; and thirdly, on debentures of 50*l.*, with interest at the rate of five per cent. The Report concluded by stating, that 'the Committee felt bound to express to Mr. Dark their 'deep sense of the valuable services he had so long rendered the Club, feeling 'sure, although for the first time in sixty years he would cease to take an 'active part in the Club's management, his devotion to the interest of the 'game, and the M. C. C. would long be remembered.'

The Report having been duly received and adopted,

The Hon. ROBERT GRIMSTON proposed the three Resolutions found below. The hon. Cricketer said if the Club became lessees of the ground, they would be enabled to give much better accommodation to both cricketers and the public. He reminded the meeting that so large a plot of land, so admirably situated and so eagerly sought after for building purposes, was yearly increasing in value; and if they failed to close with the present offers, they might eventually be driven to seek another and less eligible ground, and thereby deprive the Club of the patronage of those whom they chiefly looked to in the cricketing world. Mr. Grimston concluded with 'a tribute to the 'honourable feeling that had characterised the conduct of Mr. Dark in these 'negotiations.'

The Resolutions were seconded by

Lord CHARLES RUSSELL, who said, with the proposer's consent, he would 'add' to the first Resolution the words 'for the promotion of the national 'game of cricket, and for the maintenance of the principles of the game,' and inserting the words 'and others' after the words 'all members of the club' in the second Resolution. His Lordship proposed these additions because he thought that cricket was a purely national game. This was a purely patriotic movement, and consequently they should not refuse to accept the subscriptions of those strangers who, seeing the desirability of their object, might be disposed to lend their aid to it. His Lordship coincided with their noble Chairman's desire, that the 'Marylebone Club' should hold the same position in the cricketing world as the Jockey Club did on the turf; and after condemning Eleven v. Twenty-two matches as bringing degeneracy on the game, Lord Russell concluded by giving his opinion that 'if the M. C. C. were 'made a court of appeal to decide all questions relating to the game, it would 'conduce to the benefit of the whole cricketing community.'

As altered to Lord Charles Russell's suggestions, the following Resolutions were carried:—

1. 'That the committee be authorised to make the necessary arrangements 'by which the Marylebone Cricket Club may become the lessees of Lord's 'Cricket Ground for an extended term of ninety-nine years, for the promotion 'of the national game of cricket, and for the maintenance of the principle of 'the game.'
2. 'That a subscription be opened for the purpose of raising the required 'funds, and that a Circular be issued, inviting all members of the Club, and 'others, to contribute.
3. 'That the meeting be now adjourned till the anniversary dinner, in order 'to receive a Report from the committee as to the progress of the negotiation, 'and the amount of the subscriptions.'

Thanks to the Chairman and Hon. Sec. having been moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to, the meeting was at an end; and a more important meeting, or one in its results more conducive to the best interests of cricket was never held. The amount required to carry these Resolutions into effect is doubtless a large one; but then the good to cricket, comfort to the Club and public to be attained thereby is proportionably large; and there can be, but little doubt that at the anniversary dinner of the Club, held on Wednesday next, the Committee will have the pleasure of announcing a subscription list worthy the object sought. *On dit*, the transfer of lease, &c., will not take place prior to the 1st of June, so as the season will be then in full swing very little can be done to the ground, &c., by the Club this season, although it would be quite possible, for the Club to popularly inaugurate their 'coming

'into possession' by consigning to oblivion the antient telegraph board, and that abominable affair 'the scorer's stocks.' A new telegraph board, with plain figures, easily perceived from all parts of the ground; a comfortable seat with proper facilities to score for the scorers; and a snug, easy available retreat for members of the press to perform their necessary duties in, would be a pleasant, popular, and practicable mode of intimating the reforms that are to follow, and of letting the cricketing world know that at last the Club are moving with the times, and that Lord's Ground had become—what it ever ought to have been—the property of 'The Marylebone Cricket Club.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—The English and Irish National Steeple-chases.—Northampton Notions.—Epsom Etchings.—Newmarket News.—Irish Impressions.—Monthly Mortality.

APRIL, with its sunny memories, has slipped away, leaving behind it nothing but pleasant reminiscences of sports of all descriptions. And if the old distich that

'March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers,'

be founded on truth, we fear that there will not be so many yellow roses seen in the Ring next month; and many a coat buttonhole in Rotten Row will go unadorned. Save at Northampton, an umbrella has not been hoisted; and therefore racing and steeple-chasing have been divested of their usual terrors at the commencement of the campaign. The Grand National Steeple-chase fell at a date when we were unable to notice it; but as we have taken such interest in its welfare, we feel bound to place the leading features of it before our readers. Coming after Croxton Park, it may be imagined there was no lack of company, for every house at Melton was full, and hunting-men at a distance had to put up at Rugby, Leicester, and the adjacent villages. The trains brought the crowds into Melton, like into Epsom on a Derby Day, and the description of persons of which they were composed, clearly told the interest which the gathering had inspired. Of the manufacturing classes there were very few specimens visible, although Leicester is full of factories; but the yeomen mustered in full force, taking possession of those parts of the course, where the jumps being the most difficult, the probabilities of a rider getting a ducking or a fall would be most certain. Than Burton Lazars a better fixture could scarcely have been chosen, as it was only a handy distance from Melton, and the course embraced all the features of a regular Steeple-chase. It was a pity, however, it could not have been arranged for the horses to have run round the Stand instead of away from it, as they went such a pace, they could only be descried by glasses, which divested most of the events of a great portion of the interest they otherwise would have inspired. Against the brook several serious objections were lodged, because there was no rail before it, on the return side, so as to engage a horse's attention; and the taking off was so slippery, that Messrs. Goodman and Gordon positively refused to ride at it: for they had had their bath in the morning, and did not require a second one, for the sole purpose of amusing the yokels, who lined the banks to witness it. From those who were in a position to know, we heard that Mr. Angell took the

popular view of the question, but he was overruled by Mr. Craven, who was as inexorable as Minos, and insisted that matters should remain as before. The inclosure was a capital one, for there was ample room for horses to be saddled and walked round, without endangering the bones of those who wished to take stock of them. The Stand was quite equal to the demand made upon it by the Leicestershire beauties; and we were glad to hear that the new Steward of the Jockey Club had provided for the wants of 'The Fourth,' to their entire satisfaction. Had it been otherwise, how could it have been possible for the admirable accounts of the great race which appeared in print to have been given to the world? Publicity is all that any proper undertaking requires to succeed; and if obstacles are thrown in the way of those whose province it is to carry out that object, the more blind are the managers to their own interest. On this occasion the corps were placed on a projecting platform in front of the Stand, where they were joined by a noble Earl: so they may be said to have been in good company. The majority of the Stewards were in scarlet, which gave a tone to the proceedings of the day; and it was pleasant to see they were not the nonentities one sometimes find in office, who have to call in counsel to their aid with reference to the most trivial objection. But having consented to assume a certain amount of responsibility, they did not shrink from it. As for the company it may be said to consist of all those well known in 'Silk and Scarlet,' and Ireland furnished its quota of supporters. Jem Mason who knew every rood of the Course, as well as the stones of Piccadilly, was in great request as an interpreter of various moot points. And Newcombe, from the minute survey he made of the hunters, seemed to be qualifying himself for an Inspector-Generalship. Many of the Meltonians were on horseback, and by galloping along the lanes, they were enabled to see much more of the race than if they had confined themselves to the Stand.

A Match between Lord Andover and Mr. Sheward, as the reporters would say, stood first for decision, but the interest being confined to their respective circles, very few persons betted on it. Lord Andover, who has been going like great guns all the season, rode his own mare. And Mr. Sheward put up Captain Smith of the Caribineers, on whom Lord Gardner was pleased to pass the compliment of being the most promising young 'un that Leicestershire has seen for many a year. As the course was only two miles, and the pair were started that distance from home, all we heard was that Lord Andover's mare capsize him at the fence before the brook; and that Captain Smith's horse jumped bang into the brook, causing him to leave his stirrup-irons at the bottom of it. And then we saw him take the next three fences without them, and come in, half-drowned, a few lengths in advance of his opponent, who, beyond a few scratches, was none the worse for wear. The Farmers' Stakes gave us lots of fun; and the scene at the brook reminded the spectators of a pantomime at Astley's: for horses were swimming about like Newfoundland dogs in search of a stick at the sea-side; and the yokels not knowing whether they should first fish out the horses, or the riders, made matters worse instead of improving them. And should Mr. Boucicault desire to take fresh lessons in 'headers' for an own brother to a Colleen Bawn Drama, we would recommend him to purchase Volunteer, who is as cunning at a brook as Tom Sayers' performing mules used to be at the Alhambra. In the end, however, we had a capital race; and notwithstanding his early mishap, Volunteer persevered to the end in a manner that would have delighted Lord Ranelagh.

Passing over the Free Handicap, which was, like the last, an excellent race, and one very beneficial to the fielders, we must come at once to 'The Grand

'National,' the preparations for which were completed in much less time than usual, considering the requirements of gentlemen riders at the scale. In wide contrast to that of last year, when only five came to the post, we had now twenty-eight as good-looking hunters as ever walked into a field, stripped for it. The most taking of the lot, to our fancy, were Princess Royal, Sir Stephen, Game Chicken, Lord George, and Cooksborough. But as in a battle, so in a steeple-chase, how impossible it is to tell how many of those who embark in the contest will live to survive it. So here, out of the twenty-eight that Messrs. Craven and Charles Fitzwilliam despatched from the post, but seven returned to it; Cooksborough being at the head of the division, and Game Chicken and Sir Stephen next. But the race is not always to the swift; and poor Cooksborough was another exemplification of the adage, for at the scale an objection was lodged against his rider, that he did not come within the scope of the conditions of the race. This was doubly annoying to Mr. Studds, the owner of Cooksborough, inasmuch as but for Mr. Canny going wrong with Lord George, he could have won in a canter, and now he was threatened to be deprived of his second barrel. Still, if laws are not enforced, what is the use of framing them? and as Mr. Behrens had exposed Game Chicken to all the casualties of the race, he was certainly entitled to obtain the advantages that accrued to him, if he could substantiate his claim. Into the *vexata questio* of gentlemen riders, we are not going to enter, for our views upon it have been too frequently expressed for our readers to be ignorant of them; and we cannot, ourselves, see why gentlemen should not be permitted to receive their travelling expenses in some shape, for riding any distance from home, more than the barrister, or the physician, or the civil engineer; and few owners, we imagine, would like to be under an obligation to a stranger for coming three or four hundred miles to serve him at his own expense. Of course, it would be very desirable if a sufficient number of gentlemen jockeys could be found possessed of sufficient means to be able to ride all over the kingdom merely for amusement. But the number happens to be so select, that the idea becomes a Utopian one, unless three-fourths of the meetings at present in existence are abolished. Therefore, if the question of travelling expenses is not definitely settled soon, it will become as expensive for a young man to enter the corps of Gentlemen Jockeys, as it would be for him to go into the Blues, the Life Guards, or any of our crack cavalry regiments. But with regard to the rider of Cooksborough, the case is widely different; for it was a well-known fact that he had been for years 'showman' to John Darby, at Rugby, and that he had been seen travelling about from meeting to meeting with sheeted horses; and, moreover, that he had no farm, as he was required to have by the conditions of the race in which he rode. This last point would have been fatal to him, even if he had not received the five from Captain Starkey, at Liverpool, for riding for him. And why the latter gentleman should be blamed for speaking the truth, in reply to a question that was put to him by the Stewards, we are at a loss to imagine, for he could not have acted otherwise. And it was notorious, that Mr. Loton's exclusion from the Holyoake Club, arose from the fact of his antecedents being known, and Captain Starkey having paid him for riding. The blow came doubly severe on Mr. Studds, because he did not know his second jockey from Adam, as he was engaged for him by a friend, when he found Mr. Rich had promised himself to somebody else. At the same time, it was a strange circumstance, that but for Lord George cannoning against Game Chicken, and causing him to lose several lengths, it was just on the cards he might

have beaten Cooksborough on his merits. Mr. Canny's afflictions, which were unknown to many of the riders in the race, caused some strong comments to be passed on him during the running; and two of the gentlemen who could not control their tempers, and in sporting language let fly at him several times, were not a little surprised at the cool indifference he displayed at their remarks, and fully expected an Irish reckoning when they returned to scale. Their astonishment, therefore, may be imagined, when they were informed he could know nothing about it, for he was deaf and dumb. Altogether, it was a pity such a dispute should have occurred to mar the otherwise harmonious proceedings of the race, which will long be remembered as a most brilliant success, and one of the grandest spectacles seen in Leicestershire. In the list of contributions to the Fund, we understand Mr. Tailby's hunt stood first, and the Bramham Moor and Mr. George Fitzwilliam's next. The fixture for the ensuing year is not yet determined upon; so much depending upon the accommodation to be obtained and the pecuniary support to be elicited. But most confidence is being expressed about a move being made into Yorkshire. The winner is by Moorcock, a son of Heron, who was extensively used as a hunter sire in Cheshire some years back. And so fond was Mr. Behrens of his stock, that he tried, when too late, to purchase him; but the foreigners had been beforehand; and he must be reckoned among the numberless exports that are to be regretted by those who mourn the gradual disappearance of stout staying blood from our shores. Mr. Storey put his shoulder out; and the sight of a parcel of labourers fishing up Mr. Frank Gordon out of the brook—when he had been sunk a second time by a kick on the head from a horse in the air—gave that gentleman's friends no small anxiety; and, in Yankee phraseology, was a 'caution for snakes' to aspiring Steeple-Chasers. These were the only casualties of any importance; and as both gentlemen were soon out of the sick list, there was scarcely any drawback to the universal satisfaction which the race afforded to all who saw it.

Why Northampton should be always spoken of by Sporting Writers as being invariably looked forward to with the utmost interest, we are utterly at a loss to discover. With ourselves, it is always associated with a frightful mob, the slowest of railway trains, loaded by porters whose heads are as wooden as the sleepers of their own line, and propelled by spasmodic engines. Then, nine times out of ten, the weather is like that which travellers in Tartary alone can depict; but what is worse than all, we have Lord Spencer's Plate, without exception the greatest nuisance in the Calendar, which has destroyed the reputation of more Starters, and caused the loss of more temper to owners than any race in England: putting back every other event in the card, and seriously endangering the health of Mr. Marshall, which is public property. The present gathering was no exception to the general rule; and numberless were the vows that were registered of never going to Northampton again—until next time. Those who had been much in tropical climates alone could understand the rain, and the Crimean heroes were the sole persons who could face the snow and the wind. And yet the poor jockeys in their silk jackets, and with as much clothing about them as Mazeppa had when he was despatched on his forced march, had to come to the post to the minute, in order that the horses they rode might become instruments of gambling. The fairer portion of the audience took pity on them; but few of the rougher specimens of humanity cared to think of the danger of the seeds of consumption being then sown in their frames. And the visions of Nat, Charlton, Snowden, Cresswell, and many others who lost their lives in the service of the public, failed to

secure them even a temporary reprieve from exposure to the elements. Owing to Lord Southampton having been burnt out at Whittlebury, and Lord Spencer being in Egypt, there were no parties at either house, and the Racing Aristocracy were quartered in all directions. The sight of the puce-and-white jacket first in the Trial Stakes led us to think the Squire of Wantage was going to revive the days of his 'early trials,' when no one was so formidable, and when his colours flitted about like a will-o'-the-wisp from race-course to race-course. And Glendusk's performance now was considered so good, that, added to his good looks, there were many nibbles for him. The Marquis of Hastings threw a fly for him; but Mr. Parr did not rise at it then, although he subsequently swallowed the bait at Croxton. If the backers of the favourites in the Autumn Handicaps have the best of the felders, in the Spring the former are invariably worsted. And the Northampton is almost always an outsider's race. Our allies this year began well, for they scored the first of the great Handicaps by the aid of what the Americans term 'the 'almighty Dollar,' who literally galloped every English horse to death. It was strange that nobody liked him when they saw him, and he gradually went quite out of the market. Mons. Lupin would not back him, because he had not tried him, and on account of La Touques having beaten him twice with such consummate ease. In his race at Baden-Baden with her, we remarked he ran stout, but he gave no indication of any speed; and we have since learned he was by no means up to the mark. Be this the case or not, it is an encouragement for racing men to patronise Baden, and initiate themselves better into the foreign horses. John Day's old luck stuck to him; for although Lord Zetland beat all that he guaranteed him to do, the Illustrious Stranger was too much for him, and the flag, half-mast high, had to be hoisted at Danebury. Had Costa come through, we are inclined to think he would have fared better; but no animal had a chance with the winner, and the sneerers at the Flying Dutchman's blood drew in their horns. Dollar's dam, it may be remarked, was Payment, the mare Mr. George Samuel Ford won so many good things with; and M. Lupin may be congratulated upon having some of the best mares of modern times, including Refraction, Songstress, and Impérieuse, and few Englishmen are better up in our 'Stud Book.' The fact of Kitchener's riding Dollar, although no doubt a good thing for him, was an unfortunate circumstance for newspaper Editors, as it served to revive the eternal question, which almost drives those gentlemen to desperation, viz., what weight he carried when he rode Red Deer for the Chester Cup. Every generation seems to be anxious on that point, and an injunction ought certainly to be granted against the repetition of the question. On Wednesday, the weather was, if possible, worse than before, and the people did not know where to hide their heads so as to escape from it. 'Lord Frederick' took possession of the Telegraph-office, from which it was impossible to dislodge him, although many attempts were made to do so, under the most alluring promises of 'good things' and 'certainties.' But he was deaf to the charmer. The Althorp Park runners could scarcely be seen from the torrents of rain that fell when they went up; but those who afterwards saw Puritan, said he was a thick, useful little colt, and likely to pay his way this year. He was bred at Sheffield Lane, and got by Warlock, and will cause some attention to be paid to the latter's stock at Doncaster in September. In Lord Spencer's Plate, the felders again got their annual turn: Reindeer, the origin of more mischief to the English Turf than any horse foaled for very many years, just snatching the prize from the Duke of Beaufort's lips, and putting him second as he was for

the Stakes ;—hard lines for John Day, it must be admitted ; but there was no help for it. An interval of twenty-four hours may be supposed to elapse, and a majority of the same company was to be found at Croxton Park to see Lord Wilton win another Granby on Bathilde ; and Liston finished for the City and Suburban, in the most satisfactory style. With this Meeting, and the National Hunt Steeple-chase, the Sporting Gathering of the Shires terminated with the greatest *éclat*.

At Epsom, in the following week, Mr. Dorling met a large number of his friends, and gave them some first-rate sport. But although the Stand contained everybody that goes everywhere, only a couple of drags and half-a-dozen carriages were drawn up against the ropes ; which forcibly told us that May is the Londoners' month for Epsom. The ostlers and carriage-helpers looked unutterable things, as visions of half-crowns, remnants of pies, and half-emptied champagne bottles faded from their sight. The gipsies drew the carriages with pretty ladies blank, and at last gave up in despair, hoping for better luck next time. If the day was a fine one for the Ring, it was a dreadful one for the Prophets ; who, having been made acquainted with all the trials of the favourites, were unusually sweet on themselves. Never were any of their fancies seen in the race ; and, what was more annoying to them still, Merry Heart spoiled all their Chester Cup predictions. Beaten in his trial at home, Lord Westmoreland was quite undecided about running him to the last moment, and he only did so at Goater's earnest entreaties. The remonstrance against the use of the pen, it must be admitted, was a valuable one, as it brought his Lordship in upwards of ten thousand, in addition to the stakes ; which must be a pleasant commencement for the season. And we must here join with his Lordship in the protest he made the following day at his winnings being published in the newspapers ; and in which statement the real amount was much exaggerated. However anxious the members of the Press may be to disseminate every item of intelligence relative to the great races of the day, it is obvious the announcements in question sometimes are productive of considerable annoyance to families. We have several instances of this sort in our mind before us now, where a favourable balance-sheet, if given out, would set the Law List in motion, put bankers and bill-discounters on the alert, and cause poor relations—whose existence had been looked upon almost as a fable—to spring out of the earth like mushrooms, and seek for pecuniary relief. We throw out this hint, because next month the Derby will have been decided ; and although winners would put up with the inconvenience of being registered in that light, they would much prefer to have their names taken out of the bills. The Metropolitan has long been considered a fine 'piece of headwork ;' and as there were only four heads between the four first at the finish, Admiral Rous could do no more. Jocko's victory may be solely attributed to his gameness ; and although William Day has turned out many a better horse, he never sent to the post a fitter one ; but the stable won very little over him from the state of the market. The Duke of Beaufort's luck was even worse than at Northampton ; for while there, he was beaten by a stranger and a rank outsider : his horse here was left at the post in the City and Suburban, and shut out in the Metropolitan. However, the Rhodee may make matters pleasant to all parties. The Craven week, at Newmarket, would have been the dullest in memory, if it had not been for 'the White Squall,' which cleared the atmosphere a little, and also for the submerging of Lord Clifden by the Rapid Rhone, which caused the Lord of Fairfield to wend his way rejoicing. As usual, in all great four-year old races, condition is the main point to go by ;

and we have no doubt Lord Clifden, with only three parts of a preparation, was deemed good enough to beat the roan, who few recollected was within half a length of him at the Derby. But Dawson, knowing how delighted his employer would be to get before the Leger winner, slipped it well into his horse to insure success if possible, and was not a little pleased to hear Lord Glasgow say to a friend, he hoped to goodness the Sussex crack would come to let him have a cut at him. That Lord St. Vincent's animal was beaten on his merits, we are hardly satisfied; but of this we are confident, that Lord Clifden will shine better over Doncaster than Ascot; and the Cup at the latter Meeting is not the mere formal affair his friends regard it. The Newmarket Handicap is generally foreshadowed by previous events, and so it was now with Guerilla; and after Masquerade had won the Biennial, the Scottish Chief's followers almost wanted a piper to play before them, so confident were they of his success.

Ireland and the Irish has long been a fertile topic for political writers to harp upon; and the public are as sick of the question, as the Shareholders of the Brighton Railway are of Captain Jones's annual motion for stopping Sunday trains. But our 'Ireland and the Irish,' relating as it does to the Steeple-chases and Steeple-chasers, we hope to render more palatable to our readers. The sight of Captain Towneley and Mr. Edwards, alighting with saddle-bags and portmanteaus, at 7.15, from a hansom, at Euston Square, the morning previous to the Kildare Meeting, was 'a strong office,' to the initiated in such matters, that something was up, and in their company a very pleasant run to Holyhead by rail, and to Queenstown by steam, was effected. Like artists, they commented on the special features of the country through which they traversed, suggesting how this and that fence was to be taken, and betraying none of that absence of nerve of which 'Minos' had accused their class. And it was evident that very pleasant and able writer had brought a hornets' nest about him, by his letter to a Sporting newspaper relative to Gentlemen Riders. 'Ixion' was for 'putting him on the wheel,' and other writers suggested other modes of punishment. Without disclosing the identity of Minos, which we hold to be a sacred right with all authors, we would recommend him, if he wishes to continue his career as a journalist, not to ride in a Steeple-chase for the present, in case he might come to grief; for he would have little assistance from those with whom he was associated, and who would be dying to wipe off old scores. Dublin we found full of Masters of Hounds; and the pavement in front of the Bilton and the Gresham, reminded one of the Yard on the Monday before the Derby. The route to Punchestown, which is something similar to that from Winchfield to Odiham, was as amusing as ever. Collisions with cars constantly occurring, which with stoppages, caused by the breaking of belly-bands, added to the confusion; and those familiar with the crash at Sutton, instantly called to mind a striking similarity between the two places. As we have before said, a prettier Steeple-chase course could not have been found in Erin's Isle, or a fitter locale for the gathering of Ireland's Aristocracy. The extraordinary energy with which this Meeting has been taken up for the last year or two, indicates the determination of the Southern Masters of Hounds, as well as those Noblemen more associated with Field Sports, to show the Saxon, that if the Irish Turf has declined, its Steeple-chasing has not shared the same fate. The class of horses which ran during the two days, struck us as being inferior to that of last year; but the sport was, if possible, superior, and delighted the new comers, more especially the ex-Master of the Bicester, and the present Master of the South Wilts. Having only the previous week

witnessed our own Grand National, we were curious to see this one, in order to judge fairly between them. As far as quality and condition goes, Leicestershire bore the palm; still, among those which went to the post, there were some animals that could distinguish themselves in any country. Blood Royal was a good-looking horse, with a capital forehead, but rather curby in his hocks, and John Day could not have had him fitter; and had Mr. Valentine not been in such a hurry to get home with him, Mr. McGraine would very likely have got first instead of third. Forager, in the same stable with Con Cregan, was a light elegant horse, and likewise fit as a fiddle, and his party were sweet as sugar-candy on him. Con Cregan pleased everybody before starting, and disgusted them afterwards, for he ran like a cur all the way, and got early into difficulties. Caustic was a clever horse with a plainish head; and Monahan, under whose charge he had been all the winter, got him as hard as nails. To suppose he was not a good fencer, would be an insult to Lord Clanricarde, who bought him at Lord du Freyne's sale. Yellow Leaf was a nice little mare, hunted a month back by Lord St. Lawrence, at Melton, as indeed was Caustic by his uncle; and it was singular that the two relations should have run first and third. Cameo was, perhaps, the best-bred horse in the race, being by Cannobie, out of Camiola, by Windhound, out of Burlesque; and he went as well as anything. But we think with a more experienced jockey upon him, his chance would have been better; for when, soon after starting, Cameo came down at a fence with another horse and got away, Mr. Exshawe, in the excitement, jumped on the wrong animal, and did not discover his mistake until it was too late to correct it. In the Grand Military, the soldiers came out in far better force than last year. And the walks, and the abstinence required to get them fit, had this good result, that where last year every fifth man that one met with a moustache, had a wing up, now, not a single collar-bone went, and the regimental Surgeon's knowledge of anatomy did not require to be tested. The favourite, as is generally the case in class races, was the winner; and ridden in Colonel Foster's favourite white saddle, proved himself to be anything but the Tony Lumpkin he was called.

The Downshire Cup, a favourite local race, was carried off, after a magnificent struggle, by Cameo, the property of Alan McDonough, who bought him at a sale for fifteen pounds, and heard it remarked the little brains which he had left were entirely gone. At first perhaps there were some grounds for this conclusion, inasmuch as Cameo's fearful hock seemed to be perfectly incurable. By perseverance, however, it improved; and Mr. McDonough while riding out one morning, to see the drill of the 15th Hussars, was chaffed by the officers about his charger, and asked whether he was a fit one to come and inspect them with. 'He beats anything in the regiment, for a tenner, for a mile!' was his reply. 'How long will you give us to consider of it?' they inquired. 'Until this evening,' he said; 'and I will lay you a crown you don't come up and make the match.' They accepted the offer, ran the next day, and Cameo won so easily, that Mr. McDonough aimed at higher things with him, and won this Cup, besides being forward in the other race. If Captain Sartoris' finishing on him was not so strictly professional as we see at Newmarket, it was owing to his saddle having got loose, and his being hampered to keep it in its proper position. The Welter led to a dreadful collision between Captain McCraith and Mr. Knox, who coming in collision with each other inside the cords, not only killed an unfortunate peasant dead on the spot, but gave Captain McCraith such a fall as even shook Irish nerves. The matter being now *sub judice*, we abstain from offering any remark upon it; but we

cannot help thinking the conduct of the Stewards in having a shorthand writer present to take down the evidence, with a view of publication, is worthy of imitation at Newmarket. If the weather was fine during the two days, the company was finer, and the Dublin 'Blue-book' was well represented. Strange it is that in England we so seldom see the Stewards in pink; but if they only knew how they epliven the scene by it, they would adopt their uniform more readily. All the Masters here were in full fig, except one gentleman who created some amusement by being attired in a suit of butcher's blue ditto, with hat to correspond. His reasons for adopting this costume we could not learn; but he certainly had no rival near his throne. Among the most conspicuous of the Irish Turfites was the Marquis of Conyngham, looking almost the same as in the picture in which he is represented riding with Lord Melbourne by the side of her Majesty, at Windsor. Then there was the stalwart Marquis of Downshire, who is moulded on the same scale as Brian de Bois Gilbert, and mounted on a chesnut horse, which the author of 'Ivanhoe' could alone depict upon paper. The Marquis of Clanricarde did not allow politics to keep him away; and Sir John Power, the Nestor of Irish Masters of Hounds, was also in great force. Colonel Leslie and Mr. Murland were the only patrons of the English Turf that we came across. Sir Watkin Wynne and the Hon. Colonel Cotton were *en cheval* each day, and saw more of the fun than their neighbours. 'The National Guard' was commanded by Mr. J. B. Angell, and officered by Messrs. Vyner, Behrens, and Carnegie. And of the fairer portion of the Stewards' Stand, it is not too much to state that an enterprising photographer and publisher might have obtained from it a very popular 'Book of Beauty.' The prospects for next year, we are glad to hear, are very good; and fresh rules relative to Gentlemen Riders, we understand, will shortly be published. And that these are necessary, we may instance by the fact that the other day, a witness wished to substantiate the claim of a person to be looked upon as a Gentleman Rider, simply from the circumstance, that he always dined at seven o'clock, and had a fire in his bedroom. Comment upon this would be superfluous. And now for twelve months, we take leave of the Kildare Hunt, and the Steeple-chases of Punchestown, wishing they may flourish as much as their promoters could desire.

The Irish Agricultural Show, which was held in the following week, although most extensively patronised, only confirmed all we had read about the decay and deterioration of the breed of horses in Ireland. In fact so very moderate were some of the samples that the Judges could not find it in their conscience to award any prize. The Exhibition, however, which was capitally arranged, is certain to do good, because ten minutes' glance at the stalls would serve to expose the nakedness of the land, and the crying necessity that exists for a new Reform Bill. Of course such horses as Ivan, Claret, and Mountain Deer could not be spared at this season; but of the others, Wild Irishman, Steppingstone, and Schamyl were the only ones that could pass muster in an English fair. There is plenty of length about the Wild Irishman, and he had exactly the neck and shoulders which John Scott is so fond of, while his legs were as fresh as could be expected; and he must have been placed at the top of the tree by any set of judges. Schamyl transported one back to the stables of Combe and Delafield, and Barclay and Perkins; and Steppingstone, who got second to the Irishman, was a very pretty horse, and the best-actioned one of the lot. The heavy-weight hunters were such a collection of brutes, that the Judges considered it would be flinging away money to give a purse for them. Of the thoroughbred brood mares our readers may get an idea,

when we state that Foinualla, the dam of Mince Pie, took the first honours, and Old Attraction the second. Of chargers there was a most lamentable exhibition; but there were some clever cobs; and Lord Carlisle's carriage-horses would have made the mouth of many a dowager water. Of small ponies also there were a nice lot; and were the fairies to revisit Ireland, they would experience little difficulty in getting their cars drawn. Next year we hope for better things; and from the hands in which the question of improving the breed of horses in Ireland is left, we have no fear of the result. Immediately after the show on the first day was over, we witnessed the pleasing sight of Lady Power being presented with the portrait of her husband Sir John Power, which had been subscribed for by 500 gentlemen, at a sovereign each. The ceremony took place in the Council Chamber of the Royal Society, Lord St. Lawrence, who was so hemmed in he could scarcely turn, acting as spokesman, and embodying in the neatest of phraseology the good qualities of Sir John Power, and the revered estimation in which he was held by his brother Masters of Hounds. Lady Power replied in an *apropos* and feeling address; and the ceremony went off most successfully.

The Hunting Season has now closed, and must be pronounced the most moderate known of late years. The demand made upon space this month, by public events, prevents us giving even the summary we had prepared of the doings of the chief packs, of which we must now take leave until November.

Our Breeding intelligence is not very voluminous; but we are glad to find that all we have said about Young Melbourne, for the last two years, as a sire, has been verified; and the result of the Two Thousand must give him a rare lift at Rawcliffe. At that establishment we hear Leamington is all but full; and Rapparee has taken wonderfully with the hunting farmers. The annual sale of the Company's yearlings takes place there, as usual, in the morning of the York Spring Meeting. And as we had an opportunity of looking at them a short time back, a few words may not be out of place. As a lot, they must be looked upon as a good average one; but we fear they will be discovered to be a little backward, unless the warm weather continues. Among those which took our fancy the most were an own Brother to Leicester, a very strong and useful colt. A colt by Newminster out of License, the dam of Para, will create, we think, a bit of a stir, and will divide public opinion as to his merits with the other Newminster colt out of Snowdrop, who gives one an idea of being a race-horse all over. These, with the colt by Newminster out of Isis being bred very like Cambuscan, and bearing a strong resemblance to him, with better fore-legs, will, to our notions, be pronounced to be the pick of the basket in respect to the colts. Of the fillies we were most pleased with the one by Newminster out of Amsterdam's dam, and which was just what might have been expected from such blood. The Newminster filly out of Patience will race, but she is one of the most backward of the series. The Stockwell filly out of Kildonan's dam, has great length and power; and the Leamington filly out of Annie Laurie, is full of quality combined with plenty of size.

Yearly the Company are very lucky with their sires: as in 1861, Brown Duchess brought The Oaks to them by The Flying Dutchman; in 1862, Stockwell, who had stood there, credited them with the Two Thousand, and St. Leger, with The Marquis. In 1863, they were within an ace of being able to boast of the Derby and St. Leger, with Newminster, through Lord Clifden; and within the last few days, General Peel has kept up their *prestige* with Young Melbourne. And when the public consider these facts, and the number

of bargains that have been picked up at Rawcliffe, there is little doubt of their complaining of Richard Tattersall's account. Cotherstone's death has been officially reported, but his loss cannot be regretted, for he was one of the few examples of a first-class racehorse making a bad sire; and Charles the Twelfth was the next, perhaps, that resembled him in this respect. John Scott always entertained the highest opinion of him, when in training; but he was as difficult to prepare for the Derby as Blink Bonny; and, singular to state, he laboured under the same complaint in respect of his teeth.

The Cremorne Dog Show was a vast improvement on that of last year, the enterprising E. T. Smith having adopted all the improvements suggested to him by the practical knowledge of the editor of 'The Field.' The result was a genuine success, and as such should be chronicled. Of the dogs, all our limits permit us to remark is, that Mr. Hanbury's Prince obtained the first prize among the Mastiffs; Mr. Garth for Setters, with Major; Mr. Menzies, for Skye Terriers, with Punch; and Mr. Whitfield, for Pointer Bitches, with Venus. All these are so admirably photographed and engraved in 'The Field,' that we cannot do better than refer our readers, who are curious about them, to the columns of that newspaper. In our next, however, we mean to offer some remarks upon the growing tendency of Judges to wish to dwarf the race of Fox Terriers into that of Toys, thereby, in a great measure, destroying their utility. Racing news is not so plentiful as could be expected at this season of the year. The Prince of Wales has joined the Jockey Club, and been allowed to ride about the Heath without a mob at his heels, which is the surest plan to get him to repeat his visit. A prospectus of a union between The White Hart and The Rutland Arms Hotel, at Newmarket, has been issued, under the patronage of all the bigwigs of the place. And should the Proprietary only carry out what they profess to do, they will not only get a good return for their capital, but do a capital thing for Newmarket, where, on Festival Days, strangers are put to their wits' ends for accommodation, to say nothing of creature comforts. In the Bankruptcy Covers, we perceive the Bishop of Bond Street has run his prey, Johnny O'Brien, to ground; and by the newspaper reports, it would seem that the famous gallery of pictures, of which such a fuss was made, and the restoration of which was so rigidly insisted upon, had been mortgaged for the enormous sum of thirty shillings. Another proof of how the mighty are fallen. Among the prettiest sporting photographs we have seen for a long time, is one of Mr. Galway's pack of terriers, with which that well-known Irish sportsman is in the habit of hunting hares in the neighbourhood of his seat, Colligan Lodge, near Waterford. The little creatures, which weigh from four to seven pounds each, are admirably grouped, and evidently very highly bred, as the sketch of them, which may be seen at the Bishop's, will at once testify.

In our monthly obituary, we regret to have to record two very popular names, viz., The Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope and Mr. Frederick Magennis. Both were men of a different stamp, but both most attachable beings. Fitzroy Stanhope, or the Dean of Tattersall's, as he was called familiarly, was the brother of the late Lord Harrington, who reigned over the West End in the days of the Regency, giving names to carriages and coats, and making the fortunes of the artists he took in hand. Mr. Stanhope was originally in the Guards, and brought home despatches from the Peninsula. He afterwards abandoned the Sword for the Gown, to take possession of a family living, the sole condition which his brother enforced upon him when he tendered it, being that if he saw a hearse badly appointed, and driven up to the door, he was not to pull the coachman

off his box, and put the harness straight himself. To the last he stuck to the amply folded white tie, for arranging which, we believe, like Mr. Stubbs, he had obtained a patent. In every part of London his one-horse phaeton was known. And it was an extraordinary circumstance that his old favourite horse who followed him to the grave, should have gone home and died on the following day, as if unable to bear the loss of his master. In snuffs, he was as curious as his brother, who wrote to him once to send him over some to France, for that which he got in Calais was not good enough to fumigate the fleas out of his dog's back. As a ballad singer, Incledon could scarcely have given him any weight; and a kinder heart never beat in any frame; nor was ever an ill-natured expression heard to escape from his lips. This was the secret of his popularity, and long will his memory be endeared to his friends. Mr. Magennis was the brother of Sir Arthur Magennis, our Envoy to Portugal, and was originally in the army. Of the Turf, the Chase, and the Road he was a great patron; and he was likewise very partial to Yachting. On the Turf he did not do a great deal with his own horses, but he won the Great Ebor Handicap with Pantomime, and a few other stakes, which prevented him leaving off a loser. With the laws of betting few men were better acquainted; and his advice in all disputed points was invariably well received and followed. As a coachman he was also second to none in the Four-in-Hand Club; and in the hopes of being able to resume his favourite amusement, he had purchased Peter's Exhibition Coach, and meant to have a seat specially made for him, so that he might waggon his friends to Greenwich and Richmond, as well as to the Races on the Home Circuit. No neater equipages or finer steppers were ever driven in Hyde Park, than by Mr. Magennis. Possessed of ample means, his purse, like his house, was open to his friends; and the amount of kindness he showed them, when in need, will never now be disclosed, and is hardly estimated, for he was one of those who did good by stealth, and would have blushed to find it fame. Nothing as a proof of this feature in his character irritated him so much as the persistent advertisement of the Life-Boat Society of his donation to their funds. Mr. Villebois, his most intimate friend, was with him to the last, and it is hard for his friends to reflect, that but for imprudently dining out one evening, he would still have been spared to them. His funeral was attended by a large number of friends, who will long cease to regret the worthy occupant of the corner house of Grosvenor Place, where they had spent so many happy hours, and received so many marks of kindness.





J. G. Mayall

Joseph Brown

Thyburne Topham

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. FRANCIS POPHAM.

MR. FRANCIS POPHAM, whose career on the Turf, though brief was brilliant—having won the Derby with Wild Dayrell—belongs to one of the oldest families in England, and is descended from the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Popham, whose abilities as a Judge have been handed down to us by the most celebrated legal historians.

Mr. Francis Popham was born in October, 1809, and is the second son of Lieutenant-General Edward Popham, of Littlecote. For many years Mr. Popham pursued the life of a country gentleman of fortune, passing his time in the pursuit of field sports, and those occupations peculiar to his position in life. Although fond of racing, he never kept a stud, but had one or two brood mares at Littlecote to experimentalize with. In 1850 Mr. Popham purchased Ellen Middleton of Lord Zetland, and sent her to Ion. The produce was Wild Dayrell, who was sold when a yearling to Lord Henry Lennox for 100 guineas, with the condition that if he won the Derby he was to receive 500 more. The Duke of Richmond's stud being broken up, and Lord Henry Lennox retiring at the same time, Wild Dayrell went up with the Goodwood horses to Tattersall's, and as no bidder could be found for him, the secret treasure was taken back by Mr. Popham, and put into training at Ashdown Park, where, under the care of Rickaby, the stud groom of Mr. Popham, he took his breathings. Rumours that he was a nice colt were occasionally floating about in the South of England, by those who knew the district, but he was never seen until the First October Meeting, at Newmarket, in 1854, when, ridden by Marlow, he won a Two-Year Old Sweepstakes in a canter, Para and Hasel running a dead heat for second. The impression he then created was so favourable, that inquiries as to his being in the Derby were made, and these being answered in the affirmative, the gentlemen who back horses from a knowledge of their make and shape, and are judges of action, at once determined to throw away a

pony or fifty on him. And from that time until after the Derby, the name of Wild Dayrell was rarely absent from the Derby quotations. In the Spring, the fame of his prowess began to extend itself, and Lord Craven's friends at Ashdown returned to London with the most flattering accounts of his progress. To find a horse to lead him in his work was a matter of great difficulty. Lord Zetland was to have lent Hospodar ; but as he was required for Fandango, there was nothing to be done but to give sixteen hundred guineas for Jack Sheppard ; and in his trial with him he gave him eight pounds, and Gamelad twenty-one. This spin, it will be admitted, gave him a great chance ; and Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire literally piled its money on him. Still, he never improved his position in the market ; and certain operators never ceased laying against him under any circumstances. This naturally alarmed the suspicions of his friends, who considered there could not be smoke without fire ; and Mr. Popham was entreated to remove him from the care of Rickaby, and change his jockey, Robert Sherwood, who had been specially engaged to ride him in his exercise, and also in the Derby. But he most firmly refused the request, and stated he had entire confidence in the integrity and ability of his servants ; and his estimate of them was not overrated or abused. Every design that villany could suggest was had recourse to in the hopes of nobbling Wild Dayrell ; but never being left for an hour by either his trainer or jockey, he escaped the intended 'coopering,' even when the lynchpins of the wheels of his van had been tampered with.

To get out now of the large sums that had been laid against him was impossible ; and as Rifleman and De Clare had both broken down on the Sunday previous to the race, his prospect of winning became so great he was almost backed against the field. Since West Australian and The Flying Dutchman no horse created so great a sensation in the paddock, particularly when it transpired Mr. Popham had been offered 5,000 guineas not to run him. Old John Day followed him about with delight and wonderment, and said he would be beggared if he would not have a monkey on at any price, for he could not lose. How he won in a canter is notorious ; but it was only just in time, for the hard ground told on his legs with such a carcass to carry, and the following morning he was lame. By his victory the nobblers were routed, and a good service done to the racing community by Mr. Popham, who felt so keenly the anxiety he had to endure during the last few months of Wild Dayrell's preparation that he said nothing on earth would ever induce him to have another Derby horse. Wild Dayrell's next appearance was at York August Meeting, where he beat the 6,000 guinea Oulston in the commonest of canters. His third and last effort as a racehorse was at Doncaster, where he came out for The Cup with horse-cloth bandages on his front legs to face Rataplan. But all was of no avail ; for although he had the assistance of two aide-de-camps in Indian Warrior and Little Harry, as they came

round the bend of the T.Y.C. Wells found something going, and Wild Dayrell never troubled another bookmaker or entered another enclosure. The Yorkshiremen mourned his sorrows as much as the Southrons, and said, 'He's a vast deal more down in his sinews 'than ever Maid of Masham was.' In his four races, in each of which he was ridden by a different jockey, he won 5,575*l.*; and as Mr. Popham won a nice stake over him for the Derby, he has proved almost worth his weight in gold to him, if we take into consideration his earnings at the stud, wherein he has acquired as high a reputation as on the Turf. For the information of breeders, we should say Wild Dayrell stands sixteen hands and an inch high; has a lean, blood-like head, strong arched neck, good oblique shoulders, great depth of girth, and good back and ribs. He has likewise strong muscular quarters and thighs, and immense arms; is a little in at the elbows, and turns out his toes, but is altogether a magnificent specimen of a Sire. Among the best of his stock may be mentioned Avalanche, Hurricane, Buccaneer, Wildman, Dusk, Investment, The Roe, Becky Sharpe, Tornado, Molly Carew, and Sea King; and he will doubtless add to their numbers before long.

Wild Dayrell was named after a species of Palmer who originally owned Littlecote, and committed a series of atrocities which, if Miss Braddon had been alive, would have furnished materials for a romance which in interest might have rivalled 'Lady Audley's Secret.' Accused of having committed pretty nearly every crime in the Decalogue, by a slice of luck equalled only by that of the modern Smethurst, he escaped the penalty due to his crimes. And persons were not wanting at the time to assert that he 'got at' Judge Popham, and squared him by making over Littlecote to him. Like many criminals of the deepest dye Wild Dayrell could be a saint if it suited his purpose; and Sir Walter, in 'Rokeby,' thus sings of him:—

'If Prince or Peer cross Dayrell's way,
He'll beard him in his pride;
If he meet a Friar of orders grey,
He weeps and turns aside.'

His good luck, however, did not benefit him long, for a few months afterwards he was killed by a fall he got from his horse in attempting to force him over a stile in Littlecote Park.

The mansion at Littlecote is now leased by Mr. Padwick, so well known on the Turf; and although weak-minded persons still persist in the belief that the ghost of Wild Dayrell haunts its galleries and bedchambers, other visitors, whose minds are of a more practical character, and who have partaken of the hospitality of the new lessee, have never been troubled with such qualms, and have escaped without any such midnight visitations. But if their dreams have been disturbed, it has arisen more from stereoscopic views of Paris, Prince Arthur, Birch Broom, and Scottish Chief, than from any other cause.

Mr. R. Popham is married to Miss Brock, and has by her several

children. In all the relations of life Mr. Popham has preserved an undimmed reputation. As a follower of the Chase he has been well known for years with the Craven Hounds; and the streams with which his estates are surrounded have contributed to his fame as a fisherman. In short, no man can fulfil the duties of his station better; and in his sphere of life he is an eminently useful member of society.

THE NATIONAL SPORT AND THE NATIONAL TASTE.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

‘*Quot homines, tot sententiæ.*’ This aphorism, like many others, is not true; and a close examination of proverbial expressions will only confirm the sentiment of David, that ‘all men are liars.’ Had the royal Psalmist said so after considerable deliberation rather than in haste, it would have been but a more necessary result of longer and deeper thought, and have added weight to the assertion. The greatest virtue of modern days, because the rarest, is truth: and perhaps there are not a dozen men in Europe who are capable of discarding all temptation to exaggerate, and whose conversation can be characterized by ‘yea, yea,’ and ‘nay, nay,’ and nothing beyond it.

It is not true that there are as many opinions as there are men. There are quite opinions enough, and sufficiently opposite sentiments to produce discussion, and something more; but the increase of population has put the witty author of this trite piece of Latinity entirely out of court on the score of fact. He might almost as well have said there are as many race-courses as men; an expression which serves well to illustrate one of the prevailing fashions of the day. There are so many, that it is no exaggeration to say that every class of racing man has his own course: that the true sportsman, the idler, the sporting-man, the aristocrat, the ring-man, the nibbler, and the nobbler have each ground on which they can operate with greater facility than elsewhere. Even the Welsher is not without his small county meeting of third and fourth class horses and provincial talent, incognizant of the policeman, and far from the haunts of his lynx-eyed victims, where he can gather fresh laurels for his brow,—shall we say crowns for his pocket? The *insouciant* dandyism of Goodwood is as far removed from the business-like air of Newmarket, as the First Spring Meeting is from the 27th of July; and Royal Ascot has features as distinct from the noisy cork-drawing of a Derby Day, as a well-ordered fight is dissimilar from a street row.

This is the 23rd of May; two days before the Derby of 1864. If I were a prophet, which, thank goodness, I am not, seeing how singularly wrong they usually are, I should certainly back my foreknowledge at once instead of selling it. It seems to me a remark-

able piece of disinterestedness, that these gentlemen should present such very valuable information to the readers of 'Bell,' or the 'Field,' or any other journal, or should even offer it to strangers for half a crown's worth of stamps, before they have secured to themselves the very handsome fortune, which would inevitably follow a practical outlay in accordance with the exercise of their prescience. I fear on this day I should have been employed otherwise than in endeavouring to amuse the readers of 'Baily's Magazine.' But let us return to our muttons; or rather let us take the first slice out of them. We will begin with Epsom.

The cockney's first holiday is the Derby. Your true and genuine cockney turfite cares nothing at all about the earlier meetings. Northampton is too far off, Epsom Spring is too cold, Newmarket has no booths or flags; and he has nothing to learn from York, Bath, or Harpenden, full of instruction as these places are. He looks forward to the Derby as the day that is to inaugurate his season of racing; and considering the manner in which his mind has for weeks been occupied in arrangements decorative and appetitive, it is wonderful how much he knows about the horses that are going to start. The General, Cambuscan, Birchbroom; he talks of them all as if they were intimate acquaintance, as, indeed, he does of Glasgow, John White, and Westmorland, as though he would pay them a compliment by making 'household words' of them, like Shakespeare's heroes on the fields of Shrewsbury or Agincourt. His book is an instructive one. He is quite sure to have to pay gloves, bonnets, and scarves to the extent of a quarter's salary; and he has discovered only to-day that he cannot possibly win anything, and will probably lose two pounds five. All that, however, goes into the day; it is a pure holiday—in Young Metropolitan's opinion not intended for making money, but only for spending it. The new clothes which are to come home, the lemon-coloured or lavender gloves, the thin paletot, quite unfitted for our Siberian spring (the last ten days being only an exception to the rule), rival the glossy bonnet and the startling novelty in shawls, fresh importations from Paris *via* Regent Street and Madame Elise. Fortnum and Mason are *au desespoir*. If such great people can be said ever to have had any wit, they are now at their wit's end. Multifarious, indeed, are the orders, and blank are the looks of the domestic cuisine: shades of lamb and salad so lately eating, the one the other, in the green fields and on suburban pastures, now to be devoured together; what state of mind are you producing among the good plain cooks? Startled policemen slink away from the area railings, feeling that the season for caterwauling is not now. Higher pleasures than those of love are taxing the energies of the lower regions, and the Proserpines of Tyburnia are engaged in seasoning their pigeon pies instead of their flirtations.

By the way, no one has asked after Banting about this time. Is he contemplating suicide? Will he bear his disappointments like a man at the universal disregard of his advice? or will he be found,

for once, transgressing his own rules, and laying on pounds of flesh in a self-indulgence which merits praise if only for its rarity? Surely plovers' eggs and iced champagne will find favour in his sight for the one glorious holiday, to which our friends have looked forward ever since they came up from the shires.

Of course racing men—*i.e.*, the few thousands who profess to know anything about the business, who lay the odds or take the odds, who disregard the pleasures of personal gratification, voting the crowd an insufferable nuisance, and the only refreshment necessary to clear their throats for 'laying against Combustion or the Broom,' a ham sandwich and a bottle of stout—will go down sulkily and mysteriously by the rail. Perhaps they will have taken a lodging in the town, or a villa in the neighbourhood, according to their late successes (which ought to have been great) or reverses. But our true Derbyite will be satisfied with nothing but Newman's fours—greys if he can have them, and a yellow barouche packed inside and outside with creature comforts of all kinds. This is the true road to the Derby; any other is spurious, and unfitted to the great occasion. He will turn a deaf ear to the weatherwise: he will not believe in rain, though a stormy petrel settle on his bolster the night before; at least not more than enough to lay the dust. To all offers of laying any other dust, or of taking it, he is equally and happily impervious. The little of the leg that he has in his composition, as an Englishman, is now absorbed in his personal get-up, his attention to his *alter ego*, or 'better-half,' or 'temporary helpmate,' or whatever his name for the ladies of the party may be, and in his anticipations of that glorious luncheon, to whose promise he has stifled the calls of to-day's breakfast, and by whose fulfilment he will as certainly settle the pretensions of the same meal to-morrow. Not to disappoint the critics, nor to hurt the feelings of the general reader, I exclude from this category all the regular frequenters of the Turf, and only desire to exhibit in its true colours the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the frequenter of the hill on the Derby Day.

He is the pink of propriety as far as the course, where he joins a motley group of drags, omnibuses, carriages, on four-wheels and two, donkey carts, provision merchants, and that numerous class of pedestrians whose duties appear to lie between the Stand and the Warren, but who palpably belong to neither. Once in position, and brushed down by the united services of an ex-pickpocket and a sportsman in scarlet, but without shoes, his business begins. The first races pass without even a pretended notice; for he watches the Epsom Town Plate and the race for the Bentinck with his head and shoulders in a brougham, or in unearthing the pigeon pies and salad from the boot of his carriage. A walk to the Warren before the race of the day fills him with secret alarm for his patent leathers, when some too kindly officious friend proposes to show him the horses which are to contend for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. What cares he for horses on the Derby Day? He is satisfied with a *coup d'œil*, which is not to be beaten in the world, from the top

of a friend's drag, or the box of his own landau, at a distance of two furlongs. He has no more idea of the colours of the riders than he has of the pretensions of the horses, and the whole passes by him as a vision of an intermittent rainbow. Roars of 'The General, Cambuscan, and Blair Athol,' fill the air; enthusiastic friends who have spotted the winner, shout and dance; hats fly here and there; and in the midst of an unreal enthusiasm, he takes his seat in a plateful of salad, and the Derby is over for him.

And now his day begins. 'Thank goodness, that is over,' says he; 'now let us lunch.' And to it he goes, with some thousands more, to enjoy the pleasure of the greatest race of the year. This is the Englishman, whose love of a horse and whose knowledge of horseflesh is applauded by admiring, or rather envious, foreigners. This is one of the Public, who insist upon right being done by them, and who determine upon knowing why this horse or that is scratched or run, according to the will of the owner, instead of in accordance with the convenience of thousands, who are as fond of racing, and know as much about it, as our metropolitan type. During the rest of the day he is immersed in iced champagne, claret cup (thanks to Mr. Gladstone), knock-'em-downs, Aunt Sally, the Christy minstrels, fighting boys, the ancient doll trick, real Havannahs from Covent Garden, fortune-telling, and sherry and seltzer water. He resumes his journey when the postboys assure him that the last race has been run. His equanimity is not disturbed by chaff or pin-cushions, sawdust or gingerbread, nor his temper ruffled by all he has undergone, though he has lost his gloves and a rather severe walking-cane, until he is compelled, after long altercation, to repay the Sutton Gate, because he has *mislaid* his ticket. He reaches Grosvenor Place about half-past ten, if lucky, without having broken the pole, or somebody else's pole having broken his back; and although it takes him a week to recover the effects of his love for the national sport, he vows there is nothing like it, and intends to do the same thing again at the Derby in '65. The national taste must be supported!

This is not your true parasite who lives upon the turf; and who, doubtless, is thought, like the sheep, to benefit it immensely by feeding from it: but he is one of the representatives of it in England, and we have to thank him, to a certain extent, for the enormous reputation we enjoy as a great racing people.

As the season advances, and *fêtes champêtres* are more in vogue, when laced parasols, charitable institutions, and the flimsiest of bonnets have obtained during the day, and when about four weeks of opera, concert, heavy dinners, and *petits soupers* have had a somewhat unlimited run, London dissipation is again intruded upon by the second popular exhibition of the national sport. Royal Ascot invites the attention of the racing man. This time, the *venue* being further removed from London, the company may be expected to be of a more exclusive class; and it is so. The rail affords vast facilities to many; but the privileged classes will prefer to locate themselves

in the neighbourhood. Neither beauty of scenery nor convenience of situation is deficient. From the humble cottage or villa, which is not unfrequently to be tenanted at the moderate sum of from thirty to fifty guineas a week, to the large and handsome house at from one to two hundred, there is no lack of accommodation. The notion of a man who intends to refresh himself with some country air in the middle of the season, being hurried backwards and forwards to and from town, is an absurdity. That it has struck men so appears certain from the admirable hotel which has been built at the top of the course, and which seems to combine the advantages of purity of atmosphere with proximity to a race-course; a combination so seldom to be met with, that it merits a trial.

Let me assure the stranger or the foreigner that this is another of those national *réunions* which may be ascribed to our love of racing, but which has as much to do with that love of a bonnet, and the pleasures of a fashionable squeeze. It boots not to sing of days when Ascot, unapproached by rail, and unconscious of a Grand Stand, stood conspicuously forward as the meeting of the season. Then on either side of the course were carriages filled with such beauty as only an English aristocracy can produce, and which even those brilliant toilettes could not enhance. There was a pageant to be seen. The Royal Family came in their carriages of state; and Davis, the finest horseman in the country, himself a sight worth the journey, rode in front of them, up the centre of the course. Between the acts, there was a promenade of striking beauty, in which the peer and the peasant played a part. All men could see and be seen; and as the horses walked down the course to start, and the bell rang out its warning, the ladies retired again to their carriages, to repeat the walk, according to strength or inclination.

Such, of course, could not be the case now. But Ascot has preserved many of its ancient privileges. It is neither so noisy, so dusty, so crowded, nor so drunken as the Derby. It is pre-eminently a lady's race-course; and whether she venture among the pink bonnets and parasols which crowd the Stand, and render breathing a difficulty, and seeing an impossibility, or whether she confine herself to the more healthy and convenient shelter of the carriage, she has nothing to dread in the shape of the hill. The gipsies are better behaved, the Christy minstrels less noxious, a harp and violin, out of tune, to be candid, is substituted for the not edifying spectacle of a street fight, and Aunt Sally and the cocoa-nuts are kept out of sight. In a word there is no hill. The betting ring is as diabolical as elsewhere, but it is an exceptional case, no more a feature of one course than of another; and not less honest, or less earnest, or more grimy than in other places.

Though professional vagabondism musters strongly, very strongly since the opening of the railway, as it always will within twenty-five miles of London, it is here not so much on its own ground. Like ruffianism in the precincts of a court of justice, it recognizes the *genius loci* to some extent. Trade has its representatives among

only its upper classes ; wealthy Jews abound. These are no votaries of the national sport, but followers of fashion, and pretenders to a sort of suburban elegance. Their holiday is among their betters. The villas round London throw out their inhabitants ; and the cockney element is no less present, but it is less prominent, than in its rival. Its mirth is not so boisterous ; and it borrows less from its subordinates, more from its superiors. There is an element of county society, less marked than at Goodwood, and wholly wanting at Epsom. There is not that utter *abandon* to the pleasures of sense ; and the sports of the day force themselves more prominently upon public notice. From local causes, most men, and women too, see some races besides the Cup at Ascot. Thousands at Epsom never see a horse, excepting the jaded cattle that drag them back wearied to their homes. Broken glass is in less profusion, and incapable postboys fewer, and, oh ! considerations of safety ! further between. Distance cannot be accomplished but by relays, and few costermongers enjoy a change of horses on the road. Vanity Fair assumes a more graceful aspect within reach of royalty, and if it furnishes less excitement, Ascot leaves fewer stings behind.

Goodwood presents us with no marks for criticism. If Boccaccio could have sung, and Watteau could have painted, horseflesh, we would have sent him to the hills of Goodwood for his lesson. It is there only that we can forget that on the left-hand side of the Stand is a clamorous throng of thirsting mendicants. What peace, what beauty, what harmony ! Beneath the shadows of those beautiful trees, on a lawn dry with the warmth of a whole summer, and soft with a verdure entirely its own, there seems to be spread one universal pic-nic. Racing !—heaven save the mark ! Who ever thinks of such a thing, excepting that vast throng which I reserve for future mention, and which here condescends to mingle some pleasure with its severer duties. Noise, dirt, dust, and champagne fail on the Derby Day to extract aught but a sigh of regret from the speculator. Ascot enjoys her own without alloy ; but Goodwood infuses into the hardest crust of self-interest some sort of sentiment for its beauties, apart from professional attendance. Pandemonium feels the influence of its graces. The London season is over, and Goodwood looks like the first step back to the innocence of rural life. We have left the metropolis far behind, and few are hardy enough to have brought its demoralizing tendencies on to the Sussex downs. There is a semblance of goodness, at all events, in a people who can enjoy their luncheon *al fresco*. Dress yourself well, behave yourself decently, and you may eat with the Duchess of A——, and share the somewhat spacious table of the Countess of B——. You are under the same bright blue canopy ; the same glorious foliage is your curtain : fear not to bask in the same sunlight. I hope it may make you happier—it ought to make you a better man. Goodwood, that is to say the right-hand side of the Stand, always quiets my conscience. If Ascot is a lady's race-course, childhood itself might play about the lawn at Goodwood. If vice is more dangerous as it loses

its coarseness, Goodwood, if vicious, must be perilous in the extreme. The syrens who lured Ulysses would have led him directly to his fate. Their very charms and embraces were what he had to fear. That race-course never leads me beyond a speculation on primæval innocence, and its beauties shut the door to an entrance on its less healthy enjoyments.

Thus three of the greatest meetings in England are made up of a society which, in the main, cares nothing or little about the ostensible sport. There is an enormous element in England of speculation, and the race-course gives the pleasantest, easiest, and readiest return for the outlay. But no man, unless prejudiced in its favour, would give it the preference at either of the three great Southern Meetings of the year. It might be a question as to how far the southerners are influenced, as a people, by the race-course at all; and whether the crowd would be smaller or the dissipation less, if any other announcement were made by the officials than a Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, to be run for by three-year olds, distance one mile and a half. Anything in the world that man can render fashionable may be made certainly to bring together a mixed crowd of well-dressed people to a spot like Ascot Heath; and even a Volunteer review and a sham fight created ten times the attention, and brought together a greater crowd of respectable persons, than Brighton races. As to Goodwood, the predominant feature has no more to do with racing than the Lords of the Admiralty have to do with fighting. It is a mere adjournment of the aristocracy from their summer quarters, with a rest on the road, before they dive into temporary obscurity for the autumn; and its outskirts are made up of the more wealthy and respectable of the middle classes, who, very naturally, like the opportunity of seeing and being seen. There is not a bazaar in the country, if fashionably conducted, and having a good strong religious element at the bottom (that is a great point with us all), that will not bring together precisely the same people, and, taking into consideration the absence of pigeon-pies and iced champagne, in quite as great numbers.

But if there were anything to add to the pleasures of this latter meeting, it might be found in the simple viridity of the country people who assemble to see the 'foine folks' on the Sussex hills. We cannot say that in these days of progress there still remain the scarlet neckcloth, white smock-frock, and hobnailed boots of Hodge: these, like Virgil's mariners, are 'nantes in gurgite rari.' The labourer has his beard and his broad cloth, and an ungainly beast he looks in his Sunday clothes. But there are to be seen the Sussex farmers with their handsome daughters, laughing and flirting outside of the rails: remnants, it is true, of a generation now passing away, with their drab breeches and mahogany-topped boots. There are the quiet, acute tradesmen of the small towns on the coasts, who usually have a pound or two upon something for the Cup; while the rural population inspects the company through the iron railings, and points out the celebrities that have arrived from the Duke's, from

Bognor, Chichester, and the houses in the vicinity. Along the line, too, Paterfamilias in the family barouche, somewhat lower down, brings the whole of his party, foregoing the additional expense of a Stand ticket for each, and quite sure of a pleasant visit from his neighbours, who have known where to find him any time these thirty years.

All this is excitement, and a great deal of it pleasure—real, substantial pleasure, made up of sunshine, gay bonnets, and feasting; but it has nothing to do with racing, which appears to go on in spite of a dead set against it. If anybody will compare with this the northern Tyke, with his cunning, leary look, and his hands in his pocket, not for show, but to see that nothing gets out of it without his knowledge: if any one will see him examining the horses with a critical eye, and watch the visible interest he really takes in the day's proceedings, he will pronounce Doncaster and York, notwithstanding their fashion and provincial grandeur, to be far more of race-courses than any in the south. Every Englishman is a gambler; almost every man is a speculator; all the chances of life and its most important events are the subjects of as much calculation as a betting book; but the Yorkshireman is a gambler upon horse-flesh. The veriest yokel cannot resist the temptation of a 'stable' or the seductions of 'private information'; and his half-crown follows in the wake of his convictions, as naturally as his master's team succeeds to his master's horses. Even the northern aristocracy, though they have forgotten something of their former state, their carriages and four and their outriders, have not forgotten their enthusiastic admiration of the Turf; and there is more heart follows the fortunes of the Leger and the 'Coop' in one year, than is invested on the southern courses during a quarter of a century.

But if pleasure has its votaries, to the exclusion of sport, at Epsom, Ascot, or Goodwood, there is a place which for true love of racing beats the world. It is not for the instruction of Admiral Rous and the racing world that I suggest Newmarket, the headquarters of the Turf, as fulfilling every condition of our national pastime. I fear no contradiction when I say that there alone is to be seen, in all its beauty and vigour, the full development of that sport which has gained for Englishmen a prestige which the woful errors of the system have not yet shaken. Foreigners may wonder at the crowds, the eccentricities, the vulgarities of a Derby, as parts of a saturnalia which they cannot comprehend; or they may admire, in the beauties of Ascot and Goodwood, an extension of continental notions on the same point; but they must see Newmarket fully to understand an Englishman's sentiments on the subject of horse-racing. The most beautiful sight in the world to a lover of the animal is to be found on a fine spring morning on the ground called the Lime Kilns, and the most attractive to the speculator in the afternoon on the other side of the town. Miles of magnificent turf, unimpeded by trees or habitation of man, stretch before him, marked only by the different courses and the place known as the Ring.

Carriages are counted by tens, hacks by hundreds. Bleak and barren, it is no holiday love-making scene, but a severe trial in a north-easter, recompensed by the very best and fullest enjoyment of a race. Then comes a gallop back to the Ring, when nothing but business is the order of the day. Your pleasure-seeker may go elsewhere. The few carriages which draw up in its neighbourhood between the races keep their commissioners in full occupation; and the lovely women on horseback are those of the *haute volée*, who share with their lords the pains and pleasures of their taste. Others, if there, sink into the profundity of an abyss, compared to which the hill at Epsom is positive celebrity. Men who want to bet can do so in comfort; men who want to see the horses are neither jostled nor insulted. A glass or two of sherry and a biscuit or sandwich give a rational relief to the calls of hunger. If it snows, or hails, or rains; if the sun broils or the wind blows, there is no shelter, no escape. You must bear it—grin, if you like—but you came to Newmarket for racing, and that you can have. You may be ridden over, too; but that is your own fault. A hack or a fly is indispensable. You can see the start or the finish; and you will be able to do anything you like in the way of a book at the market-price; but you will find neither sticks to throw at, booths in which to drink, gipsies, Aunt Sallys, conjurors, gingerbread nuts, nor patent-leather boots. The only thing, indeed, to be found there irreconcilable with my ideas of Newmarket is Joey Jones—perhaps I ought to say his costume.

Further than this, on the subject of Newmarket Heath, I am not called upon by my subject to express myself. Many of the readers of 'Baily' know quite as much as I do about it; and my only object is to point out the peculiarities of our race-courses, and the motives which impel men to the same end. I contend that racing, so called, at Newmarket influences everybody. That business, which I assert with pain and grief racing has become, is the very soul of the place: that a man interested in the sport, and desirous of seeing the thing he professes to have in view, cannot do better than take an annual tenement in Newmarket. But I should as soon think of recommending the Houghton or the First Spring Meeting to a mere champagne and lobster-salad pretender, as I should advise an empty house in Capel Court for a bachelor's ball. Let them stick to the Derby, or Ascot, or Goodwood, according to their circumstances and tastes: they may be happy in the exhilarating pleasure which each offers in its peculiar form, and may fancy they have been racing. There are men racing at all three; and a very pretty exhibition the twenty-fifth is likely to make of some of them. But these racing and betting people are mere spots on the sun, mere accidents of a Derby Day, not to be at all taken into account except at Tattersall's. The Derby is one thing, but the Derby Day is another. In the first they are all-powerful, because but for their horses and their money the affair must change its name. As to the second, the Abbot of Unreason is the presiding divinity, and feasting

and fumigation the great business of the day. St. Hubert is a quiet, orderly, rather abstemious liver; and a good digestion always presides over sport; the god of the Campus Martius and the Palæstra delights not in pastry, and abhors bottled beer; but the deities who preside over fashion and folly may build their temples on the Surrey hills, the Berkshire heath, or the Sussex downs, and the names of the worshippers will be legion. The temples on Newmarket Heath will be devoted to sport alone.

May the 25th.—The Derby is won. I, for one, regret exceedingly that the best horse has won. It would have given me infinitely more pleasure to have heard that Lord Glasgow or Lord Westmorland, or some man of approved position, should have carried off the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. However, there is an end of it. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but it seems, in this case, that a horse which has been regarded occasionally as a dead one has proved lively enough to beat the winner of the Two Thousand. That Blair Athol is an extraordinary horse there can be no doubt: and we refer our readers to the daily journals for those details which we have neither time nor inclination to furnish.

May the 27th.—I hope the British public like the performances of the French mare on the English turf. Whether this is an exhibition of native talent, or adopted from our own practices, I cannot say. I trust it may not become general; it might give racing a bad appearance in the eyes of honest men.

THE GRAND MILITARY STEEPLE-CHASES NEAR VERSAILLES.

For some weeks past placards of extraordinary colour and dimensions have been posted on the walls in and around Versailles, and in every village and town within fifty miles of Paris. The warning of Défense d'afficher, side by side with the bills, seems to have been utterly disregarded in the anxiety to give a wide notice of the above popular meeting. The programme is inviting, as well as amusing, and runs thus:—

‘Lundi de la Pentecôte 16 mai 1864, grand steeple-chase annuel ‘military (gentlemen-riders).—5,000 fr. dont 2,000 fr. offerts par ‘l’administration des haras pour tous chevaux. Entrée, 250 fr., ‘moitié forfait. Le second doublera son entrée, le troisième sauvera ‘sa mise. Poids, 70 kil. Le gagnant d’un steeple-chase de 2,500 fr. ‘portera 2 kil. de surcharge; de deux prix de cette valeur ou d’un ‘steeple-chase de 5,000 fr., 5 kil. Le gagnant d’un steeple-chase ‘de 7,500 fr. portera 7 kil. de surcharge; d’un steeple-chase de ‘cette valeur (en Angleterre) ou de 10,000 fr. et au-dessus, 10 kil. ‘Les gentlemen n’ayant jamais gagné un steeple-chase de 1,000 fr. ‘recevront une décharge de 3 kil. Distance, 6,000 mètres environ. ‘Sont admis à monter: MM. les officiers français ou étrangers

‘ en activité de service, les officiers des haras impériaux ou toute personne, sur la présentation et sous la responsabilité de deux membres du Jockey-Club de Paris ou de celui de Berlin.’

So on Monday, May 16th, the park of de la Marche, within two miles of Versailles, was thrown open to the expectant world; and long before the appointed hour, the rank, fashion, and beauty of the metropolis and its neighbourhood poured into the grounds in one continuous stream. The main road almost reminded one of a Derby Day in the olden time, so gay, and so well appointed were the equipages, and so charming were the fair occupants who came to visit this Olympic scene. There was, however, no element in the crowd at all akin to the ruffianism that marks our high meetings; no thimble-rigs, no gipsies, no gladiators, no roughs. The touts might have been equally vicious; but with a few exceptions, in which the Anglo-Saxon type of countenance could not be mistaken, the outward features did not bear that expression of low cunning and flagrant vice written in such strong letters on the face of the English ruffian. The price of admission to the grounds helped, doubtless, to sift the company: three francs ahead stared the blousers in the face, and evidently scared them: whereas, to the British public our downs are as open and free as the winds which blow over them. But in spite of the watering and culture given to the racing-tree by such men as De Morny, Lagrange, Count Talon, and even the Emperor himself, it has not as yet taken, nor is it probable that it will soon take as deep root in France as it has in our own British soil. Still, matters are mending every year; cultivation will tell—the tree will gain vigour and bring forth fruit in due season. Within the park the military uniforms of every imaginable hue and pattern, from the cocked hat of the giant Gendarmes to the turban of the square Turcos, dotted and diversified the verdant landscape so picturesquely, that one could scarcely conceive a more attractive scene. Horace Vernet would have done it justice, and so would Rosa Bonheur, if she understood the points of a thorough-bred as well as she understands those of a Normandy cart-horse.

But, to the business of the day: the course lay in a pleasant hollow meadow, fringed on all sides by extensive woodlands: near the water-jump was the pavilion of the Emperor, in which, however, he did not make his appearance; and near the winning-post no less than five grand stands were erected, from which a good view of the course could be obtained when the trees did not interfere. The jumps chiefly consisted of faggots stuck on end with squire-traps on the off-side, into which many a horse and its rider fell incontinently.

In the first race, termed ‘The Grand Steeple-chase Annuel Military Gentlemen Riders,’ five horses started. One soon came to grief; and the rest, hanging together, took their several jumps steadily until the last round, when the pace improved, and L’Africain, M. Vaillant’s horse, admirably ridden by Lieut. Roques, went ahead and won cleverly by two lengths. Our old friend Yaller Gal

was second, and the Vicomte de Namur's horse, The Colonel, third. The second race, a handicap, was won by Comte d'Osmont's Amaranthe, beating Latakia by four lengths.

For the third and last race no less than nine horses started, five of which were soon placed *hors-de-combat*: the other four fought out the battle gallantly; it was, however, won by Vicomte de Merlemont, who rode his own mare, Miss Margaret, in very spirited style.

The sport was fair and the weather charming; flower-girls did duty for the gipsies, not by offering cards of the races, but bouquets of beautiful flowers. Ladies in fashionable carriages and very fashionable attire, with an extensive male acquaintance, fluttered gaily in the park; champagne flowed in streams; 'Bordeaux, Madeira, and cakes' was the only cry, save that of the horses, that disturbed the ear; and altogether the races at La Marche proved to be a most delightful holiday.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER IV.

WHETHER it was the pleasant, smiling, neat-looking hostess that induced our travellers to adopt the Hotel Paoli as their head-quarters during their stay at Corte, or the high respect they felt for the great patriot's name that figured so conspicuously over the entrance door, it is hardly worth while now to inquire; suffice it to say, Madame Fiore's comely person and trim appearance were true indications of the comfort within. The beds were fresh, the linen white, and the table well supplied, if not with luxuries, at least with excellent food; in fact, the whole *ménage* was unexceptionable. From the isolation of Corte the difficulty of obtaining the mere necessities of life had been so exaggerated at Ajaccio that our friends, fully prepared for the worst, were agreeably surprised to find not only fair accommodation at the Hotel Paoli, but ample stores in the town for the supply of all customers.

To call on General de Leseleuc, the military governor of Corte, and to present his letters of introduction, was the first duty to which Pendril devoted himself on the following day. At his particular request, both Temple and M. Tennyson accompanied him to the citadel, while Will sallied forth with the dogs in the direction of the Tavignano for the purpose, as he said, of giving them a swim in that limpid stream. The citadel overhangs the town, and seems to watch over its safety as an eagle over her brood of young; and the idea of clambering to an eyrie not unfrequently crossed our friends' minds as they mounted the steep street and rugged path leading to its walls. This fortress is veritably founded on a rock, and is said to have been built by Vincentello d'Istria in the fourteenth century. But, whatever may be its early history, it still bears on its battered

front the record of hard times and the scars of many a fierce fray. Tales of surpassing interest are told in Corsica of the battles fought on every yard of ground within and without these walls by the patriots on one side and the Genoese on the other. To an ordinary beholder it would appear to be impregnable; it has, however, been taken and re-taken by slow siege, by storm, and by treachery; but more frequently by the last than by any other means.

As the gentlemen entered the room which the General was accustomed to occupy for the transaction of business, they found him seated at the end of a long table covered with papers, books, and maps, in the examination of which he and several officers seemed at that moment to be fully occupied. Two orderlies stood at the door waiting his commands, while a secretary on his left hand was busily engaged in transcribing a letter, the substance of which the General dictated aloud. 'Tell him,' said he, before he perceived the entrance of our friends or their cards, which had preceded them, 'that he shall have a troop of picked gendarmes for the service, and 'that if they don't capture Galofaro alive or dead, they shall be tried 'every man of them by a court-martial.'

As he spoke out with much energy and clear enunciation every word rivetted the attention of his visitors before they could advance sufficiently near to apprise him of their immediate presence.

However, in another instant his eye caught Pendril's, and, rapidly scanning him and his companions, he arose at once and saluted them in the most friendly and cordial manner.

'You are welcome,' said he, 'gentlemen hunters, to the land of 'the mouflon; and if you carry, as I've no doubt you do, the straight 'powder for which England is so famous, you will find plenty of 'sport in these rugged mountains. An express received last night 'from Monsieur the Préfet of Ajaccio apprises us, among other 'things, of the object of your visit to Corsica. But I believe you. 'bring an especial letter from my good friend on the subject,' he added, pointedly addressing Pendril.

'I have that honour, General,' said Pendril with a respectful bow, as he placed the letter in his hands; but he felt, at the same time, a little puzzled to account for the readiness with which the General pitched on him as the bearer of the letter. The General, however, did not keep him long in suspense.

'Your identity, Mr. Pendril,' said he, 'needs no written credentials for me; not only your name, but every feature of your face 'reminds me of your father so strongly that I can scarcely believe 'forty years have elapsed since I last enjoyed his boundless hospitality——'

'I am proud to be thought like so good a man, General; but permit 'me to inquire what fortune brought you into each other's 'company?'

'The fortune of war, sir; I was a prisoner at Wincanton for five 'years. Your father was then a Captain in the D—— militia, and 'guarded us so vigilantly that, whenever he went on short leave to

‘his country-house, he generally managed to take one of his prisoners with him—a dangerous experiment for both, it must be owned;—nevertheless, many’s the happy hour I’ve spent at Goodwell, hunting, shooting, or fishing every day in the week; but for my country, sir, I could have wished that such captivity had never ceased; and now tell me what can I do to serve my old friend’s son?’

Before Pendril could express his thanks or surprise at this unexpected announcement, and before he could find words to confirm the accuracy of the General’s slap-dash assumption that Paul Pendril of Goodwell was indeed his father, the General brought the conversation to a close by saying:

‘But pray come and dine with me to-day, you and your two friends punctually at six: I have now a little business on hand, a mere bagatelle, it is true, but it requires immediate attention; when that is arranged I shall have ample time for the enjoyment of your society.’

The General’s invitation was, of course, tantamount to a command; but the kindly manner in which it was made drew at once from Pendril and Tennyson a prompt and hearty acceptance; Temple, however, bowed his assent with a cold reserve, which Pendril thought the keen eye of the General could not fail to detect. They then withdrew from the citadel.

In three hours from that time Temple was on the high road for Ajaccio; and, as Tennyson and Pendril had been for some time conscious that their society was anything but courted by him, they had strolled out together in search of Will, leaving Temple in his room, apparently engaged in letter-writing. The torrent of the Tavignano attracted them irresistibly to its banks; and, although in tranquil condition, it reminded Pendril not a little of the wild Garry; it now tumbled along, however, gently humming its summer song, while echo slumbered in the rocks, and the peace of the valley was as yet undisturbed. Pendril could fancy himself hooking a twenty-pound salmon and guiding him, as well as the huge granite boulders would permit, from one pool into another, until after many fierce flings, and many a sharp struggle for life, he kicks himself high and dry upon the sandy shore. While this pleasant picture was presenting itself for a moment to Pendril’s imagination, the well-known sound of Charon’s note suddenly rung on his ear; the hound, too, was doubling his tongue and evidently running on moved game.

‘What on earth can that mean, Tennyson?’ said he. ‘If the old vagabond has got upon a deer it will cost us some trouble to recover him; let’s get on and see what he is about.’

A few short notes, however, as if the hound was at mark, soon convinced Pendril it was no deer; so, waiting for Tennyson, who was scrambling after him through the dense scrub and over masses of granite with infinite discomfort to his battered shins, he gave a rattling cheer to the good hound, and then listened with all his ears for his next note. Again, it was a deep short roar, an unmistakeable

mark ; the hound's game was close to his nose, either at bay or at ground. Then, as they cleared a promontory of broken rocks that hung in fantastic and menacing form over the very bed of the river, they could plainly see Charon plunging into a deep pool and striking down stream with all the energy of a hound in chase.

'Have at him, my lad!' shouted Pendril with as wild and cheering a note as ever was heard on that river; 'by St. Hubert, it's an otter, and the old hound is working him bravely. Oh, for six or eight more couples to join chorus! what exquisite harmony we should have in this hollow ravine! But, as that cannot be, let us hasten to the scene of action and see how nobly the old hound can work him single-handed.'

So down they hastened towards the river, and there a sight greeted them which, as Pendril said, made his bones shiver with delight. At the very tail of the pool in which Charon was so actively engaged, stood Will in mid-channel, up to his coat-tails in water. No heron ever gazed more intently into the sparkling shallows than Will into the depths of that rushing tide. The otter did not dare to pass him; for every time he attempted to do so Will brandished a long stick, and lunged at him so fiercely that he was glad to turn tail and escape again into the pool above. There Charon took up the running, and by his close pursuit and fiery ardour kept the otter perpetually on the strain. Then, as the bubbles rose and glistened on the surface like a string of pearls, Pendril perceived the animal must land soon or inevitably be drowned. In vain he sought the lowest depths of the Tavignano; in vain the darkest nooks of the granite shore; Charon was hard at him at every turn: the only spot, indeed, in the whole pool, from which the hound could not readily dislodge him, was under the arch of a tiny cascade formed by an overhanging boulder. Behind this transparent screen he managed to keep his head above water and to catch fresh wind; but it was only a short respite; for, ever as the hound discovered him, he dashed through the spray and drove him headlong into the depths below.

Tennyson was in ecstasies; he had never yet seen an otter-hunt; and it was with some difficulty that Pendril dissuaded him from jumping in and joining Will in the shallow. Wildfire and the two spaniels sat motionless on a rock hard by, watching every move in the game, and ready, if the otter landed, to chase and worry him to the death.

'We've been at him for an hour and a half,' cried Will to his master; 'and brought him a mile down stream before I could head him in this pool; and now, sir, he'll beat us after all if you don't get in and keep him away from that fall.'

'That's just what I'm about to do,' shouted Pendril; and suiting the action to the word, he plunged waist-deep into the tide within arms' length of the boiling cascade. The otter, finding that point no longer tenable, landed at once in the very face of his enemy, and sought the jungle in precipitous flight. Now then, Wildfire, the turn you have so patiently waited for has come at last! and away he goes,

like a bolt from a cross-bow, head-foremost into the thicket; and away goes Charon on the line, spaniels and all, in mad pursuit; such a storm at his heels never yet followed that otter. But the wild cry that scared the valley was not that of the hounds alone: five or six French soldiers, and as many Corsican peasants, had joined the pack, and raised such a din as might have been heard at High Olympus. Notwithstanding, the otter did not escape; Charon was too steady on his line to be baffled by the hubbub, and, with a terrible purpose, was running for blood. Suddenly, however, the cry ceased, a deadly tussle ensued, and in a few minutes the otter rolled lifeless in the dust. Poor Brush yelped a sad requiem over his remains, he had lost nearly half an ear in the fray; and Wildfire's leg was so wounded, luckily above the knee-joint, that he hobbled about on three legs for the whole of that day.

On their return towards the suburbs of Corte, after this lively and exhilarating bit of sport, Pendril and Tennyson had but one regret, and that was that Temple had not been present to share it. 'Had he but seen,' said Pendril, 'the old hound in the pool, and heard that thrilling note of his every time he fresh-marked the otter, it might possibly have diverted his thoughts, at least for a time, from the all-engrossing passion which now rules him, body and soul.'

'It certainly has been a charming *divertissement*,' said Tennyson, 'and must have delighted Temple had he been there to see it: but its impression on him would have been as lasting as that of the summer wind on the waving corn.'

'At all events he will have a stirring time of it for the next month; the mouton are shy, and the gorges of Monte Rotondo deep and declivitous; and if he follow the game like a man over that country, the occupation will need his best energy. Reverie is the oil that feeds the fire—the current that keeps the mill going; exclude the supply by active and wholesome work, and you will soon check the flame and bring the machinery to a dead standstill.'

As the party approached the Hotel Paoli, Madame Fiore stood at the threshold, apparently awaiting their return. Bland and profuse were the words of greeting with which the comely hostess received her guests; but Pendril could not help remarking, as she handed him Temple's note, that something had occurred to disturb the usual bright and happy expression of her pleasant face.

'Mr. Temple,' she said, 'requested me to give you this note, and at the same time informed me his bedchamber would be no longer required. I should grieve to hear that he did not find my house comfortable: he came, as I understood, for a month, and has left in a day; my guests, in general, reverse this proceeding, by coming for a day and staying a month. It is my pleasure, as well as my interest, to maintain the character of the great name by which my hotel is known; and this can only be done by making my guests happy.'

While the fair hostess was proceeding, with some volubility, to

descant on the great and hospitable character of Pascal Paoli, Pendril tore open the envelope, and, with profound surprise and vexation, read the following note :—

‘ DEAR PENDRIL,

‘ On the old principle that all stratagems are fair in love and war, you will, I am sure, have no objection to endorse my departure with a *béne decessit*. I would gladly have gone to the front with you ; but, as I am bound to own, a stronger fancy for game in the rear drags me in an opposite direction. I have little compunction in falling back and deserting the mouslon for sport at present more congenial to my taste.

‘ If you write to your people, have the goodness not to include my name in the correspondence ; for, I need scarcely say, that letters received at Goodwell travel from the Hall to the Rectory, and from the Rectory to the Hall with telegraphic rapidity. My father’s views sometimes clash with mine, and then there’s a row ; a result that usually leads to homilies and other less convenient inflictions.

‘ If any letters arrive for me, pray forward them to the hotel at Ajaccio, from which point I hope to join you on your return to England. Commend me to Tennyson, and say all that is proper to the General on my account : he really seems one of whom it might be said, *Janua patet, cor magis*.

‘ Ever yours,

‘ GODFREY TEMPLE.’

‘ Poor fellow !’ cried Pendril, gravely, as he folded up the cool note ; ‘ this is a sad step indeed ! Would that my influence had been more successful, and his temptation less potent ! Passion, however, has prevailed over reason, and trampled out the spark of light in his better nature,—a tyrant inexorable as Pluto, and cruel as the vulture that fed on the vitals of Prometheus. Can nothing be done to rescue him from this impending evil ? I’ll consult the General ; and what cannot be effected by my counsel, may be controlled by his power.’

So, strong in this resolve, he turned to the fair hostess, over whose brow the cloud of disappointment was still hanging, and expressed a cheering hope that it would not be long ere Temple was back again in his comfortable quarters at the Hotel Paoli ; a reassurance which soon brought out the sunny smile on her bright face again.

While Pendril and Tennyson were engaged in dressing themselves for dinner, Will was amusing himself and a large party of admiring peasants by stripping off the otter’s skin, which he managed to do in the most adroit manner. The animal hung in an open doorway, by a strong hook, firmly fixed into the inside of his upper jaw. With the aid of a sharp knife, the lips first, and then the skin of the head were inverted and drawn back, until the whole body, up to the very tip of the tail, passed through the mouth ; by which process, as Will

demonstrated, the valuable skin was obtained 'as sound as a new 'glove.' Poor Brush, too, no longer of merry mood, but apparently anticipating with downcast looks the fate that awaited him, was coupled up to a post to undergo a sharp operation at Will's hands. After carefully rounding off the jagged edge of the dog's ear with a sharp scissors, Will's tender mercies had well-nigh mastered him, as he proceeded to apply the cruel red-hot iron to the bleeding wound. However, it was soon done; and then, remembering that, under the frizzled and hard cicatrix formed by the actual cautery, the ear would thenceforth be case-hardened against gangrene and thorns, Will's conscience was quickly reconciled to the severe but useful operation. As to Wildfire's wound, it was wisely left to the sole care of his own tongue, which, by its cleansing and therapeutic power, soon effected a perfect cure. 'The dog wants no doctor,' said Will, 'if he can only reach the wound with his own tongue;' and then he proceeded to moralize, and to draw between the hound's tongue and that of the human being a comparison by no means flattering to the latter. 'St. Paul was quite right when he called 'it an "unruly member:"' even a dog's will heal a sore; but the 'too frequent use of a man's tongue is to rip it up.'

Before we follow Temple to the banks of the Gravone, and reveal the delirium of love, which led him in a state of moral blindness to the very brink of a precipice, let us accompany our two friends to the General's private residence, and bear testimony to the cordial welcome they received from their gallant and genial host. He regretted, he said, Temple's sudden departure for Ajaccio (Pendril had assigned no reason for it), but hoped soon to see him again at Corte.

General de Leseleuc was not only a commander of high reputation in the French army, but had gained, by his courteous bearing and straightforward policy in diplomatic service, the respect and esteem of many a foreign potentate. At that very time he was expecting, and soon after received, the highest military honour which his king could confer on him, namely, that of a Marshal's bâton. A perfect blaze of orders, among which those of his own country were not the least conspicuous, decorated the veteran's breast as he sat at the head of his table, and did its honours with the ease, suavity, and dignity of a thorough gentleman.

The banquet, consisting of a great variety of dishes, the names of which are scarcely to be found by a reference even to Véfour's carte or that of the Trois Frères, boasted of one, however, a *pièce de résistance* to which the General invited his guests' particular attention. This was nothing more nor less than a glorious haunch of mouflon venison, roasted *à merveille*, and served up with a delicate sweet sauce, indicating the highest flight of culinary art.

'That mouflon,' said the General, 'was killed by my piqueur, 'after a chase which lasted two days, in the forest of Asco. A wild 'thyme of peculiar sweetness grows on the porphyry cliffs of Monte 'Cinto, and imparts a fine flavour to the mouflon of that district.

‘In the absence of roast beef and Southdown mutton,’ continued he, jokingly, ‘you, M. Pendril, may find a fair substitute in our wild mouflon ; so pray let me help you.’

Pendril’s appreciation of a substantial dish was equal to that of his countrymen in general ; and he frequently maintained that a handsome, well-fed joint, smoking on the board, and suggesting a land of plenty, gratified the eye and the anticipation almost as much as the palate itself. Besides, he rather liked to know what food he was eating, a point of information not always attainable when an Englishman dines on the wrong side of his herring-pool ; so he readily exchanged his empty plate for that proffered by the General.

‘Worthy of the gods, General ! The Hampshire downs never fed mutton equal to this ; in fact, it resembles in flavour the Castle-hill venison, but is far superior even to it in the juicy and fine quality of its fibre.’

‘We always dignify it,’ replied the General, ‘with the title of venison, inasmuch as it is the meat of a wild animal, bearing a far stronger affinity in habits, if not in appearance, to the chamois and red-deer, than to any breed of sheep known.’

‘The argali of the Caucasus is own brother to the mouflon,’ said Tennyson ; ‘but, strange to say, the Cossacks and Calmucks have the bad taste to despise the meat of that mountain sheep, and to value it for its skin and fleece alone : indeed, the carcass of their domestic sheep is rarely eaten, and is usually considered by them as unfit for human food.’

‘The same in Spain,’ said General de Leseleuc. ‘Your grandee would as soon dine on a boiled donkey, or a raw sausage, as on one of his own choice merinos ; and even the poorest Spaniard prefers a dinner of herbs, stewed in oil, to the best mutton that his land produces.’

‘The weight of this haunch must have been at least twenty-eight pounds before it was cooked,’ remarked Pendril ; ‘a good size for that of a well-fed fallow-deer. Have you any notion of the animal’s age, General ?’

‘He must have been more than four years old, by his full mouth ; but to judge by the rings at the base of his magnificent horns, I believe him to have been at least six or seven.’

Then the conversation fell on the best district for hunting the mouflon. An officer present, Captain de Grenier, who as yet, according to the General, had earned far more glory on the mountain-top than in the military camp, pronounced strongly in favour of the forests south of Monte Rotondo, in the gorges of which might be found the oldest and the fattest mouflon of the island. ‘Besides,’ added he, ‘by going into that district you penetrate the chain of mountains known by the names of Punta della Capella, Monte d’Oro, and dell Incudine, the most inaccessible and the least disturbed ground frequented by the mouflon.’

‘A grand, wild country certainly, and abounding with game,’ replied the General ; ‘but how can you carry on a campaign, which

'is no child's play, at such a distance from your base?. The peasant's lone cot, or the yet more miserable hut of the goatherd, are the sole tenements of man in that desolate region; and they, you need scarcely be told, are utterly insufficient for even your necessary wants and accommodation. I quite understand your intention of roughing it; but after labour—and such labour as yours will be—you must have rest and good food, or the mouflon will soon be the victors. Four bare walls, with a single aperture to let you and the light in, and the smoke out, will try your mettle, gentlemen; and as for the fare, chiefly a coarse chestnut bread, and a sup of goat's milk, it would puzzle an Esquimaux and his dog to subsist on it after a hard day's chase.'

'We have enlisted Madame Fióre's good services in our behalf,' said Pendril; 'she has undertaken to send daily provisions to any given spot within ten leagues of Corte. Then we carry a small tent with us, which, so far as it goes, will serve us for rest and shelter.'

'But one tent is not sufficient,' observed the General; 'you must take a second of larger dimensions; you shall have one of mine which has a curtain-partition and two tressle-beds in it: this will at least afford you and M. Tennyson clean quarters, and, by bringing you together, will probably protect you against the intrusion of a couple of brigands who have long infested that district.'

'A thousand thanks, General; it would be a home in the wilderness for us; but how can so spacious a tent with its paraphernalia be conveyed to a region so rugged and devoid, as you say, of everything in the shape of a road, except a mere bridle-path?'

'Easily enough, on the back of one of our ambulance horses. Leave that to me; I'll undertake to send it to any point reached by Madame Fióre's provisions. Then, you shall have my piqueur, a mouflon-hunter from his birth. There is not a brooklet that tumbles into the Tavignano or the Restonica, which old Piero has not traversed to its source; so you can depend on his knowledge of the country, and, what is of still greater use, his knowledge of the wild animals' habits, as well.'

'He will be a great acquisition, General, I feel sure; still I scarcely like to accept your kind offer, lest I should deprive you of his services.'

'Oh, never mind that; if I take the field, which I hope to do some day in your company, I will adopt de Grenier in the double capacity of piqueur and aide-de-camp: what say you, my captain?'

'That I should like to live and die in such service; the camp in the forest has far more charms for me than the dull routine of garrison duty.'

'Fulfil your duty, de Grenier, to the utmost of your ability, whatever that duty may be; and then, depend upon it, your enjoyment of life, either in the forest or elsewhere, will be increased a thousand-fold.'

As no one seemed disposed to question the soundness of the General's doctrine, nor to doubt for one moment that he had practised it himself in all its comprehensiveness, de Grenier again drew Pendril's attention to the ravines lying south of Monte Rotondo, the numerous torrents of which feed the foaming Restonica, and pointed out the advantage of the narrow gorges over those of a wider character; and from the minute manner in which he entered into details respecting the nature of the country and the mode of pursuit best calculated to insure success, it was evident he had devoted no little time and observation to the engrossing subject.

Pendril and Tennyson, therefore, were by no means slack in booking the hints which this keen forester so readily bestowed on them; and when he had unfolded a small pocket map of the district, and marked out certain central points around which they were recommended to revolve, he handed the map to Pendril, and begged his acceptance of it as a small token of regard from a brother hunter. A more useful gift could scarcely have been made, for as it was a transcript from the government military map reduced by de Grenier's own hands, its accuracy was complete. The chase of the mouflon in these mountains, thought Pendril, must be no mean training for the sterner duties of a soldier's life; and if his profession calls him to hunt the wild Kabyl in the gorges of the Atlas range, who so likely to distinguish himself in the fierce pursuit and deadly encounter, who to detect and circumvent the panther-like approach of the wily savage, as the man whose powers of mind and body have been already invigorated and sharpened by the severe but welcome lesson taught by the mountain chase?

The great Duke of Wellington was wont to say that the hunting-field was a fine school for a soldier; Sir Hussey Vivian was a notable example; and the name of General Graham, who at forty years of age first adopted the military profession, and whose conduct in the Peninsula afterwards shed so glorious a lustre on the victories of the British armies, was another of the many instances to which he alluded in confirmation of that opinion. An ardent sportsman from his youth, General Graham had acquired his tactics on the mountain-side; and so well had he studied the game of 'mimic war,' on his own wild hills, before he engaged in that of giants in a foreign land, that Napier, speaking of the battle of Barrosa, pays the following tribute to his character as a general in these glowing words: 'The contemptible feebleness of Lapena furnished a surprising contrast to the heroic vigour of Graham, whose attack was an inspiration rather than a resolution,—so wise, so sudden was the decision,—so swift, so conclusive was the execution.'

The merits of the forests situated on the west side of Corte were then freely discussed; but the sources of the Golo in the region of Monte Tavolato seemed to be so little known by the majority of the officers present that the General strongly recommended our friends to adopt de Grenier's plan, and to bivouac in the valleys lying on the right bank of the Restonica. Accordingly it was finally arranged

that on the following morning the expedition should start, under Piero's escort, up the gorge of that river ; that ' the corporal ' bearing the smaller tent, and a mule the larger one provided by the General, should be accompanied by Madame Fióre's provisions and ascend to the very outskirts of the highest beechen forest.

In deference, perhaps, to English habits, the pleasant little dinner-party did not break up with the usual post-prandial *déspatch*, but sat on to a late hour, the General and Pendril chatting of old times at Goodwell and of days with Newton Fellowes, John Ward, and Farquharson, when the countries of those heroes of the chase were enlivened by the spirits of such men as Billy Butler, Yeatman, Harry Biggs, and young John Russell, the last even then distinguished for his superior knowledge in all matters relating to sylvan craft.

Tennyson, on the other hand, was looking to the future, being attentively employed in listening to the stirring tales of the forest which de Grenier recounted, and in gleanings from them such local information as might be useful to the hunting party. When the 'good-night' at length came, de Grenier in an audible whisper, intended for the ears of the General, expressed his belief to the parting guests that in all probability he should drop in upon them before many days were past.

The General, however, thought otherwise, and put an extinguisher at once upon that hope : ' To-morrow,' said he, ' Capt. de Grenier goes on special service to the Gravone, by which duty he will gain more profit, though perhaps less glory, than in pursuit of the wild 'mouflon.' There was a dash of sarcasm unusual to the General in that last observation ; but it really referred to the *service* in which de Grenier was to be employed, and not to any doubt as to the readiness and ability of that officer to undertake and execute any order entrusted to him by his General. In reality, de Grenier was an especial favourite of his ; the old feeling of ' *simile simili gaudet* ' influenced his heart ; and no one knew better than he did, that, if de Grenier were required to head a charge or storm a breach in the very teeth of the enemy, it would be done with a chivalrous intrepidity worthy of the days of ancient Sparta. Still his devotion to the chase exceeded all other considerations ; and, although the ordinary duties of his military profession were never left unfulfilled, yet was he prone to regard them as a kind of collar-work from which it was unmanly to flinch, or even as a penance imposed on him for the unbounded licence he took in the enjoyment of the chase, to which he gave his whole soul. The General thought it prudent, now and then, to put on the drag, and to restrain the impetuosity of his aide-de-camp's temper by special service, the nature of which might or might not be in strict accordance with that code which regulated the duties of a French soldier. On this occasion it certainly was a wide departure from it. But besides the salutary check on de Grenier, who, like many a man, was a poor judge of his own pace, the General had other good reasons for appointing him to a command

which required hardihood, quickness of thought, and the activity of a mountain-cat. De Grenier was the very man for the post; but it can scarcely be said he was flattered by the confidence with which, in this case, the General seemed disposed to honour him; no, he rather winced at the idea of being turned into a detective and sent to capture a mere smuggler and his cut-throat crew. If his prey was to be man he had no objection to a regular campaign; but to track and waylay a buccaneer, a pirate at sea and a bandit ashore, such as Galofaro was known to be, he could not reconcile that service with his own notions of military duty. His proud spirit chafed at the appointment; better a thousand times be summoned to a wolf-hunt by the Maire of one's commune, thought he, than be sent at the request of a cursed Préfect on such a mission as this. And, afterwards, doubly bitter was the draught proffered to his lips as, on his pillow, his fancy pictured the pleasant expedition now about to start in pursuit of forest game; he saw a noble-headed mouflon standing aloft on guard, and watching over the safety of a little herd that fed securely in the gorge below; and he saw, in his rear, Pendril on his hands and knees, winding up to him like a Red Indian through the tufts of grass and blocks of granite that lay between him and his prey; then, how far his imagination might have carried him it is hard to say; but at that point the sharp rattle of a kettle-drum roused him from his light slumber to the real business of the day; and in another hour he and a small troop of horsemen, lightly accoutred, swung into their saddles, and were off for the Gravone.

THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE is no time of life more enjoyable than that when a youth, emancipated from the drudgery of school, let it be called by the less euphonious name of 'the birch,' considers himself absolved from compulsory tuition—beyond the restraint of play bounds, and to be at once thrust forth '*lancé*,' as the French have it, in the bright paths of the world. With what a jolly satisfaction he throws away his round jacket for the turkey-tailed coat or shooting-jacket—to tie a loud choker, and henceforward to have a chance of the wing and a slice of the breast of the '*gallinacei*' instead of that eternal tough drumstick! It is a time of great peril; and the more of assurance, in a right sense, and of confidence that he may possess, the surer will he acquire the power of resisting improper influences, and of bearing himself right royally in the tumultuous existence in which he will be compelled to take his part. A spice of devilry is virtue in a particular phasis of action. We bear in mind that Democritus Junior, otherwise good old Robert Burton of Lindley, in Leicestershire, and of Brasenose and Christ Church, has been 'tabooed' from the pages of 'Baily;' yet it must be allowed that an excellent

and practical caution directed to the juvenile fox-hunter, on the *insanum venandi studium*, may be found in Part I. sec. 2. of that quaint and profound work, from which both Bacon and Locke, and again Byron, have so largely borrowed. And the inferior doctors in ethics are indebted to him in the same ratio that are the superior and speculative philosophers to Baruch Spinoza. Even Butler did not disdain to make use of him in his Chapter on Virtue. The 'Anatomy' is a plum-pudding of knowledge, mixed up according to the receipt—and a savoury one—of a philosophic Mrs. Beeton—

'Heraclite fleas, misero sic convenit ævo,
Nil nisi turpe vides, nil nisi triste vides.
Ride etiam, quantumque lubet, Democrite ride,
Non nisi vana vides, non nisi stulta vides.
Nunc opus est'

to relate how that our revered parent, called familiarly 'the governor,' being a friend of Mr. Canning, was persuaded by him to send us to a private tutor for a twelvemonth before going to the University, and forthwith we wended our way to the kindest and most learned preceptor that a young Etonian could have—the author of the work on 'Human Motives,' then residing a mile from Lincoln. The parsonage was within a walk of the Osbaldeston kennels, thirty miles from the Brocklesby, and twenty-five from the Belvoir kennels. Besides, that most excellent sportsman, known formerly in Leicestershire as the 'Flying Parson,' was intimate with our tutor, and became our Mentor in *les menus plaisirs*, therefore on both scores we were particularly well served. As the lady maternal of the 'Flying Parson' resided at Lincoln, and a relative of our own was located near Newark, abutting upon the Vale of Belvoir, whenever we had a few days of liberty we had always a safe fixture with the range of Lincolnshire and the cream of Leicestershire for a chevy.

All that has been lately advanced in the House of Commons by the sciolists against classical education, and against boats and cricket as school recreations, is a weak invention, and only a *réchauffé* of what had already been said by Messrs. Bright and Cobden. The 'didicisse fideliter artes' is an accomplishment that those, who are shorn of that advantage in the House of Commons, feel full well the deficiency, and become persuaded, to their cost, that the satchel with Cocker on arithmetic, and the rudiments of ledger-keeping, cannot be equivalent in value for the substratum of education to the 'Propriâ quæ maribus,' and the 'As in præsentî' of the public schools. How is it, and why is it, that clergymen—almost all of them from public schools—invariably write correct grammar, are social authorities everywhere—accomplished gentlemen welcomed by all—excellent men of business, ride well to hounds, are captains of eleven in provincial cricket matches, and would speak better, if they were admitted into the House of Commons, than all the Manchester Radicals together? It is nothing more nor less than a cantankerous envy that would bring down the superior to the inferior. Look at the hungry non-classical

visages 'auri appetentes'—that never made a pilgrimage to the 'fons Blandusiæ,' and are not 'splendidiore vitro;' and contrast them with the smiling countenances of the bucolic senators, fresh from a run over Ashby pastures, and come up on purpose to vote in favour of Eton and Horace, and boating and cricket. And they laugh at the denunciations of fun, frolic, and the games of schoolboys by the 'duffers' and the factory masters—

' Whose minds
Shape strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans—such as now chastise
Our Cobdens and our Brights, their 'prentices.'—CANNING.

And hunting is regarded at Eton as the grand pastime of an English elysium. 'Fox-hounds' had always been a prime game with the lower boys, and a run over the flat by Chalvey ditch was a favourite line of chase. One or two duckings had caused some of the boys to stay out from feverish colds, and on a Sunday when we were up in school before evening chapel to hear the programme of the ensuing week, we were duly cautioned never to transgress bounds for a fox-chase over Chalvey ditch under severe pains and penalties. The next whole holiday, after four, we were at it as a matter of course; Mother Coker's chicks backing their materialities against Cartland the birchmaker, and the chance of the switch in the library. We were well in chase, running hard from the lower end of Dorney Common on to Chalvey, when, lo! there was Keate safe enough, cocked hat and all, on his grey mare, out for a ride, in expectation, and fit for a start. He was at the gate beyond the shooting-fields bridge, lying in wait by the clump of trees near old Maguire's house, at the extremity of the gravel walk leading across the fields to Chalvey. To be whipped off was inglorious; we had a fine plough before us, with the length of a large field, and the hedge as a screen, in our favour, for we were coming across the middle ground of Chalvey flat, and the doctor had calculated upon cutting us off. Villiers being the leading hound, was the first to descry danger and to come to a check. We knew that the proper line of our fox was ahead, and to cast back would have been to class ourselves with drivelling harriers. There was a stake and bound for the first fence after the gravel walk, a bit of plough again, and then for the Chalvey Whissendine. If we got over that we were safe, as the chance of the doctor charging it was out of the question. With our second wind well recovered, and carrying a good head—farrard away—farrard—not mute, like fashionable fox-hounds, but giving tongue loyally and lavishly—farrard away! The little doctor was 'cute enough in his generation, and, although not quite a Dick Christian, had plenty of pluck. He remained patiently until we were midway and without the possibility of a retreat, and then the grey mare was called upon to do her best. It had been well for him had he been a turn more horsey, for innocent of steeple-chase ex-

perience, he left the hard gravel, and put his old mare along, up to her houghs in the plough, with a loose rein. That might have been all very well for Sam Chifney, with his peculiar finger, in the rush on Zingaree, but this was another story; yet the Carthaginian, fat as a pig, and roaring like a grampus, struggled on gamely. We were at the stake and bound, well collected, with a fast fling and over, no tailing, and properly whipped up. The sharp eye of the doctor detected a low gap in the fence and he made for it. 'Boys—stop boys—I'll flog you—I'll turn you down into the lower school'—stop—I know you all—I'll expel every one of you.' 'Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.' The grey mare plunged on, bellowing like a bull of Basan, with the doctor flogging hard and making his race, seeing that his oracular charming fared the fate of that to the deaf adder of Israel. The mare got to the gap and blundered, throwing the doctor on her neck, smashing his frontispiece, and, as they say in Devonshire, 'he blid to the nos.' Steady! now comes the still deeper plough, and we run the dry water furrow, luckily in our favour, up from the ditch, and then with a bright cheer and a run—a shooter—ha! ha! we are landed on the opposite bank, with a few splashes right and left, but out, *omnes*, and safe. On comes the enemy—the grey in grief across the deep furrow, and the doctor, red as a cardinal with passion, approaches the water. 'Whoay—whoay—whoay!'—all in vain. The snaffle bridle was useless, as it always is in difficulty, and the mare, ill-tempered by the liberal use of the whip, floundered heavily on. Not having strength or inclination to swerve, she made a half jump, went bang into the middle of the water, and breasted with a groan the opposite bank, upon which the doctor was deposited with a loud crack of his nether garments, and with his cocked hat sailing down the stream. Great was the fall.

'Your hat has got a hole in 't,
So have your breeches.'

CANNING.

'Sic transit gloria Doctoris,' whilst the peccant pack was well in the middle of the next turnip-field, with knives out and munching the said vegetable deliciously—very indigestible, granny? Ask a fourteen-year old stomach whether it cannot beat Holloway, Cockle, and the whole lot. The grand crash of the scholastic finale, like that of Fidelio, was inspiring, but the 'Tourte' bow of the orchestral fiddle was, in its fashion, like unto a birch rod, with the high-arm action of Costa for the conductor flagellant;—we caught it, and no mistake.

Our first introduction to the 'real article' of fox-hounds was at Dinsey Nook—with the hounds of Osbaldeston—a few miles from Lincoln, under the guardianship of Colonel King, the owner of Bessy Bedlam, who became responsible for our preservation. The murderer on the gibbet at the cross roads in that day was creaking in his iron framework. A hedge sparrow had built its nest, during the past season, in the skeleton jaws, and the birds were chirping gaily round their grinning home. Wildboy, by the Monson Wonder,

looked up with Tom Sebright, the first whip, at this exhilarating spectacle of civilization, and the old hound pondered perhaps on the future. The prospect of a halter as the reward for long service smacked of ingratitude; but man often does worse than that even to his best friend. The next time we saw Sebright was with the Fitzwilliam, in all the pride and glory of his successful career. Trickster, by the Belvoir Topper, was there, memorable for being the sire of Tarquin, the hound that caused Sebright to take his place amongst the Castalides line hunters, in a plaintive 'ad memoriam.'

'Tis here my favourite Tarquin lies,
Turn away, sportsmen, and wipe your eyes.'

This is true pathos, and the climax of popular sympathy for the death of the Osbaldeston patriarch, so delicately expressed in this duolinear epic, is quite affecting. The Horatian laws 'de arte,' are carried out to the very letter. 'Difficile est propriè communia dicere,'—but here we have an example of the chastest diction, and the rule, 'publica materies privati juris erit,' is made absolute. Tennyson would never make 'bowld' in any hound simile, as a pendant to the 'sea blue bird of March,' to trench upon this hallowed ground,—never!

The Monson hounds, strongly ticked, coarse, and clever in their work, served the purpose for the moment, and were the foundation of that splendid pack, for a part of which, in 1840, Osbaldeston refused a hundred and thirty-five guineas a hound. They did not satisfy his eye, and the Middleton, Vernon, Vigilant, and Vanquisher were a great acquisition in giving a fashion and a grace to the working material. In his earliest day he took for his admonitory device, 'the race of Rutland, and the nose of Yarborough;' and in his subsequent operations he kept to this proposed standard of merit with unflinching constancy. It was always a day of rejoicing when we were enabled to meet the Belvoir at Newton toll-bar, under the tutelage of the 'Flying Parson,' during the last winter of Shaw. There was the stamp and type of the thoroughbred in their every movement—Belvoir itself. Light in action, graceful, and with a symmetrical substance that might have made 'Charley Grey' mingle their graceful outlines in his passionate dreams, with the rare beauties of Mary Brandling—the famed tans raced away with a unity of action that was a security for their belonging to one family—to their having been bred carefully to answer to one standard of excellence in form and deed. We were young in years, yet even then the reality of worth was self-evident to our unpractised capacity. Early impressions are lasting. Those of a pleasing nature, more welcome in after years than any others, cling to the retina of the imagination, and 'soft as the memory of buried love,' are never forgotten, and hold their supremacy to the last. Molesworth says in one of his early essays in a review on 'The Philosophy of Sleep' by McNish, that if a child had been trained to believe the jumping backwards and forwards over a stable broomstick to be an accep-

table act of devotion to a higher power, never afterwards, despite of reason and Rugby, would he be able to regard the sacrificial besom without an inner twinge of respectful recollection. And so says our quarto edition of the infidel Lucretius that Keate gave us on leaving Eton. And our young sense of animal beauty was gratified by the sparkling elegance of the Belvoir. The impression was ineffaceable; and never has that standard of perfection been obliterated; on the contrary, it has ever governed our tastes and inclinations in the kennel department as an M. F. H.; and we could detect the Belvoir tan and gait out of a hundred. What is a sense of beauty? It is the irresistible cognition of the fitness of a thing for a required purpose; and the primary source of all beauty is form, the immediate perception of which is called by Kant the phenomenon of intuition. Distinct from the artistic wisdom of experience, it flashes in all the brightness of reality on the untutored faculty of perception, and gladdens the sensory in the earliest stage, as it does the understanding in the later period of life. We will not dive into Hogarth's 'Analysis of Beauty,' or Alison on 'The Nature and Principle of 'Taste,' but ask the simple question, founded upon an argument of Burke on 'The Sublime and Beautiful,'—whether a child, on being shown a thoroughbred horse, in the silky bloom of condition, and a worn-out cart-horse, with coarse hair and gaunt ribs and hips, would hesitate in saying which gave most pleasure to his eye? And why should this be, except by the sympathy of an intuitive perception of natural beauty?

How little did we imagine, on seeing Rockwood, that he would have been the sire of Rosamond, who was the making of our little kennel in 1825, '26, '27, and '28. He was a fine hound; and a better than his daughter Rosamond, drafted for size, being under twenty-one inches, never went into the hunting-field. We were not insensible to the merits and commanding presence of the Brocklesby Ranters, Ringwoods, Redrose, Reveller, and the descendants of that renowned sort, which were cynosures to the eye of the 'Flying Parson,'—nevertheless we remained firm in our allegiance to the Belvoir. The famous Ranter of the Yarborough kennel was bred in 1796, by Dover, out of Redrose—sister to the not less famous Ringwood; and Dover, bred in 1786, was a descendant of the Fitzwilliam Ranger. The kennel was equally indebted to Milton for Truant, son of the Fitzwilliam Traitor, and bred in 1797. The Ranters at a later day were again crossed with the Saville Rallywood, and again the Fitzwilliam Druid appears to have been of service. The Osbaldeston Ranter went back to the Brocklesby Ranter, out of a Vernon bitch, by the Monson Wonder. The 'hunt' and 'stay' of these hounds was ever remarkable, and it must be borne in mind that the Belvoir Rallywood, one of the finest stud-hounds of his time, was by Sir R. Sutton's Basilisk, out of the Yarborough Rosebud, by Rector, of the Ranter sort, from Mr. Foljambe's Piper. He came direct from Brocklesby.

We believe that Mr. Osbaldeston, known for evermore, *par ex-*

cellence, as 'the Squire,' commenced his career as a Master of Hounds in Lincolnshire. Mrs. Osbaldeston, his mother, had taken a house in Lincoln, and, profuse of hospitality and every species of entertainment, managed to vivify the old cathedral town, and make its grey-stone houses, and sombre green on the top of the steep hill, for once assume an appearance of life. The county families, with their seats scattered '*longo intervallo*,' opened their houses in the neighbourhood of the meets, and gave a zest and encouragement to the sport which materially contributed to the general enjoyment. Whether the head of a house and his belongings are or are not fox-hunters is not absolutely material; it is the public spirit with which the grand sport is upheld by one and all, even by those who are not participators in it, that gives an importance and adds an authority and value which go far to convert it into a national institution. Does not the fact of the Prince of Wales evincing a frank predilection for fox-hunting, and more—the power of crossing the country well—tend to, and has it not had the effect of popularising in a still greater degree the sport itself, and the Prince who rejoices in it? And the same argument holds good through the entire chain of the social grades, from the first to the last, from the Premier to Jerry Hawkins and Sam Laing, who join equally, and have a community of interest, then and there, in the national and exciting sport of fox-hunting. Together with racing it has found its way on the Continent, and if foreign localities are not quite calculated for its indulgence as in England, yet it has introduced a taste that will, in some shape, more or less favourable, bear its fruits. One of the few claims that 'Robin des bois' had upon the sympathies of his vivacious and unstable subjects was derived from his being fond of hunting and able to ride. The 2000*l.* that he spent in one season for drafts of the largest hounds that he could procure, were well laid out in other than a hunting sense. No surer mark, also, of an *entente cordiale*, no means more calculated to augment it could have been devised, than the visit of the Duke of Beaufort to France with his fox-hounds; and the generous cordiality of his reception was a happy earnest of the future. The success of Count Lagrange on the English Turf, and his personal popularity, are all steps in the right direction: and we may mention, last, though not least, that the Emperor is a subscriber to the English Cricket Club at Paris, and has become an honorary member.

The principal difficulty of continental hunting consists in the inveterate dislike which the petty *proprietaire* and the peasant entertain against having their ground trampled upon by a field of horses. They neither understand nor have they any gratification in the sport, and conceive that '*la grande chasse aux chiens courants*,' ought to be confined to the forests, and the legitimate object of chase to be a stag. A fox, with them, belongs, properly, to the '*chasse à fusil*,' and many a foreigner in a bygone time has come out to meet hounds in his own country with a gun slung at his back! We remember, once, in Hungary going over a fine wild waste beyond Buda-Pesth,

near Tapio Sczele, and running into the suburbs of a village, where the peasants rushed out, and seeing some of the hounds jumping over the fence into the gardens—for the fox had got into an out-house—drew their knives, and with pitchforks, fought savagely *pro aris et focis*. Many of the hounds were wounded, and the horse of one of the men was stabbed; yet the nobleman who had almost the power of life and death over his tenants was present, without saying a word; *il n'osoit pas se mêler*. A singular and lively episode, a kind of farcical entertainment, happened with these hounds as they were being brought to Vienna. The person who had charge of them judged that, as the summer sun was burning over the dry, sandy plains, it would be more agreeable to travel early in the morning, and in the cool of the afternoon. One evening, rather late, with a fine moonlight, they got into a glade of the forest, near a small stream of water, where the hares and chevreuil were just coming leisurely out to have a bite and a refreshing lap. The scent amounted to a steam. Away went the pack, in and out of couples, in every direction—impervious to a rate—now with a hare, now with a roebuck—with a rattling crash that rang through the woods, and brought back the time of the wild huntsman and his spectral hounds. Toot-toot-tooraloo-tooraloo went the horn; but that was of little purpose—the hounds were happy and had it all to themselves, going away and away, and round and round, chiefly in view, from one animal to another, for many a long hour, till the condition of the German black broth gave way, and they were fairly pumped out. The peasants of the forest were not of any assistance in effecting their recapture, and only crossed themselves in the most abject manner, thoroughly appalled—‘Miserere nostri, Domine! Ah! Jesu, Jesus Maria! misericordia!’ The hounds were got together by degrees before the next morning, and in future they were marched in couples, with a strong rope passing from the first couple on through the entire pack, like a chain-gang of galley slaves. The dryness of the atmosphere, generally, in central Europe is not favourable to a pad scent, and unless it be a wolf, or when underwood gives a side holding, the chase is reduced to short courses, affording little in the shape of legitimate sport. Those portions, however, bordering on the sea, and within the range of a salt wind, hold the best scent, and even in Italy, where the winter sun is all-absorbing, the maremma, both in the Roman and Tuscan territory, carries a sufficiency for hunting, as we may have to recount in a future page.

A young Master of Hounds, with large means, is certain to keep the ball moving, in an agreeable manner to himself and others, and it is in the matter of social distractions that lies the danger of his efficiency in the field being impaired, especially if he undertake the task of being his own huntsman. This was not the case with ‘the Squire.’ His constitution, which was one of iron, could stand any amount of fatigue, and he loved hunting for hunting’s sake, and not for riding only, with the other accessories, which to many form the principal charms. A dash of warmth and eagerness increases

the chance of success; for Locke himself tells us that nothing can be done without a tincture of enthusiasm, which in the end will overcome every obstacle, and carry us straight on the line to the finish. Early and late, in the kennel and out of it, this energetic sportsman worked at the minutiae of hunting, with a determination of mastering every detail; and how he successfully accomplished his object will be recorded in a time, perhaps, when fox-hunting, through the curse of nominal utilitarians and cotton-spinners, may belong to the past. He was fortunate in the pack that he first possessed, and in the servant that he had to assist him. The Monson hounds were of long standing in their country, large, powerful, with somewhat of lumber, of a fair pace, and undeniable in line hunting. They could do, what all hounds should be able to do—kill a fox without assistance—and their excellent working on a cold scent mainly conduced to give ‘the Squire,’ in his younger days, that knowledge of the ways of the wild animal he hunted—that patience, and perseverance, which, in after years, made him, as a gentleman huntsman, quite as capable in an indifferent as in a good country. He found his fox gaily and well, often chattering and chaffing in the most amusing manner at the same time, and his dog language was most cheery. This is not exactly a Latin and Greek accomplishment, and he was an Etonian; but let a *novus homo* at that work—albeit skilled in the ‘*θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας*’ and other tongues—try his parts of speech in the hunting-field, and prattle a little with ‘the dogs,’ and he will find himself in difficult and unbecoming latitudes. In a burst no man was more brilliant, with his eye on the leading hounds, watching, at the same time, the body of the pack—the fox-killers—making sure how far they had carried it, and at a check, encouraging them in their own efforts at recovery, with a ‘Yoi doit, good hounds,’ before catching hold of them and making his own cast. He was a most consummate judge of pace, and well knew what kind of a fox he had to deal with—the amount of dusting which he had had—when he was sinking, and the signs of it. And if the scent was not happy, no man would be steadier or more patient, giving hounds ample room to feel their own way, and not interfering with them until the dash and science of the huntsman is called upon to hold them on forward, ahead, on the line which the depending ones have indicated. A great authority has said, in ‘The Life of a Fox-hound’—‘There are foxes, and circumstances, that will beat the best huntsman that ever cheered a hound or blew a horn; but in nine cases out of ten the cause lies in not paying attention to the line hunters.’

We remember once, when these hounds had passed into the kennel of Mr. Harvey Combe, that ‘the Squire’ came down to see his old favourites at Devach Park. The scent was flashy and light, but they ran hard for a short time, and then came to cold hunting. The huntsman, wishing to get near his fox, abandoned the line, and made a wild cast at a gallop, quite at variance with the opinion of Harmony and others who held back. As the whip was going to

turn them, Osbaldeston stopped him, and with the permission of Harvey Combe, cheered them gently on the line, which they were feeling—held them steadily on, getting on better terms, and the body of the pack returning after the useless cast, they sat to and had a good hunting run with a kill. This was in the season before the arrival of Will Todd. It was an irregularity permissible by peculiar circumstances; but we shall never forget *the force* with which ‘the Squire’ gave his lecture on line hunting. It was the reverse with Assheton Smith, for many a fox that he had lost was recovered by Carter. In riding to hounds they were equally great; but as a huntsman, the superiority of Osbaldeston over ‘le grand chasseur Smit,’ was undoubted. Walking one day—years ago—into the counting-house of a well-known wine merchant at the West End, we were accosted with the usual salutation—‘What sport?’ and the conversation turned upon the hounds of Harvey Combe, and of Osbaldeston himself. Some allusion was made to the person known as ‘Craven’ Smith—and as a fox killer, in a rough way, perhaps no one was his superior—when we observed that Osbaldeston, starting with a pack of screws, would in six years produce a kennel of brilliant hounds; whereas the other, commencing with a superior lot, at the end of the same period of time would reduce them to a scratch pack. ‘Right, sir, right,’ exclaimed a stout person in the corner, discussing a glass of sherry and biscuit, and this was our introduction to the well-known ‘Sam Nichol.’

Although, as a rule, the scent lies well in Lincolnshire, there are broad roads on the headlands, dry and sandy, which the foxes—wise in the confidence of cunning—make use of for long distances, and therefore it is indispensable to have hounds handy at this work; and there were never any better than the Brocklesby. The Osbaldeston Rocket, by Vernon Rallywood, out of the Vernon Baroness, was notoriously great upon a road, and was a successful sire, and equally so was Ranter. Although the Squire has performed gallant feats of sporting prowess of every description, yet the main celebrity of this renowned sportsman will always rest upon his having bred and perfected one of the most brilliant packs of hounds that have ever appeared at the covert side. No matter to what county they were taken;—in Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Hampshire, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Hertfordshire, they equally preserved their acknowledged character of superiority. Confident in his own judgment, even as a young man, the Squire selected his own blood, and carefully crossing the stout and line hunting Monsons with the airy and graceful Middletons and Vernons—and these, again, with the Brocklesby and Belvoir, he succeeded in bringing before the rostrum of Tattersall’s, where they were ultimately disposed of, a pack of hounds that reached a price beyond all precedent; and yet which was not more than equivalent to their high blood and sterling merit.

The stud-hounds of notoriety that belonged to the kennel, were—Wildboy (Monson), Vaultier, Vigilant, Vanquisher, and Rocket of the Vernon sort; Ranter, uniting the Brocklesby to the Vernon

and Monson strain; Furrier, by Saladin, from Belvoir, and Falstaff, Foiler, Flourisher, Flasher, Ferryman, Flagrant, Castor, Random, and Merryman, all by Furrier. This famous stud-hound came either in an unentered draft from Belvoir, or at any rate in his first season, and was drafted on account of a crooked leg from an accident when at walk. He was a fine upstanding hound, black and white, of twenty-four inches—impatient—but with lasting qualities and pace that were very remarkable; and he seemed to take to line hunting better in the end than in the beginning of a long run. According to our judgment we have ridden by the side of some of his descendants, Castor, Foiler, Random, and Merryman, that we preferred to him; yet it is fair to add that we never saw him in his best day. For many a long hour have we chatted with Gardiner in Todd's snug little parlour at Rickmansworth, on the various episodes of the Osbaldeston kennel; but the brave old feeder always discoursed with most relish of the time when he was in Lincolnshire. His devotional attachment to his old master knew no bounds, and he would have backed him for the very shirt on his back, and his last pair of shoes, to do anything against anybody, 'no matter what.' It is pleasing to record that all the servants of the Squire that we have ever met—Shirley, Dick Burton, Sebright, Dick Sadler, and Jack Stevens, amongst others—invariably spoke of him with the most respectful regard, and with an acknowledgment of his ability as a huntsman that professional servants are not often apt to admit. The last time that we saw the Squire was at Tattersall's, when the unrivalled pack was being dispersed; and although time and severe accidents had left traces on his strong frame, yet the same spirit and hardihood were not less evident than on the day when we first met him in his youth at Dinsey Nook.

Again we were on the wing. This time Lincolnshire and the private tutor were abandoned for the Continent, and the advice of another great authority caused us to be entrusted to the care of M. Etienne Dumont of Geneva, the friend of Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau and of Bentham. The sudden change from Surley Hall and Newton toll-bar to the lake Lemman was startling and rapid, but by no means disagreeable. We started, not unaccompanied, for we had a sharp little fox-terrier, Trim, just entered, which we had procured from Osbaldeston's kennel; and he was our trusty companion in many a wild adventure.

'A BOX FOR THE SEASON.'

A SPORTING SKETCH, BY CHARLES CLARKE.

FAST and furious is the pace and taste of the present on all events, and the lighter literature of the day would seem compelled to succumb, by a unity of action, to the sensational exactitude of the more solidly concrete or volatile intellects for whose especial entertainment and instruction the gossamer pages are worked up and set in order. And the words entertainment and instruction, in good sooth, belong to the pages of 'A Box for the Season,' on the

which we purpose to hazard a few galloping remarks in mimic consonance with the prescribed unities.

Criticism, to be just and honest, must be composed of *agro-dolce* ingredients; and as the palate of the scientific gastronome is delicately acidulated, to be made more sensible of the relish of the after lusciousness of an abounding flavour, so is it meet to examine, first, the less perfect portion of a passing volume, before rushing into the vortex of those sensational scenes with which a Bluebeard public insists upon being supplied for the satisfaction of its insatiate craving.

The sporting story of 'A Box for the Season' first appeared in the pages of the old 'Sporting Magazine'—a fact that is not stated, but which should have been stated by the publishers in the title-page. This is a serious and reprehensible error, for which the author is not in any way responsible. The act is voluntary and intentional; for the work, in its present shape, comes before the public with the jaunty grace of a fresh and original novel, instead of stating the plain truth, that it is the reprint of a serial which had already appeared in the ancient periodical, made famous in a former time by the letters of 'Nimrod' and the 'Old Forester.' Looking at the names of the eminent publishers, it must cause both surprise and regret that such a sorry deception—for it is nothing less—should have been practised upon a public that has always reposed in their long course of catering for literary entertainment such a thorough confidence. The 'Box for the Season' possesses, in a certain degree, the imperfections of a serial when collected and published as a whole and entire work. The shaping of each chapter—and there are thirty-seven—exacts a different mode of treatment from that where a continuity of relation is not fettered by the repeated 'tops and bottoms' inseparable from the construction of a serial for monthly perusal. This defect can be traced in the most popular works of those authors who have resorted to the modern fashion of the French *feuilleton*. In 'Digby Grand' the process of the spinning machinery may be easily traced; and the more careful writing of 'Vanity Fair' is not entirely free from this inconvenience, which we can only compare, in its salatorial abruptness, to the unpleasant jerkings of the physique on an American corduroy railroad.

Keep moving is the order of the day in this 'Sporting Sketch.' The nomenclature is happily adapted to scenes rapidly dashed off, and the varying incidents of flood, field, stable, and boudoir course each other at a pace that cannot admit of a minute detail, leaving the imaginative reader to fill up the vacancy *ad libitum*. It is an honest and pleasant race throughout, without roping, or tampering with the scales. The hunting particulars, as is the wont in these fashionable—let us say metropolitan itineraries—are brief, and avoid hound-detail. It is evident that the thirty-five minutes-up-wind authors, excepting always 'Scrutator' and Mr. Mills, are not thoroughly at home in the kennel or in matters touching the hound quâ hound. First and foremost of these defaulters was the mighty Nimrod himself, with whom we have conversed on the subject of hounds frequently, and are therefore competent to form an opinion on this point. These clever and amusing writers may be able to ride, without gainsay, and probably have caused the loss of many a fox, and maimed hounds possessing instinct and cleverness that might have put to shame their godlike intellect. We have handled the splendid creatures too long and fondly not to speak of them *con amore*. 'Scrimmager' and 'Bloody-nose' are jocose names; and although Mr. Mills has called his kennel hero by the ancient and not euphonious appellation of 'Trimbush,' yet he had the authority of the famous old Trimbush of the York and Ainsty, by the Badsworth Tickler, out

of the Yarborough Virgin, tracing down from Osbaldeston's Vanquisher, by the Vernon Vigilant. He was bred at Brocklesby, and was one of the most celebrated and best stud-hounds of his day.

'Yoick over, Scrimmager!'—'Get to him, Bloody-nose! and then were heard the "clash-clash" of the whips, and the "toot-toot" of the huntsman.' The best fox always goes away at the slightest warning, and is sure to be the old Hector. Whenever you have a customer on hand that has known persecution and objects to martyrdom, he never waits to be found. You cannot be too quiet: the old gentleman is wide awake; and at the first crash of the dry thorns on coming over a fence into covert, and before the first whip can get to the far side up wind, he is away for his point under the tallest hedge-row, often running the dry ditch out of sight before turning down wind, and leaving his helpmate to her fate. Horn and whip should be charily used until he be up, and then both have their proper signification for the hounds. What would Lord Portsmouth say if Dan Berkshire, on throwing into Rackenford Gorse, commenced a staccato voluntary on his horn, with an obligato accompaniment of crescendo cracking by Charley Littleworth and George Whitemore, without rhyme or reason? 'Presently one hound opened—then another; then a fine old melodious note, which set all doubt at defiance, and in a minute or two there was a regular huntsman's chorus from the whole pack.' (P. 22, vol. ii.) This is, indeed, joyful intelligence, for the Belvoir, Quern, Fitzwilliam, Pytchley, Wynnstay, and others have been running mute, in and out of covert, for many a long day. Breed instantly from this fine old melodious piper that played before Moses—put every bitch-hound that you can to him. Our tastes, a Meltonian might say our prejudices, are entirely with our author, in agreeing that the 'huntsman's chorus' should be an imperative adjunct of the chase, both for pleasure and utility. Pace, to a certain extent only, renders a hound chary of tongue; but the moment a cunning one finds an advantage of it to himself, and gets the start of his fellows, the error becomes permanent through jealousy. The defect is hereditary, notwithstanding that all hounds, as a rule, are disposed to be free of tongue on their entry. But this particular subject, on which we may descant more fully on a future occasion, would lead us too far away from our 'Box' in the country.

We are pleased to be once more amongst gentlemen. Tom Crackenthorpe belongs to good society, and, whatever the amount of his fast failings, may well pass muster and take his place amidst the *haute volée* of sportsmen, or, more properly speaking, hard-riding men. Soapy Sponge was a low vagabond and sharper, commonly called a thief—one who at his very best had no pretensions to get beyond the butler's pantry, and then only provided that the plate-chest were locked—while in the meantime, and notwithstanding his remonstrance, we should have ushered Lucy Glitters into our sanctum with the same smiling alacrity which she would have evinced, and have provided her with five o'clock tea and a *petit verre* of rare curaçoa. Then, again, John Standish Sawyer—an unadorned snob—feeding upon beef-steak pudding and cheese and beer, with a plentiful supply of hot stopping, is permitted with impunity, if not laudation, to swindle the Honourable Crasher in the Marathon affair after the fashion of a North American Secretary of State—an act of rascality that would have insured his being kicked out of every club, not excepting the Refuge for the Destitute. And yet these ragamuffins are trotted out for popular sympathy, and exhibited as types of an ordinary class of modern fox-hunters. We should hope *extraordinary* would be a more correctly characteristic adjective. The authors of these sporting narratives are warranted and well-bred gentlemen in every sense of the word; and it is not easy to divine the

reason for the selection of their sporting heroes from out the purlieus of low life and infamy in thought, word, and deed,—and still worse that the villainies of the said unworthies, instead of being punished, should end in undeserved success and approval.

This objection—and it is one, be it observed, that has been of frequent notice amongst legitimate sportsmen, and already pointed out in 'Baily'—does not derogate from the racy interest of these sporting nouvelettes—of which 'Soapy Sponge' and 'Handley Cross' were the originals. 'Soapy Sponge' is to 'Market Harborough' what 'Le Juif Errant' was to 'Monte Christo'; and the public must be grateful that the brown-booted lover of Lucy Glitters should have paternised the conception of Buffer Standish and Cissy Dove of the long eyelashes. The instalment that has been given of 'Facey Romford and his Hounds' affords evidence that fresh laurels were in store for the clever and lamented author; and it is sad to know that the inevitable decree should have changed, at such an early time, the bright wreath of bays into a mournful chaplet of 'immortelles.'

The writer of the present work takes a far more correct line. His precepts and admonitions, racily given, possess a high and manly tone, whilst he weaves them artistically with credit to himself and amusement to his readers. The errors of the *jeunesse dorée* are firmly but not ill-naturedly depicted, and the pitfalls that surround the fox-hunting tyro with more money than brains, '*Voluptatis appetens, stultitiæ profusus*' should be carefully noted by that young minion of fortune and unwary creature of impulse. The money-lender from Palestine, escaped from being cast into the river by the order of Pharaoh, and turned loose upon Christendom, in judgment, and to let out shooting manors at an extravagant premium, in which there is neither feather nor flax—the bland scrivener of Pumpington, with hungry daughters seeking for coverture—and a pretty horsebreaker who has obtained such coverture illegitimately, take their proper share in the drama, and point a moral whilst adorning the tale. It has been asked by a prurient critic, 'Is this a book for a drawing-room table, and for the perusal of our wives and daughters?' There is nothing in any part of the story of an objectionable character, beyond the common occurrences of every-day life, which are fairly within the scope of an ordinary relation. When contrasted with the sensational novels—lavish of murder, bigamy, trigamy, seduction, and 'barren honour,' which would mean that virtue does not pay, that, although a winner, the stakes are not paid over, and that the race of life is not on the square—these sketches may come out of the ordeal with far greater credit than many of their neighbours. There cannot be a more serious injury to the good cause than an over-sensitiveness which borders on the ridiculous, and the Cockswain and Night-cap of America ought to be a beacon and a guard against similar absurdities.

It is in the common nature of things that the galled jades, who have been the lay figures for the work of revelation, should wince upon being punished, and call out loudly and piteously to those of their gang, cunning of fence, for justification and protection.

'And lest some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's Review, the "British,"'

is an old dodge of antediluvian history, and we marvel not at any attempt of Barabbas to obfuscate the uninitiated and to whitewash the foul amongst those of his generation—'and Barabbas was a robber.' Wives and mothers may indeed listen to the following with profit:—'She was not an "Anonyma," nor a pretty horsebreaker, nor any one of those very curious things which

'seem to be talked about in a language which has no advantage beyond concealing vice, and which affords an opportunity for women to talk on subjects which ought to be a closed book to the mothers and daughters of England. "Slang" is bad enough; "pace" is almost disreputable in a woman; but it is a thousand times better that they should call certain things and persons by their right names than that they should gloss over startling vices by employing 'wrong terms.'—A proper rebuke and perfectly to the point. An indelicacy of subject, however silvered over, is more than presumption; it is direct evidence of a tainted mind that only wants opportunity and security to indulge its caprices.

It is well known that some twenty years ago an intent was dictatorially expressed to Germanize England. High art was told to behold the glories of the brush and palette in Winterhalter, and to disregard Cattermole; and it was asserted that sticking gruntern within a paled park was a more noble and exhilarating pastime than fox-hunting. Fashion, supported by the *ames damnées* of the higher circles, aided and essayed to convert the youth of England into a smoking, beer-swilling, and slovenly cohort, with unshaven beards and tainted breath. They abjured the drawing-room after dinner, adjourned to the tobacco den, and there, with long cherry-tubed pipes, drinking malt, gin, and brandy, and surrounded with a cloacina of spittoons, they sat themselves down to ape with all their might and main the low, vulgar, and foul German. He stinks, you stink, they stink, is the correct mode of conjugating a German—man, woman, and child; and we have had a certain experience all round the Teuton wrekin. We do not cheer that same wrekin, or its memories—not at all. Our dander rises rather at *his* sight.

'And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.'

But our glorious and beautiful women, pure and undefiled in person and mind, made war against the pseudo-German, and denied him access, pipe in hand, to their more proper manors, driving him to the baths of Ostend—where the savoury fraus come once a year to wash off a ten months' accumulation of impurities—there to dance quadrilles in the sea, 'in mixes'—we like an honest fox-hunting term—with those swinking delicacies of the Vaterland.

'Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo'

—and the leaf of the Horatian myrtle is less ample than that of the 'ficus carica' of Genesis and Linnæus—by a long chalk.

Listen to our author. 'Did you ever see a German student? Of course they *are* of all sorts; yet they are all the same. Pipes, beer, flaxen hair, scarlet, blue, or yellow caps convey no idea of the individual. *En masse* they do look something like that. But we smoke at our Universities' (*prob pudor!*) 'and drink beer, and wear hair in all sorts of places, and caps of all shapes and colours, and have adopted the most unmanly and unbecoming habits of mind and body at those celebrated seats of classic learning. Our young men are nearly a disgrace to the British Isles. Thank goodness! we have not quite arrived at "that lowest German pitch" yet in Oxford and Cambridge—a pitch that defiles whoever handles it.' (P. 214, vol. i.)

But, alas! the pitch of filth which has been repudiated in the flesh by the University men of England has, in a doctrinal and materialistic sense, been fostered and encouraged by their very pastors and masters—by those who have been apostolically commissioned to instruct their higher natures, in order to corrupt and damnify their spiritual intelligences. They have had presented to them by these traitors a *consommé* of the 'Philosophical Dictionary' of Voltaire,

without its wit, and of the 'Vestiges of Creation' without their research; and the new version of the 'Te Deum laudamus, et verbum tuum in seculum, et in seculum seculorum,' has been thus rendered—

'And when those fables strange, our hirelings teach,
I saw by genuine learning cast aside,—
Even like Linnaeus kneeling on the sod,
For faith from falsehood severed thank I God.*

Julian the Apostate was a gentleman, and a sportsman, who hunted boar 'in the happy plains of Ionia,' and kept a kennel of hounds on the island of the Seine at Paris; but this fellow is a recalcitrant Judas for the thirty pieces of silver which he pockets as the fruits of the most blinding infamy. He would have been expelled from Eton for the sentiment, after having been flogged in the library for the worthless versification. Shelley was driven from Oxford for much less:

To return to our author. The fox-hunters of England are largely indebted to him, and likewise to the 'Gentleman in Black,' for boldly attacking the attempt to denationalize and Germanize the youth of England. 'Mens sana in corpore sano,' in reference to this truly serious question, is a choice and apt text that will serve for more than one lecture from the same judicious and stern teacher. Let that manly boat-race which we have lately witnessed, under the auspices of the heir to the throne of England, be taken as a sample of the tastes and capabilities of English youth in their hour of glad recreation. That was an exhibition of aristocratic prowess, in its peculiar and Anglican form, that does not come within the range of the *Durchlauchs* and *Erlauchts* of a crass Teutonism either to understand or to imitate. Prince, peer, commoner, and artisan went forth to see a trial of hardy dexterity in which all were interested, in which all delighted, and by which a unity of feeling was made perfect betwixt all ranks that had a value beyond a mere participation in the mere amusement of the hour. Let, then, the young athlete of honour abjure a mimicry of foreign bestialities; let the Germans revel in dirt temporal and rejoice in atheism spiritual—but let not Englishmen, first flight men in every sense, brave, patriotic, and devout, consent to betray the Word of Life, and abjure their own nationality, to become the followers of Teutonic dirt and impiety.

Tom Crackenthorpe receives a fitting reward for the abandonment of the short cuts to a grass Paradise; but the angel of light whom the Sisters of Providence have provided for his delectation is as shadowy and impalpable as the vision of Astarte:—

'Appear!—appear!—appear!
Who sent thee there, requires thee here.'

A most sensible command preliminary to the first act of a 'Baily' pastime, but as Emily Gladwish declines to appear in the carnality, we must accept the 'pretty horsebreaker' in her stead. 'She was of fair complexion—good red and white, with fine hazel eyes and straight features. Her mouth was full and bold, but clearly enough defined; her hair was light-brown, and well dressed—not a lock out of place. She wore a hat of the most practical, unromantic shape, and her habit of dark-blue was short, plain, and admirably fitted a rather full form. The lady sat well back on her horse, and held her head up as if she were not ashamed of it.' And who would be?

Her husband—an intense scoundrel—does not prove his case against her very substantially, although premeditated bigamy, with a view to extort a round

* 'The Anglican Clergy and the Bible.'—*Bunsen*.

sum, does sound rather queer. He convicts himself without reluctance; and it may be fairly said—

'Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.'

He, the swindler, bribed and paid for his repentance, and pensioned for his dishonour, is made comfortable and rewarded, whilst the other and the better portion is lost sight of; and the land of milk and honey knoweth her no more. This is all wrong. We must find out her Pariah cell, even if we see the husband largely for the act of decent benignity, and we will convey her to the Magdalen of whitebait and Lenten fasting, heavy with the weight of Shaftesbury tracts and the Liturgical emendations of the pious Ebury. We will order the dark-green brougham from Tilbury, and proceed incognito to the cell of that most perfect of penitentials Nell Gwynne, and peruse those Ebury tracts, and digest them, together with water 'souchets,' 'cotelettes de saumon,' 'fichés à la Maintenon,' 'petits puits d'amour de homard,' diluted with 'ponch à la Romaine,' and a bottle of 'la Veuve Clicquot bien frappée.'

'Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan,
Don't say nay.'

Leaving the penitent and the confessional, we come back to the moving accidents of flood and field. Steeple-chasing is on the increase, and the desired object in supporting this amusement is to give a premium to those who breed horses that may be fit to carry weight over a country, and also to provide a ready market for their disposal. For farmers, especially, who train and ride their own horses, these meetings are intended to be an opportunity of remuneration to them as sellers, and a convenience to those who may be buyers. Whether these objects are likely to be attained, unless stringent rules are made to prevent practices that may directly defeat them, shall be shown by the following quotation:—

Run a horse! and what sort of a horse am I to run? I've nothing fit, but a thorough-bred one; and he's a hack!

'Can he gallop, sir?

'O yes!

'I presume he is not in the "Stud Book"?'

'No; but he can't jump, I should think. He's quite unfit for a hunter.

'He can't carry anything; or I suppose we could teach him to jump.

'They'll jump, sir; between ourselves, there's nothing big enough here to upset a donkey; we've made it fit for the gallopers. So if you've anything that can stay four miles, and carry a fair weight—

'And what should you call a fair weight?

'Well, now, h—u—u—um, that depends so much upon circumstances. The top weight of course is nominal; the real beginning is at about eleven stone; and if you go for the stakes, you understand, why, of course, the weight ought to be there or thereabouts; if not, why, of course, it makes all the difference.

'I don't quite see that,' said Tom, somewhat puzzled. 'What difference can it make whether I go for the stakes or not?'

'You see, sir, the stakes are worth six or seven hundred pound, and if your horse is good enough to run for that sum—well, we can't throw him in; if you don't want the stakes, why, then, you see, sir, we could afford to give him a chance?

'What do you say to 8st. 7lb.? I suppose a pretty good one couldn't lose?

'Not very easily, unless there happens to be one equally good, put in at 7st. 8lb.' Tom began rather to see his way through the mist.

But what becomes of the stakes? Doesn't the winner take them?

'Not if he wins under such circumstances as that. Never thinks of asking 'for 'em; indeed, he'd be quite ashamed to ask such a thing. And if he don't win, the next time he's handicapped his horse goes in for nothing. So, you see, any how, it's a good thing.

'It's not a bad idea; but I never heard it before.'—(Vol. ii. p. 118.)

Once, and once only, we had a hunter in a steeple-chase, and a robbery was perpetrated against us, of a nature still more dishonest than that in the foregoing quotation. Had it not been for a disinclination to be mixed up in a steeple-chase wrangle with persons of disrepute, certain parties in that day, would have had to pay a sharp penalty.

'All's well that ends well.' Virtue meets its reward, despite of the caution of 'Barren Honour.' Vice and Mrs. Bransby retire from the scene, and even Bob Munster, after having been well dosed, derives profit from having tasted the bitters of money lenders, Jews, and blacklegs.

We lay down the 'Box for the Season,' with many thanks to the author for the amusement derived from its perusal, and confident that its disclosures, like 'Stable Secrets' by Mr. Mills, will have a healthy tendency in guarding the inexperienced and unwary from becoming an easy prey to those who live, move, and have their being through the polluted sources of knavery and crim.

ROWING.

THE London watermen, who have during the last few years been a most disunited body, have at last made a move in the right direction; and with the view, let us hope, of preventing further inroads into their glory and profit on the part of the Newcastle men, formed themselves into a club. The Pride of the Thames Rowing Club consists entirely of professionals, and Kelley is the captain. Under such auspices it ought to prosper, and we feel sure it has the good wishes of the rowing world; for strictly just as we may be, and virtuously anxious for the best crew to win, it becomes somewhat aggravating to our vanity as Southrons that the best crew should always come from such a very long distance, and carry off the best prizes of the Thames National whenever they put in an appearance.

The wordy war between Chambers and Kelley has been going on by fits and starts for some time, but with no result; and we are beginning to get tired of the subject in the newspapers. It seems to us that, if either were very anxious to row, they would make a slight concession, and force the other to make a match; but no such favourable symptoms appear, and the affair will probably end in talk. Cole and Hoare, two promising youngsters, have entered into negotiations with a much more satisfactory result, and are matched to row on the 21st. The match was talked of last year, but Cole's friends did not then think him good enough: he has, however, now greatly improved, and, if well on the day, will have a fair chance. Whoever wins, the race ought to be a splendid one. The only event of interest among professionals hitherto has been between Kilsby and Biffen. They met last year, when Biffen won, and having done some wonderful trials, he was made a hot favourite at

2 and 3 to 1. The talent were, however, quite in the wrong; for Kilsby never gave him a chance, and won any distance. If they row for 'the rubber,' we should advise Biffen's friends not to work him so hard just before the race, as he came to the post quite stale, and seemed to have lost all the energy and dash he showed in his practice. Kilsby, on the other hand, had been prudently eased for the last day or two, and was as lively as a kitten. He trained at the 'Feathers,' under Horace Cole, and, with Harry Salter to look after him, was of course in splendid trim.

The amateur rowing clubs have been very industrious during the last few weeks. The London have had an eight-oared race, junior fours, senior sculls, for Mr. Clifford's cup, and the 'trial eights,' which were started two years ago, with the idea of testing the capabilities of aspirants for Henley honours. The race was this year scarcely up to L. R. C. form, as, though the crews may have contained a deal of good rowing material, it is at present in such a raw state as to be likely to be more available for next year than this year's Henley. The West London have had a couple of races, eights and fours. The latter showed some good rowing on the part of the winning crew, though the others did not appear to great advantage. The Leander, Ariel, Corsair, Twickenham, and the other clubs have also been hard at work, and will no doubt put in an appearance at the forthcoming regattas. We are glad to see several junior clubs arranging matches with each other, as men display more enthusiasm, and devote themselves more thoroughly to these contests than to mere club races. Last year the Ariel and Corsair and Corsair and Excelsior Clubs rowed some capital matches. This year these are to be repeated, also a match between the Excelsior and the Thames, a very rising club. There was a capital race on the 23rd between the University College and Guy's Hospital Clubs. The former, going from the worst station, had a hard race for some distance, but at the point got a length in hand, and afterwards increased it to two, the rowing of the losers being all through very lively and determined. We hope to see many more of these races during the season.

The College eight-oared races at the Universities have begun and ended during the past month. The racing at Oxford commenced on the 4th, and after some hard rowing, Trinity maintained its position as head of the river. The Cambridge races began a week later, Third Trinity starting at the top of the tree with a host of confident partisans: they, however, had to succumb to Trinity Hall, who held the place of honour with great ease during the week. They will probably go to Henley, as will the Trinity (Oxford) boat, and if they meet, we fancy the dark blue will repeat their Mortlake victory of last March. The Henley meeting is fixed for the 23rd and 24th June; it is a long while to look forward to, but as it will be all over before our next number is in print, we must give our crude ideas as to who will put in an appearance. For the Grand Challenge Cup, the London and Kingston Clubs are already at

East Devon. Pisciculturists, fishermen, and the public at large owe him at least a tribute of thanks for the energy, ability, and success with which, for so many years, he has pursued the salmon's greatest enemy.

Now winding, wandering pensively,

The flowery meads among,
The Exe has left his forest home
And trolls his summer song.

And downwards as he gently glides,
So dreamily and slow,
The golden catkins stoop to kiss
His waters as they flow.

But list, ye gods! a sound is heard
That makes the welkin ring;
Bowhays is come with hound and horn
To seek the Otter King.

In vain, in vain the finny tribe
Their nightly doom deplore;
Not harder fate the race await
Upon a Stygian shore.

Ah! long upon that blighted stream
The Nereid's note is still;
And patient anglers labour long
Their empty creels to fill.

But now the hounds are trailing on,
The otter need be bold;
For, if he hear Bowhays' cheer,
'Twill make his blood run cold.

Louder and fuller swells the peal
That greets the felon grim;
Sweet music to Bowhays' ears,
A mourning peal to him.

But down beneath a gnarled oak-tree,
A fathom deep or more;
Above his head the turf is spread,
And water bars the door.

He scents, he hears the coming strife
That gathers o'er his head;
The thunder seems to swell around
And shake his old-oak bed.

As Hercules on Cacus closed,
The gallant 'Prince' goes in;
The hero of a hundred fights,
That dog is safe to win.

A muffled, rumbling, earthquake
sound,
And then a stifled cry,
Down in the roots a fathom deep,
Quivers the oak hard by.

'Hold on! hold on! thou true Black
Prince!
The ardent Owen cries;
While close at hand he takes his
stand,
To view him as he flies.

Then suddenly Bowhays' cheer
The hollow valley fills;
The wild dun-deer the sound might
hear

On distant Winscombe hills.
He's down the stream; away, away;
The Otter King is gone;
And on his track the plunging pack
Are madly pouring on.

Oh! 'twas a glorious sight to see
Those mottled things in chase;
The water dashed in silver spray,
And every hound in place.

'Now steady all!' cried stern Bo-
whays,
'Now steady, hounds and men;
Old Charmer's nose was never wrong,
She winds him back again!'

And now the song-birds cease to sing
Upon that frightened shore;
The miller, too, has stopped his mill
To join the sylvan roar.

Through many a dark and gurgling
pool
The deadly strife prevails;
And many a drop of blood is spilled
Before that otter fails.

Though tunelessly he leads the choir
On peaceful Sabbath morn;
Bowhays has sworn a dreadful oath
Upon his bugle horn:

'Good hounds,' said he, 'be true
to me,
I'll never eat of bread;
Nor climb into my couch, until
The Otter King is dead.'

Then striding out in rough mid-
stream,
With bugle-horn in hand;
'No rest, I trow, the game shall
know,
While here I take my stand.'

Breathless at length, and pressed full
sore,
The otter seems to fail;
And, as he lands, the hounds rush on
Just like a storm of hail.

Then, once again, that mighty cheer
Shakes water, sky, and plain;
And fishers on the Barle might hear
The Otter King was slain.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—The May Meetings and Mortality.

MAY may have been a merry month to the general public, but to the general backers of favourites it has been quite the reverse; and the frequenters of the Meetings in Exeter Hall could not have had longer faces than some of those we have seen at the Corner on Mondays and Thursdays. The Metropolis is now in the full swing of its gaiety, and the Sporting man's hours and energies are taxed as severely as those of the 'little busy bee,' but we fear with scarcely the same moral result.

Chester—

'Where nags are squared on principles
That very seldom fail,
Till the public's grown so weary,
It declines to fill the pail,'

was the first place on our circuit; but 'the Cause list' was so poor, that very few of the 'great guns' went down, unless they had 'special retainers' in the neighbourhood. Nor can they be blamed for the course they adopted; for the racing being sacrificed entirely to the Victualling interest an afternoon on the Rhodée has become as tedious and irksome as waiting for bail in a spunging-house. The minor dishes, most of the good judges left untouched; but many of them found in the Cup as deadly a draught as Socrates in olden times. In fact, the number of horses that crossed 'The Herring Pond' had never been exceeded; and it would have required a Kensal-Green sexton, of many years' standing, to have enumerated the corpses, and a most experienced racing surgeon to have detected the living from the dead. The dread of contracting contagion kept the general public off until the last moment, when they poured in their supplies, and allayed the grumbling of the book-makers. Since Macaroni's Derby Day, we never saw so many raintraps hoisted on a race-course before, and the Rhodée looked as if covered over by one gigantic umbrella. With the ground as heavy as on the Pontine Marshes, it is not surprising the young'uns should have had to succumb to the old'uns, and the veteran Flash in the Pan, flashed by every horse as the winner, to the astonishment of the whole world, with the exception of the Epsom folks, who had been warned in the morning that in all probability plenty of employment would be furnished to the milliners of the place, by the silk dresses that would be given away on the occasion. As throughout the season, the Prophets were floored to a man, with the exception of those great amateurs 'John of Malton' and 'John of Middleham,' who sent Flash in the Pan to their respective friends, wholly irrespective of remuneration either in postage stamps or commission. Thus, Mr. Hughes's long-expected good thing, for which his followers waited, as ardently and patiently as the disciples in the belief of the Millennium, came off at last. And many who thought old Flash was destined to give increased speed to Mr. Arthur Heathcote's Stag-hounds, were not a little surprised to find him turn up in a new character. John Day's pair found their way, like Scotchmen in England, into 'good places,' for which he received a vote of thanks from the House of Lords. Immediately after the race, the swells retreated in great force upon the Metropolis, leaving the quaint old City completely in possession of the Book-makers, who having only themselves to prey upon, could do little execution with their pencils, and had to employ themselves in counting up the killed and wounded. Next year, we are glad to learn that the delay between the acts will be curtailed in their

proper dimensions, and the convenience of the supporters of the Turf consulted before that of the proprietors of the canvas hotels, who have hitherto reigned omnipotent, and would hear of no reform. From the Rhodée to the Knavesmire was the next move of the Pilgrims of the Ring, who mustered in good force to watch the movements relative to the Yorkshire Derby horses. The first day opened with the Rawcliffe sale, and such an unhealthy feeling against General Peel, that in the evening Mr. Payne went over to Middleham for Lord Glasgow to inquire into it, and returned with a clean bill of health. The Rawcliffe private view was as numerous and fashionably attended as that of the Royal Academy; and strolling through the paddocks, we came across both Lords and Commons. All bore testimony to the excellent condition of the Yearlings; and could they have been kept another month, Mr. Tattersall's commissions would have been much larger. In most instances our views as to the prices were realized; and the growing predilection for Leamington, who has always been a special favourite of ours, is worth noting. The racing on Knavesmire was as good as we see in the Spring; and the Great Northern Handicap furnished another Flash in the Pan in East Lancashire; but Mr. Rich, to whom he belongs, was not so acquainted with his 'good thing' as Mr. Hughes; for he only backed it for a triple, believing the Major was too formidable to be beaten. It seems, however, the Metropolitan field must have been horribly rotten, by the subsequent running and trials of those in the front rank; and we cannot come to any other conclusion than that the number of bad horses in training is rapidly increasing, and only one in a thousand a real clinker. On the morning of the second day, the new Lord of Fairfield gave a public breakfast to his friends, prior to an inspection by them of his breeding establishment, which is well designed, and has been well patronised since he has taken to it. The *déjeuner* comprised the delicacies of the season, which were partaken of with a zest, which led us to remark, as they do on board ship, that we would rather keep some of the guests a week than a fortnight. Among the latest visitors was old John Osborne, who was in great force, retailing anecdotes of his Nursery days, when Johnny was little more than a feather, and the pride of Manchester. Like the rest of the party, his buttonhole was adorned with a bouquet of geraniums which would not have disgraced Covent Garden; and during the process of fastening it, the veteran blushed like 'a maiden of bashful fifteen.' Among the Sires at Fairfield, worthy of attention, are Zetland, who is growing into a nice horse; Neptunus, or 'Little Nep,' as his owner was wont to term him, who only wants a little more furniture to attract mares to him; and a long low powerful horse, called Scandal, who from an accident has never run, but who from his proportions and blood, should not be passed over by breeders, for he will bear both meeting and following.

From York to Salisbury is a long run, but as the Broadway Swells of the South were to be met with, the gold-hunters followed them, as in Australia, when a new vein of gold has been discovered. That something generally goes at Salisbury is a received axiom among the Ring; and hence the desire to improve the occasion. Now, however, there was but little mischief done, although the attack on Scottish Chief was fiercely maintained until some of his staunchest followers could not be done out of the belief that it was 'a case.' In the meanwhile Mr. Merry, wholly unconscious of the movement, was quietly doing his duty to his constituents of the Falkirk Burghs in the House of Commons, when an Irish Member rushed in with the intelligence. A verbal assurance that all was right, as far as the owner knew, sent the fond backer

home rejoicing. And how such an idea could have got abroad as to her having met with an accident is unaccountable. Prince Arthur having got the dust inside his boot, and chafed his leg, was also the subject of hostility; but General Peel, supported as he ought to have been by British Steel, was as firm as a rock; and it looked as if he could never be supplanted. Bath had a fair list of company horses and favourites, and the weather was as hot as the latter, the temperature being a trifle warmer than that in which Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife were baked for so many days by Colonel Crawley. Strong men gave way under it, and fell out of the ranks of the ring, as soldiers in a marching regiment; and those who, on leaving the city of Beau Nash, started with black hats, found on their return they had been changed to white, so thick was the dust. John Day was in great force during the two days, and he proved that his Teneriffe was worth tasting after 'the Stakes,' even by the most fastidious tippler. Lansdowne is a favourite rendezvous for Mr. Sutton's two-year olds; and on this occasion Jezebel proved her right to have her name changed, for she told him 'the truth,' which was not the original characteristic of the dame from whom she took her sponsorial appellation. On our return, we were startled by an announcement which appeared in a daily paper that General Peel had been placed in the hands of the police by Lord Glasgow, who had applied to Sergeant Tanner, of Scotland Yard, to send him down two experienced detectives, and they had departed for Middleham, and had the General in close custody. Now, considering the long and intimate friendship which had subsisted between Lord Glasgow and General Peel, we confess we were quite taken aback when we read the statement in question, more especially as the General did not imitate the conduct of M. Moequat in his letter to the editor of 'The Owl,' and state to the public through the same source in which the original statement appeared that the General Peel now in custody before being brought to trial at Epsom was not the General Peel, Member for Huntingdon. Knowing, also, how that gallant sportsman applies himself to his official duties, the addenda to the paragraph 'that he was doing strong work,' tended to confirm the intelligence, which the following day was dispelled by the General appearing in the House of Commons as usual, and no honourable Member putting to him any question on the subject.

Monday took a distinguished party to Leatherhead to see the Whitewall team put through their facings; and so much was Baragah liked, that a Noble Lord, one of our best Gentlemen Jockeys, declared he should not hedge a shilling, as he had seen quite enough to satisfy him. Mr. Bowes also declined to hedge, and the Wizard said he cared nothing for those tremendous trials which certain horses had had, but he knew his own were fit, and certain to get home. The absence of Mr. Rudston Read, generally the life and soul of the party, and the *fidus Achates* of Mr. Bowes, was much felt; as from his fall, which broke the tendons of his knee, he has been thrown on his beam ends for we fear some time to come. However, if the sympathy of his friends can aid in promoting his recovery, he will soon be about again, for the knocker of his lodgings in Wells' Street has been worn as thin as a sixpence in inquiries for him. Blair Athol, about whom there was as much mystery as with the late Mr. Dunkeld, arrived at Sherwood, and passed his first examination with credit to all concerned with him. Mr. I'Anson, however, moved about so sedately, and maintained such an air of reserve about his horse, that not a trainer dare question him about his chance, and he seemed to have found himself in a false position. Tom Oliver was as lively as 'a Cricket on the Hearth' about Ely, whom he declared would be as loving and troublesome to the cracks at the

distance as a certain insect in a London bedstead. And had he won, all, we believe, Tom required, was an estate of five hundred per annum, with excellent pheasant-shooting. Paris was not fancied by the professional critics, who did not like his going so wide behind, and breathless whispers were dropped about his having 'a heel,' a phrase which, for the benefit of those who have not been pupils of Professors Spooner or Field, we must translate as meaning a sandcrack. But the favourite of the whole lot was The Scottish Chief, with whom every trainer was taken, and we heard no more of last year's constant phrase 'of a neck from Midnight Mass,' which grave men would firmly maintain to be his real form. And the intelligence that Jemmy Adams was to ride him instead of Edwards did not prejudice his chance. No doubt it was a hard fling for Edwards to be taken off such a mount, but at the same time it was perhaps better for his own interests, as from the horse beaten there could be no grounds for blaming him, and he escaped the remarks which he had to endure after the Two Thousand, from the extraordinary performance of Fille de l'Air.

Two wet Derby days in succession would have been too much for human nature to have endured; and the Clerk of the Weather, as if heartily ashamed of his conduct last year, when he indulged in too much 'heavy wet,' satisfied everybody.

The Prince of Wales, who was received by Mr. Dorling, as he is at Covent Garden by Mr. Gye, went at once to his stall, and seemed not a little pleased to find he could look at the horses in the paddock without being crushed by the mob. This abstinence from annoyance arose, perhaps, not so much from a desire to consult his personal convenience as from the superior attraction of the Derby horses themselves, so engrossed are the million with their fancies. Birch Broom was the first nag that presented himself to our notice as we made our way through the wooden labyrinth that leads to the paddock. Very tall on the leg, light in his barrel, and with a coat as dry as a chip, he walked like a man with tight boots; and, as Tom Oliver once remarked in our hearing of a similar style of animal, 'One might have read "Bell's Life in London" through 'him.' This, no doubt, accounted for the hostility latterly shown to him in the Ring, which no money could allay. Captain Little superintended his toilette, taking especial care of the girths. Planet followed the Broom as his aide-de-camp, but the superior officer enjoyed all the gape-seed. Prince Arthur was as full of muscle as a statue in the Vatican; but there were marks of a blister on his fore-legs that convinced us John had better have hedged his 10,000 to 100 which he had taken about him the year before. Moreover, he was scarcely bigger than a cob; and a second Daniel O'Rourke a trainer will find very difficult to meet with. By his side stood Cathedral, tall as his name, and with a great deal of very bad 'architecture' about him. It is no flattery to the head of Woodyeates to say that Historian looked magnificent; and he was just the sort of animal that an Heiress hunter in Rotten Row would like to have for the season; but, like Prince Arthur, he wanted a larger frame. By the coat of Ackworth a man might have shaved himself without cutting, so brilliant had John Day got it; and his last remark to his friend was that if he did not win the Derby, he should at all events get before The Scottish Chief. His enemies, however, poured in such a deadly fire upon him that he could never rally under it; and the doom of Fazzoletto's son seemed to be decreed. Oran on Welcome headed the Whitewall pair, Jem Perren leading Baragah according to etiquette, and Hollyfox being consigned to the second in command. Both had had justice done them at home; and those

who recollected St. Alban's traced a strong family likeness to him in Mr. Bowes's horse. Cambuscan held his levee in the field adjoining, and, as the Court Newsmen would say, it was numerous and fashionably attended. 'Very handsome and blood-like, but too delicate for so tough a job,' was the common verdict of the special jury before whom he was tried, and their conviction was confirmed by the Court of Appeal. The Warrior was nothing but a slashing grey hunter up to sixteen stone to hounds. Ely, with the Olivers, *père et fils*, at his head, had been done very well, but had not grown since last year, which is generally fatal to a would-be Derby winner. Coast Guard might readily be discerned from his coarseness, as well as from his bandages; and however Godding could have been so eat up with him is an Asiatic mystery. Superior to Drummer Boy at even weights last year was given out to be his form, but then he did not look or run like it; and were the pair matched to run in public in the July Meeting, we have little doubt but the old 'un would be made the favourite: so in this instance the trainers proved themselves better judges than the gentlemen. For Appenine's appearance some allowance should be made, as he had been amiss three weeks before. Bold as Curtius, Mr. Brayley sent Rappel and Outlaw into the paddock, so that the world should not accuse him of being too mysterious with the pair; and perhaps he is the only owner of racehorses in modern times who can boast of having obtained the liberal offer of ten thousand to a tenner about a pair for the Derby. It is needless to add that the layer was no more nervous than the taker; but it would have been a glorious bet to have landed. Tom Dawson, with a scarlet and white neck-scarf, heading an enormous crowd, told us General Peel and Strafford were coming on parade. Whether from the mob pressing on him too closely, or from being a little above himself, the General did not exhibit the quiet demeanour of his namesake, and kicked and lashed out in all directions. With time he will make a magnificent horse, for he stands on nice short legs; and next year, when fully developed and furnished, he may be shown against anything in training.

Strafford was handsome as paint, but a fearful hock at once convinced us that if Lord Glasgow's first barrel failed him his second would be of no use. In the condition of Paris no one could pick a hole; and Mr. Ten Broeck thought he could not be beaten. If General Peel's parade was well attended the Scottish Chief was greeted with quite 'a gathering of the clans,' who gave him a highland hearty welcome. Lord Coventry, who had given up his jockey to him, seemed to take the greatest interest in his saddling; and Mat Dawson looked as confident as if all was over. Never did a horse take the public more by surprise than the Chief, for he was very different to the shelly colt of last year. In the meanwhile nothing had been seen of Blair Athol, although the paddock had been scoured for him, like the Limerick Mountains for Hayes the murderer. A rumour, however, was in circulation that Lord Glasgow and General Peel had been taken into his stable to see him, and that he was as right as the mail.

By degrees the paddock is emptied, and the boxes of the Stand have not even standing room left in them. Glasses are arranged, some quiet hedging proceeded with, and all wait to see what Mr. Clarke has to say about it, and whose fortune he will have made; when, lo and behold, a startling chesnut with a white blaze on his forehead, and going like a cricket ball, led by young I'Anson on Caller Ou, was discerned in the offing, and at once made out to be Blair Athol. 'What a goer!' was the general remark; and revived corpse caused a thrill to pass through the system of those who had potted him, in the

belief he was as dead as George the Third. Nothing but the annual black dog, which, we suppose, is bred and trained for the occasion, and which, as usual, raced before the Stand, kept the spectators from complaining of the delay at the post. But when they were sent away nothing could have been better; and if we say that General Peel made nearly the whole of the running, waited upon by Blair Athol, until the hill in front of the Stand, where he went up and beat him, our readers will know all that is necessary for all useful purposes. Scottish Chief was right in front of the others, and Knight of Snowdon struggled up fourth. Had Mr. I'Anson been less mysterious about his horse his victory would have been better received; but the reception which was given to Blair Athol was more the result of admiration of the son of Blink Bonny than of her owner, who, from some cause or another, does not seem to understand the British public. It was the same with Blink Bonny and with Caller Ou; and yet we believe a better intentioned man does not exist than Mr. I'Anson. But, added to a natural reticence of disposition, there is a want of confidence in his own judgment which prevents him assisting his friends as he might do. As might have been expected, from War Dance having been lent for the trial, the Whitewall stable would have known the issue and benefited by it. But not a member of it won a shilling, and from being such neighbours the circumstance of course was an irritating one. To Lord Glasgow the defeat of General Peel was a bitter pill to swallow; and he felt it more when he saw the chief backer of his horse leading in the winner. That the General wanted time there could be no two opinions, for he had the marks of an over-reach on one of his legs. And how Aldcroft, who is usually accused of laying too far from his horses, should have made running with him is quite unintelligible, for he not only cut his own throat but those of all the others, with the exception of Blair Athol, who won by the proceeding. Being 'a fancy horse' the public were his chief supporters; and the bulk of the Ring money goes to them. As a proof of the estimation in which he was held, we may instance that last year a subscription was made by two cavalry regiments to back him; and the result is they have won some twelve thousand in each corps. And so ended the eventful Derby of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Four. Nearly all the prophets were floored, for they feared the metallics about him. 'Troubadour,' however, in a weekly contemporary, did not make a bad hit when he sang at the end of his lay—

'In short, if you'd summer in clover,
And send to the devil the Jews,
Believe me, the Derby is over,
Blair Athol can't possibly lose.'

If the Derby had its sensation horse, the Oaks had its sensation mare; and for the first time in the memory of man the winner had to be escorted back by the lowest ruffians of the prize ring and a squadron of mounted police. At one time the populace were so infuriated to obtain possession of the saddle, so as to destroy it and prevent Edwards weighing in, that the police had to draw their sabres; and for a moment we were on the eve as it were of a second Peterloo. Custance, whose cap and jacket closely resembled that of Edwards, was very nearly becoming a victim; but with great coolness and self-possession he addressed the mob, saying, 'It's not me; I did not ride her 'at Newmarket'—it is believed a piece of information for which his companion in arms will be very grateful. How Edwards escaped was a miracle; and henceforth we trust to find no English jockey ever crossing Fille de l'Air again. As it was, the saddle would have been smashed in pieces but for Mr.

Payne, who rescued it at the gate; and Captain White, who went to his aid, we regret to state, received a severe blow on the arm with a large stick.

In the Stand the excitement was equally great, the Ring calling loudly for vengeance on Jennings and his party, while the amateurs hissed the mare as they would an unsuccessful piece at a theatre. Count La Grange fled, and Jennings was locked up for three-quarters of an hour in a room at the back of the Stand, to save his life. Nine thousand is said to be the amount that was got out of her for the Two Thousand, and bills for that amount are said to have been transmitted to Paris. As yet the Stewards of the Club have made no sign of investigating the case, but surely, after the Tarragona and Michelgrove Court of Inquiry, they are bound to do so. Because a few legs fancy they see something in the betting on a wretched match at Newmarket, all the machinery of the Club is put in motion against the owners, and the west end of London thrown into a complete conflagration, by the correspondence of parties connected with it, both male and female. Why, then, do they not bestir themselves now, when they would have all England on their side, as well as the Continent, for France having bled, cries equally loud for an investigation. Perhaps Crump then might make a better use of certain parties' books than he did of the Guardsmen, and if a conviction could be obtained, public opinion would support the infliction of the punishment that would naturally follow. Well as Fille de l'Air ran, but for the accident which occurred to Saragossa we believe she would have been beaten by her, and then the foreigners would have witnessed a demonstration of another kind, in which public and private worth would have been recognised in a manner peculiar to our nation, and which being unbought is still more welcome to the object of it. Count La Grange, it is stated, fled before the race was run, but we trust this statement will be contradicted, and all we can say with pride is that such a circumstance never occurred to an English winner of the Oaks. Whether an investigation will take place into the circumstances remains to be seen, but were we in the Count's position we should demand one. If he is innocent, he has nothing to fear from it, and if guilty, he must take the consequences of it.

Our monthly mortality includes the name of one who for many years occupied a most conspicuous position on the Turf as a better; we mean the late Major Brabason, who soon followed in the wake of Mr. Fitzroy Stanhope and Mr. Magennis. The Major, who was better known by his old name of Higgins, belonged to a good Mayo family in Ireland, and served for many years in the 15th Hussars, spending some time with that regiment in India. On quitting the service he took to the Turf, and became one of the heaviest bookmakers of the day, standing invariably on the field; and when the long Captain, as he was called, took a favourite in hand, he generally made short work of him. Of course, like other people, he made mistakes at times, and Surplice was a heavy blow and great discouragement to him. When the Emperor gave him Dervish to lay against, as being the safest of all Scott's lot, he also got into trouble for having betted a fabulous sum against him through others, and the Commissioners, as the horse had come to 6 to 1, getting nervous, and expressing a hope he would be prepared for an emergency, he soon quieted their fears; for stepping across the room to Davis, he returned in a minute to them, and said they were perfectly right in mentioning the matter, and he had got them out as he had just backed Dervish back for four thousand in one line. On a great settlement day at Tattersall's, he was always conspicuous by the large black japanned tin box in which he carried his money to the Corner. In his habits he was very temperate, and he scarcely ever

wore a great coat. Of his honour he was very querulous, and many years back, being a witness in a case in the Queen's Bench, the late Sir John Jervis, who was opposed to him, told the jury, with the license of counsel, to discard from their mind every syllable of the evidence that Captain Higgins had given. This was too much for the gallant Irishman, who, the next day, sent the late Sir Challoner Ogle to him to demand an apology. Sir John replied the Bar would not permit him to retract the observations he had made in his speech, when he was informed that the honour of Captain Higgins was as dear to his brother officers as that of Sir John Jervis to the Bar. And Sir Challoner stated he was instructed to inform the Solicitor-General unless he apologised, Captain Higgins would assuredly horsewhip him. This intimation had the desired effect, and the same evening Captain Higgins received a satisfactory communication from the learned counsel. Latterly his health gave way, but he was full of vigour until the tidings of the murder of his son in China reached him, when the blow smote him almost to the ground, for he was an officer of the highest promise. As soon as he could collect himself together, he made his mind up to proceed to China, and offer a reward of twenty thousand pounds for his recovery, as a strange fancy took possession of his mind that he was alive and treated as a slave. The fact of his departure having been noised abroad, and it having incidentally transpired that there was some little delay in preparing the securities for raising the sum in question, Messrs. Padwick and Hill presented him with a letter of credit on Dent's at Hong-Kong, in the most delicate manner, thus expressing the confidence they had in his honour. The act was one which reflected highly on both parties, and only among racing men could such mutual reliance be found to exist. On his return from China, Major Brabason was unfortunately knocked down by an omnibus in Oxford Street, and compelled to use crutches for the remainder of his life. If at times he was irritable in his temper, he was easily appeased, for his heart was in the right place, and he retained his friends to the end: and he will be regarded by all who knew him as one of the most remarkable men of a very remarkable period of the Turf.

Mr. Wilson, who died so suddenly on the first day of Epsom, where he was staying with Mr. Cathcart, the owner of Prince Arthur, was well known in Yorkshire as an attaché to John Osborne's stables, having managed the late Mr. Harland's horses for him. Latterly, through the death of that gentleman, he had come into an accession of fortune, and joined what is called 'The Young Yorkshire Party.' A constant frequenter of the northern meetings, he was a close observer of character, and the fund of anecdotes he had acquired rendered him a pleasant dinner-table companion.

Among the new Sporting books which have just made their appearance, the most conspicuous for its utility is 'Cecil's Hunting Tours,' from which the old school may revive their recollections of the past, and the young ones be able to put themselves on a level with their seniors. Cecil is not one of the fast school of writers, but he travels by a steady train, which brings his readers safe to the end of a pleasant journey amidst scenes that must possess a fund of interest for them. 'The Fisherman's Magazine,' which is now in its infancy, promises, if nourished by the same treatment as is visible in the conduct of the first two months, to arrive at a degree of healthy maturity. The plates are excellent; that which adorns the first number is a pike, which, to say the least, is 'to the manner born;' and the second is a sketch after the frontispiece of 'London Society,' of a gentleman rowing a lady in a boat, with the motto 'Dum capimus, capimur,' attached to it.



W W Laidly

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. TAILBY.

To the Fox-hunters, not only of 'the Shires,' but of the Provinces, the Portrait of Mr. Tailby must be acceptable, as few Masters of Hounds have lately occupied a more prominent position than the gentleman who hunts the next most fashionable country to the Quorn. Mr. Tailby, the fidelity of whose likeness will be at once recognised, was born in 1825 at Humberstone in Leicestershire, and is the eldest son of William Tailby, Esquire, of that place. He was educated at the Grammar School of Repton, from whence he was transplanted to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. Reared, as it were, among fox-hunters, and his earliest recollections being associated with anecdotes of those Nimrods whose names will ever live in the annals of the English Chase, it is only natural he should have imbibed the same tastes as his ancestors, and to have endeavoured to have emulated their example. At the University, if he eschewed academical honours, there were other distinctions at which he successfully arrived, and he quickly attained a reputation for going straight with hounds that proved him the Leicestershire man 'to the manner born.' Bodily endurance was one of his great characteristics, and barring, perhaps, Lord Wemys, Captain White, and the Old Squire, there are few sportsmen alive who have gone through more in the saddle. Even now, his feat of riding from Cambridge to Epsom and back on two hacks in one day to see the Derby run for is talked of with admiration by those who recollect it. For such was his knowledge of pace and fine handling, that neither of the animals he rode was in the slightest degree distressed with the length of its journey. Being, as it may be styled, out of his time with the Cambridgeshire, Mr. Tailby sighed for other worlds to conquer, or, in less imaginative language, for a new sphere of action. It was not long before such an opportunity of gratifying his taste was afforded him. For in 1856, Sir Richard Sutton dying, and his son, Mr. Richard Sutton, giving up his part of the Quorn country, viz. the Harborough side, a

district became vacant such as is rarely in the market. For some cause or another, none of the great guns of the Hunting World would venture on taking it. And if the country had been left one season without hounds, its prestige would have gone down, the foxes would have been destroyed, many of the covers ploughed up, and converted into tillage, and a vast sum of money, which was wont to be circulated in the neighbourhood, withdrawn from it for ever. To remedy such a combination of evils, as would have thus undoubtedly occurred, Mr. Tailby came forward in the most spirited manner, and with very inadequate means consented to pay the rent of the coverts, and keep the ball rolling. A country without hounds being like a theatre without a company, Mr. Tailby's first step was to make provision in this way, and by the aid of Tom Day, of whose judgment of hounds it is needless to speak, he got together a scratch pack. These consisted of eleven couple and a half of the late Sir Richard's pack, ten couple from the Pytchley, four couple from Mr. Colyers, two couple from Lord Fitzwilliam, and the same number from Mr. Milbanke. With these, which formed the nucleus of his present pack, and extracts from other kennels, he commenced his first season, and the result confirmed the anticipations which had been formed of him in the county when he took office. His second year of management was marked by his drafting all his odds and ends, and replacing them with twenty couple of Mr. Colyers of Kent, all of the best blood, and by the appointment of John Goddard as Huntsman, *vice* Day retired. The Cottesmore country, at this period becoming vacant, Mr. Tailby agreed to hunt as much of it as he could reach from his own kennels. This acquisition of territory gave him all that he could desire, and spurred him on to still further improve the calibre of his hounds. And as a proof that money would not stop him in his desire to have the best blood in the market, we may remark he gave 425*l.* for eight couple of Mr. Drake's hounds. Not content with this outlay in respect to his hounds, Mr. Tailby built fresh kennels for them at Billendon, as those which Lord Suffield erected and spent so much money upon during his short reign as an M. F. H. had been diverted from their original purpose, and been converted into human habitations. To the improved sport displayed under the new *régime*, in the last three seasons such repeated justice has been done in our pages as well as in the columns of the journals devoted to the field, that a recapitulation would be as wearying as a thrice-told tale. And we imagine we are not going too far in stating the general impression of the shires is that the man is worthy of the country, and when he abandons it, a successor who will resemble him will with difficulty be found.

Such is a general outline of Mr. Tailby's career in High Leicestershire, and we will now proceed to append such personal remarks as will render the sketch of him complete. Coming after a succession of good men, he has, if possible, added another laurel to the chaplet already bequeathed to him. A brilliant horseman, Mr. Tailby's

motto would seem to be that of the old maid's rule relative to her female domestics having 'no followers allowed,' and no man sticks closer to hounds. This he showed on his visit to Ireland last year, when, with the Kildare Hounds, he beat the whole field on a horse called First Position, belonging to Mr. Percival, and which was sold for a very large sum directly afterwards in consequence of the manner in which he was piloted. Slightly reserved in his manner, but straightforward in his conduct as in his riding, he has always made friends of those whose esteem was worth possessing. And instead of figuring among the 'Luceda Sidera' for a brief season, and then relapsing into darkness, his popularity has steadily increased. Those who have only hunted with a 'Heavy Top' pack can hardly imagine the additional difficulties which beset a Master in one of the crack countries, where there are horsemen of the most finished school, critics equally refined, and Vulpecides in plenty (although foxes are valued at their weight in gold). If we say that Mr. Tailby has proved himself in riding, science, and judicious conduct, a match for all, we shall do him no more than justice. We are writing at a critical time in the history of our country. For ere long governments may fall, and members be unseated, but we are sure the green hills of Cottesmore will echo our wish, that Mr. Tailby may, if unseated, be quickly in the saddle again, and never lose the Premiership of Leicestershire.

ADMIRAL ROUS AND THE IRISH TURF.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

NEXT to exhibiting wit yourself, to be the cause of it in others is desirable. Society is at all events indebted in something to you. The instrument that draws the cork and liberates the wine is not without its title to honour. I have no doubt that its claims are respected; and if anybody has ever been at a pic-nic where so useful an implement had been forgotten, he would learn to appreciate the virtues of a corkscrew. Let me not be misunderstood in thus illustrating the position I am about to take up: I have no wish to imply that Sir Robert Peel is deficient himself in those talents which are sufficiently well known to refute the inference; nor, indeed, in the question before us can he be deficient in information: but it seems clear that, but for his late successful attempt to draw Admiral Rous, we might have remained uninstructed by the admirably logical opinion which that competent authority has given on the deterioration of horseflesh in Ireland. Without wishing to detract from the merits of other writers on this momentous question (for it is one really of considerable importance to horsemen), it is not saying too much to aver that, in a general sense, the Admiral has hit the right nail upon the head: and although I shall humbly protest upon some collateral subjects connected with it, as handicapping and short races, as I have done indeed on previous occasions, I believe a few

comments on that correspondence will tend only to confirm the views of Admiral Rous, and to enhance the favourable impression with which they have been generally received.

It must not be supposed, by the general reader, that the question as to the deterioration of the breed of horses in Ireland, submitted by Sir Robert Peel, is anything new. It has appeared in the columns of the 'Times' and of other leading journals, and 'Bell's Life' and the 'Field' have commented largely upon the facts of the case. It does, however, unfortunately happen that many of those gentlemen have not the practical knowledge of either Ireland, the horse, or the hunting field which is requisite for the ventilation of the subject, and we are therefore beholden to Sir Robert and Admiral Rous, both in their respective capacities, for the discussion to which their correspondence has given rise, and for the light and information which has been thrown upon it.

Of course these gentlemen will take with their own eyes, or through their own glasses, their particular view of this case. They regard it as a racing question. I am more inclined to look to the interests of society in general, and diverge from the higher ground to the hunting field and the road. Are Irish horses for general purposes degenerating? It requires a very close knowledge of the statistics of horse-breeding and rearing to answer this question satisfactorily. The Admiral says that they are not deteriorated. Perhaps they are not in the abstract worse than they were half a century ago; perhaps there are some occasionally bred more brilliant than in former generations; but the enormous price which they now fetch, compared with those times, clearly shows that they are degenerating as regards the market.

If you go to any nobleman or gentleman, heavy weight men or hard riders, and ask them to what market they usually look for the chief supply of their studs, they will tell you, 'to Ireland.' Amongst fashionable hunters of the last few years, by far the longest priced horses, in a general way (such as Sir Watkin Wynne, Lords Hoptown and Henry Bentinck would prefer to buy), are Irishmen: and they remain so because experience proves them to be the best. I believe, as far as I can judge from limited practical experience, a four-year old Irish hunter is in manners and capability about equal to a five-year old English horse of the same class; and, although the former of these requires a certain amount of teaching according to the country which he is to cross (especially fast and broad-ditched countries), it is generally found that his readiness and capacity for fencing is greater than the horses of our own island. This is not the place to inquire into the causes of this: they have been stated and discussed a hundred times.

To proceed with our argument. Ask these noblemen and gentlemen whether these horses are easy to be found. If we assume that there is no deterioration of the Irish horse, the answer ought to be affirmative. This would, indeed, accord with Admiral Rous's view of the question. But I am inclined to think, from constant com-

munication with the Midland Counties of England, and about twenty-five years' personal knowledge of them, that the answer would be precisely the reverse. The two answers which have almost invariably been returned to me have been to this effect : Either, that the horse is not to be found excepting with great difficulty, and personal trouble and superintendence ; or that the prices asked are so enormous as to leave no hope but for the very longest purses, and the most liberal purchasers.

It is now a great many years since this country began to look to Ireland for hunters. Indeed, I suspect the oldest inhabitant can recollect the prestige which attached to the sister island, as a breeder of what is called 'an useful sort ;' and the schoolboy stories of feats over stone-walls by Irishmen and their horses beat Baron Munchausen into fits. The Centaurs were nothing to them : and the marvellous bed-room tales of the young gentlemen at old Swishtail's of what was known to be done at Ballinasloe reconciled us to Lemprière's Classical Dictionary itself. I cannot but think that in those days there were a great many more good horses, as compared with the demand for them, than there are now, or have been since ; and that when the price is taken into consideration, the present bears no sort of proportion to the past. But it would be most unfair to Admiral Rous, and to those who think with him, to overlook two facts : the one is the enormous increase of demand for every sort of hunter or hack in England, and its consequent effect upon the Irish market ; and the other is the deterioration of money by the influx of gold, the increased facility of locomotion, and the additional wealth of the nation by its science, intelligence, and material. That horsetflesh in Ireland has not kept up with these demands there can be no doubt, so that practically there is a deterioration of horses in that country as well as in this ; and unfortunately there is hardly a man of moderate means who has not found it out. Fifty, thirty, twenty years ago, in the large fairs of Ireland, or from the hard-riding farmers, horses were to be bought for forty, sixty, or eighty pounds, which would and did carry men of twelve or fourteen stone to hounds in this country : a hundred was a very large price. It is no exaggeration to say that a forty or sixty pound hunter does not exist in the present day, and that the ordinary price ranges from one hundred and thirty to about two hundred guineas for a four-year old which has probably never yet had a brideon in his mouth. If, then, it is meant to assert that the *breed* of horses in Ireland has not deteriorated, *i.e.*, *become worse*, I incline to think that may be correct ; but if it is meant that there are *as many* available horses for hunting and other ordinary purposes of the superior classes, according to the requirements of the age, I must beg to differ as to fact. I should do so with even increased respect for so high an authority, were it not for one sentence in Admiral Rous's letter, which seems to militate against his own views. It is as follows : 'If those gentlemen' (the patrons of the Irish Turf, or Agricultural Society) 'sell every first-class stallion, every superior mare, and every promising young horse, it is not surprising that they

‘have nothing to compete with the third-class horses left in England.’

In this sentence, by implication at least, the gentlemen of Ireland are themselves to blame—for what? for the deterioration of the breed of horses in Ireland; so that in point of fact there is an accusation at their doors of having allowed the horses of their country to degenerate by the measures above mentioned. If I am asked (which thank goodness I am not) to give an opinion upon this as a fact, I should be unable to answer the question upon the spur of the moment. It would require a knowledge of the horses which had been sent out of Ireland within a given number of years, stallions and mares, and an acquaintance with their capabilities beyond me; and on a subject, that of thorough-bred stock, with which Admiral Rous must have a far more intimate acquaintance than I. But, endeavouring to ascertain the truth, and to write only in its interests, I know Admiral Rous will forgive me for calling his attention to the inconsistency of the argument. If I knew, at this moment, what horses and mares had been sent out of Ireland within a given number of years, I should still require to know their capabilities; and as in my view the only valuable progenitors of stock are thorough-bred, I know not to what more competent authority I could apply for information than to Admiral Rous himself.

On the next part of this question to which I shall allude, I think all amateurs will go with the Admiral. I do most heartily; and, on reference to former articles, I find that I have endeavoured to advocate his views as heartily as I can. I allude to the want of encouragement on the part of Government. These trumpery 100*l.* plates, I have before said, are mere ‘playthings.’ In my opinion they do literally nothing for the breeding of good stock, as they are quite insufficient for the encouragement of sound, useful, first-class, thoroughbred horses. They may do something for the passion of racing in the bosom of the Englishman; but, upon my word, that passion appears rather to require quenching than igniting; and there can be no doubt that the Turf suffers more than it gains by the universal spirit of gambling, which has become inseparable from the public running of racehorses. These 100*l.* plates are necessarily too small to repay the owners of good horses, without the collateral advantage of backing the horse himself, and a five-pound note would probably answer all the purposes of bringing together a certain quantity and class of competitors. If, however, Government desires to do a good thing for the encouragement of the breed of the sound, useful, thoroughbred horse, it will not only increase the amount to ten times its present value, but it will add some very handsome donation for competition by show or exhibition;—a business which, as far as I can see, is being now left to the enterprise of the National or Provincial Agricultural Societies throughout the kingdom. I believe a very popular measure might be carried by the adoption of valuable stakes for horses throughout the kingdom, to carry moderate hunting weights, over a distance of ground, instead of by this National

100*l.* plate (which comes out of our pockets, paying a handsome interest in the form of taxes); and that, not only would the encouragement to breed and *keep* better horses be given, but that every class of horse and rider throughout the kingdom would be materially benefited by the change.

It is not superfluous, in this place, to add (and a future opportunity may occur of giving statistical information on the subject), that there is no class of persons so taxed as the keepers of race-horses. Directly and indirectly, from the moment a man becomes possessed of a racehorse, his hand is always in his pocket,—from the primary notion of putting down his stake, to the last trumpery sovereign or ten shillings which he is charged for weighing his jockey, or for sweating his horse over a public heath. If racing is a popular sport, advantageous to the people and the country, taxation upon it is a political blunder: if it is of a villanous, demoralizing tendency, it is beneath the dignity of the nation to give it public support, and the sooner it is reformed or annihilated the better.

To this latter conclusion, however, we shut our eyes. With all its errors, it has so many advantages, such absolute necessities surrounding it; it is so characteristic of ourselves, and so connected with some of the noblest qualities of Englishmen, that we would prefer to bear with it as it is, and support it as we hope it may be.

It is impossible, since our attention is thus called to a Government grant for the encouragement of thoroughbred stock, to overlook certain propositions which have been made in connection with this subject. In the south of England there are two well-known breeding establishments, of great and deserved popularity. The one is known as the Hampton Court stud, a Government institution, and the proceeds of which goes into the Royal Treasury; the other is Mr. Blenkiron's breeding establishment at Middlepark, the result of the energy and capital of a private person. The management of both deserve especial notice at our hands. The prices at both have this season been highly remunerative, and are characteristic of one or both of two things:—the prosperity of the Turf, and the passion for it, or the excellence of the stock exhibited. I shall not omit in this place (though my views were originally directed to the Irish Turf) to mention the exceedingly handsome proposal of a 500*l.* prize for the encouragement of the breeding of thoroughbred stock by Mr. Blenkiron. It would be unjust not to bring it prominently before the readers of this Magazine. It may strike some with wonder that such a magnificent offer should not have been accepted by the Jockey Club. But there is a delicacy in these matters which gentlemen cannot overlook. What, let me ask, could be said if so handsome a proposal should have been accepted from the liberality of a private person, in the position of Mr. Blenkiron, while a Governmental or a Royal establishment of the same kind remained silent? As a public writer, I may refer to this munificent offer without offence to any one. It certainly strikes me as one of the grandest efforts yet made for the propagation of the true ends of racing; and

proves that the sincerity of Mr. Blenkiron, in the cause he has undertaken to promote, is no less remarkable than his energy and intelligence in promoting it.

I think it was impossible that a man so imbued with a love of racing, and so capable of judging of its merits, could separate the Irish question of the propagation of good stock apart from the national pastime. The fact is, that men are apt to put the cart before the horse. The horse, for useful and national purposes, is the end; the Racing System, the means to that end. And, if it were discovered that some other road was more adapted to attain success in our object, it would undoubtedly be our duty to pursue it. My view of racing is, therefore, different from that of many. They love it for itself,—for the excitement or the profit; I think it fair to regard it in a different light,—as a means by which England and the English may be benefited. This is certainly the view which the French take of it; and hence, I apprehend, the increased liberality of their Government grants, and, in their own country, a diminished temptation to wrong. With this view, Admiral Rous has concluded his letter with an apology for handicaps. What he says is true enough. It is necessary to equalize the powers of horses to a certain extent: but the modern system has overdone it. He admits that it is an inducement to fraud, and an encouragement to gamble. These are serious charges, and can only be counterbalanced by arguments in favour of its necessity and advantages. He omits these; and I can only admit them to a limited extent. I see no good to the breed of horses in bringing together a Derby winner and a notorious jade; and I incline to think that the breeding of a number of bad horses, and the training of indifferent ones, is a mistake. I hope I am not transgressing the etiquette or privilege of free discussion if I say this: that handicapping at the present moment depends, to a certain extent, on the character of Admiral Rous himself; and that his reputation for strict honesty and intelligence has given the system the prestige it enjoys.

I am glad that the Admiral concludes by a remark in which I and the readers of this Magazine will most heartily coincide. 'The destruction of horses is owing to early training: a system based on commercial calculation—wanted quick returns, to pay an ugly training-bill.' Precisely. There never has been stated a proposition in such simple terms, or producing a conclusion more logical than that to which he comes: that 'Government must give a handsome National Prize of 5,000*l.*, to be run for by four-year olds and upwards.' The restrictions which Irish gentlemen would desire are entirely out of the question. Their duty is simple enough—to import, instead of export good stallions; and to give strict attention to the business of breeding,—an occupation for which a great part of their country is singularly well adapted, and for which their own tastes and knowledge peculiarly fit them. It is undoubtedly the land of horsemen, and should be that of horses.

It must always be remembered, that men are sometimes penny

wise and pound foolish. So are nations, as individuals. The payment of a training-bill, by the sacrifice of a valuable animal, is one of these cases. At present the early stakes are so valuable, that the profit may be found in an early return; but Government, whose interests are of vital importance in her cavalry and the general well-being of her people, should endeavour to remedy this; and Admiral Rous has shown her the way. As long as valuable two and three-year old stakes exist, the adoption of his advice is useless, because the stamina of the horse will be all gone before he comes to compete for his four-year old prize. Either, then, the two-year old stakes must be done away with, or the four-year old stake must be so valuable as to induce men to keep their best colts and fillies back for it. The present system has no recommendation excepting that of present profit: the proposed one would be slower in its return, but more truly advantageous to the owner. He might keep fewer horses in training, and eventually net a more valuable prize. He would be less liable to those disappointments which arise from early training, and would lower the extent of his establishment, while he very much heightened its tone. The consequences of such a system would be a sound, useful horse, valuable for stud purposes, even if unsuccessful in his four-year old engagements; and an absence of those patched-up screws which have suffered from early work, at a time when splints, spavins, and 'defective feet are the natural consequence of an anticipation of natural powers.

PROVINCIAL CRICKET.

THE rapidly increasing love of that favourite pastime, which may now be called the people's game, as being more particularly within the reach of the many, continues yearly to throw its civilizing influences over the merry and stout sons of this our island home. It was long ago predicated of the numerous customs and games of former times, that good taste would, in some future and not far distant holidays, dispense with much of their vulgarity, without the least infringement on the hilarity so peculiar and proper to their occasions,—a desideratum which has been already much effected by the nourishment and cultivation of the fine old game of cricket.

There is scarcely a shire now that does not rejoice in its County Cricket Club, with rules and regulations duly modelled from the pattern of the high and long-standing M.C.C., and consequently prepared, and ready to afford to minor clubs within its jurisdiction the best possible counsel and advice in all matters relative to the formation of local societies, and qualified to arbitrate impartially on any subject of dispute as to the interpretation of laws liable to spring up among juvenile cricketers. No club need, therefore, languish from a schism among its members, inasmuch as all sores can be immediately remedied by a reference to the 'higher powers,' whose decision must be acknowledged as final, and the correctness of

whose gratuitous advice courtesy forbids to impugn. Herein, then, have we cause for congratulation that our pastimes even participate in that order and regularity so characteristic of the English mind, and so conducive to the formation of true sportsmen, whose pursuits in the cultivation of health and knowledge may indeed change with the seasons, but whose love of fair play and honourable contest will ever remain the same, until the word 'gentleman' is wholly obliterated from our daily increasing vocabulary. A recreation that so commends itself to all classes alike,—prince, peasant, parson, or peer,—cannot fail to be popular with those whose national sentiment of holding their own is fondly cherished, and whose hopes of defence are never wrecked, while 'the timbers are up and the balls a-rolling.' There may occasionally crop up, among men of morose temperaments, sentiments of a disparaging order, denouncing or calling into question the manliness of such amusements, as compared with the ferocious and calcitrating propensities of former days. Yet these observations are now wholly confined to very rural minds, whose powers of discernment have never been opened by the display of any brilliant hit or drive from one of their parish eleven, or whose ideas are entirely obfuscated by amphoralic fusions. There is now scarcely a town, village, or hamlet of any geographical position on the county map that cannot boast of its cricket club; and, wherever existing, manifests its presence by the shrewd intelligence and quick perception of its members, as distinguished from that dull, droll, heavy-sided mode of the no-play professors. Nor need this latter fraternity frown at the occasional appearance on the ground of some brewers' XX., and the draughts that are swallowed of the same, unblushingly and in broad day, to quench the thirst occasioned by healthful exertion; much less mourn over these supposed delinquencies of the rising generation. Surely this is an improvement on the old skittle-ball, and the associations hidden therein—the huddled hostelry and drugged draughts, the hiding-holes and hotbeds hostile alike to honesty and happiness. In the open, and before the world, in cricket each man has his innings, which he endeavours, to the utmost of his ability, to prolong by a careful defence; and, should he haply fall a victim to superior science, after a slight numerical contribution to the score, a graceful retirement ensues, with no exhibition of temper or rufflement of the heart-strings.

Discipline, which is no small ingredient in the composition of good cricket, is productive of emulation; and the love of distinguishing heightens enthusiasm, and accommodates itself to the mortifications incidental to the absence of luck, or, it may be, of proficiency in the art. The qualifications, therefore, of a player must be physical, intellectual, and moral; bold in action, quick in perception, and serene in difficulties. What a school for the young! Ay, and for all whose elasticity of spirits may have kept pace with their years. What a recreation!—wherein the limbs, cramped, perhaps, by the posture peculiar to the desk, can stretch out in pursuit of the whizzing ball; and the hands, dropping for a while the

pen so lately impelled in the solution of some high-flying theory, can grasp, with equal avidity, the 'skyer,' or deliver a 'throw-in' decisive of all argument. There will exist, however, in every locality, many impediments to the well-being of clubs. The smooth course of running is as liable to be disturbed in cricket as in love; and the engagement in the same must be sometimes pursued surreptitiously, if not under difficulties. Mr. Flipell, of Flowncet House (with his half-dozen assistants, all eager to distinguish themselves), indignantly frowns at the proposed match in our village, and puts himself into anonymous communication with some local organ to grind down his lamentations over the idleness and gaiety of his young men;

'Rem

Si possis, recte, si non, quocunque modo rem,'

is the frontlet on his brow, obscuring the vision of liberality, while promoting in himself the formation of that unenviable character stigmatized by the poet as 'the wretch concentrated all in self,'

'Nil obstat tibi—dum ne sit te ditior alter;'

it is the sight of his neighbour's prosperity that riles old Flipell. Playful pleasantry is strictly prohibited from succeeding to ploddings; while the man over opposite is supposed to have produced a balance-sheet less chequered with those blots on the tradesman's ledger, commonly denominated bad debts. Then, again, there is the religious mania, provocative of laughter through the enthusiasm of Mr. Turem, who, in his endeavour to accommodate his exhortations to cricket phraseology, delivers himself to our muscular Christians by informing them of the fact, 'That they may have an "innings" now, but will be all bowled over hereafter, if not finally stumped for 'overstepping their bounds.' These out-of-season sentences, savouring of the sensational, though always received with ludicrous mirth, serve to show the kind of spirit at work to sap the kindly feelings kindled by the social intercourse peculiar to our national recreations. Proh pudor, Proh pietas! Dulce est desipere in loco: the attitude of a party that has seemingly swallowed a poker is uncongenial to our British youth, who rejoice in an occasional opportunity to unbend and loosen the tension of their life-rope, by a participation in a match with the elegant extracts of some adjacent town. For real enjoyment, if at all attainable in hot weather, commend me to a country cricket-match. Impressed with a sufficient knowledge of the game, and how to play it, to create an interest, the batsman approaches his wicket in a cheery style; chaffingly questions the correctness of his guard; and then, with more eye than artifice, combats the bowling and runs up the score, amid the plaudits of his friends: or, with equally good temper, falls a victim to a 'shooter,' to the unfeigned delight of the fielders. Each side makes a stand to the best of its ability; and the unity of feeling on such occasions is only momentarily severed by a single numeral in excess at the reckoning up the sum total. Rusticating for a while with a friend in the country, I went, by his invitation, to witness a cricket-match

of the kind to which I have alluded. The rival Elevens were composed of 'all sorts and conditions of men;' and the gentlemanly element would seem to have been assiduously cultivated by the whole of the players—if the absence of hob-nob familiarity or starched unapproachableness could be any criterion by which a stranger might form his judgment. In the first innings there was nothing particular to attract one's notice, except the hearty manner of the 'fielding,' and the expressive joy whenever a chance given by a batsman was made available by 'Point,' or 'Slip;' especially, too, when the whole of the 'natives' were declared out for 56. After an interval of five minutes, the rival Eleven of a neighbouring town succeeded their opponents; who, in due course, were obliged to retire for 57. The spectators, who had been gradually augmenting up to this time, began now to appear on the scene of action, in companies of fives and tens; when the brass band, followed by scores of people of all sizes, increased the numbers rapidly to hundreds, all eager to witness the game. The interest now excited could scarcely be rivalled on the ground of an Eton and Harrow match, so ambitious did they all seem of the palm. In their second innings, the natives were played up to the wickets with the tune of 'Cheer, boys, cheer;' and on the umpire calling 'Play!' the music ceased, and business began. The bowling was good, the defence steady, and the first 'over' likely to prove a 'maiden,' when the last ball, coming a little to leg, was dismissed for 'three,' amid vociferous cheering and cries of 'Run it out!' Yet, with all their energy and applied science, the score of the Eleven only reached to 64; when their opponents went in, and hoped to win, so to speak, in a canter. But in the third ball, a chance was given to 'Point,' who, barely able to reach it, sprang up, and hitting it hard with the top of his fingers, caused it to bound off to 'Cover-point,' who cleverly caught it, whereby one of their chiefs was put *hors de combat*. The score kept gradually running up, and the wickets falling down, when the seventh dropped for 60; and the eighth, caught by Slip, retired without contributing. The whole of the hundreds who had been previously lounging on the ground, or resting on forms, now rose up in wild excitement, crowding ever nearer and nearer on the prescribed precincts,—as three balls more had to be delivered from the same end, which would most probably decide the issue of the contest. The first of these, being delivered with a will, bounded off the bat, and two runs were cleverly obtained, leaving only one to tie, and two to win. The next ball was rather a slow twister, which Point dexterously appropriated, the action being accompanied by a tremendous cheer but rarely heard in rural scenes. The last man had to stand up to the last ball of the 'over,' which I saw by the determined visage of the Bowler was meant to be mischievous. For a moment there was a profound silence, as the crowd kept eagerly pressing on to see the finish. But the ball was delivered—and that, too, with extra steam, twisting inward; when, being missed by the batsman, the 'bales' went spinning for ten yards beyond the wicket. And up rose hats,

caps, laughing, cheers, and victorious yells, which no band could drown, however powerful. Three cheers for the 'vanquished' concluded this hearty demonstration; and a reply to an observation of mine on the fineness of the weather, addressed once to a country parson,—‘There can’t be two opinions about that, I think,’—reverted to my memory in my retreat from this lively scene; as I then most heartily wished that there could be never any difference of sentiment with respect to the useful tendencies of the manly game of cricket—yea, even in the provinces.

THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

CHAPTER IX.

‘*Les Anglais pour rire!*’ and certainly the figures of fun which were exported after the peace of 1815 were well calculated to excite, and justified the racy caricatures of our witty neighbours. Plain chip bonnets in the shape of skull-caps, with a poke, tied under the chin with a broad ribbon or a gauze handkerchief in *paysanne* simplicity—dresses ballooned in the central portion of the figure, and narrowing downwards in the shape of a large China jar, with baggy and shapeless sleeves—these, with a plentiful supply of corkscrew ringlets and plaited cat hairs, like Pekin pigtails, did not set off to advantage the beauties of our really beautiful countrywomen. And Sir Punch was in strict keeping with Lady Judy. A low, heavy-crowned hat—worked shirt-collars reaching to if not above the ears, with a huge neckcloth starched to the rigidity of a board, keeping the head in a vice, and folded in a Belcher tie, which fell in an avalanche of muslin to the penultimate button of an open and short waistcoat—coats with low collars, swallow-tailed to the ankles, with the waist between the shoulder-blades—voluminous Cossack trowsers, and a club for a walking-stick—this was about the mark of a Bond Street loungeur, unless varied by the tightest of leather breeches, with gaiters or top-boots; and in this Saxon guise he demanded the attention, if not the admiration, of the derisive Celt. The reign of the Petersham dandies was supreme; and an old print, by Tegg, of Hyde Park in 1815, now before us, sets forth, with a proper breadth of treating, the modes which then existed of harlequinading the form of man made after a divine image. Are they less objectionable in the present day? A short roundabout of coarse Tweed, cut in accordance with the prison dress of a felon—cropped hair in keeping with the character—a skull-cap showing some inches of brown-red flesh above the low turn-down collar—or the disreputable costume of a German boatman, half-smuggler, half-robber, with his meerschaum and washy beer, are scarcely better. There is this to be said in favour of the follies during the Dandy dynasty,—that lorettes did not give the tone to fashionable dress; neither did the leaders of *ton* ape the filth of the Burschenschaft or the black-guardism of a toilette à la guillotine.

Every one wended his way to 'the grave of France, the deadly 'Waterloo.' The 'Resurgam' of Napoleonism has been a lively lesson for the benefit of futurity, and has proved that 'Holy' howsoever may be an alliance of anti-popular conspiracies, the current of destiny and of common sense—for the one is the key of the other—will invariably sever in the long run the most pontifically blest bonds of a policy of injustice. It is easy to talk and to rhyme on the setting sun of Napoleonism; yet 'the Star of the brave' is safe to rise with a redoubled ray, and the devotional vows of hundreds of thousands, with each right hand grasping a well-tempered sword, are easy of fulfilment. These Celts, also, have an awkward custom of sheathing their sharp blades in the scabbard of a Teutonic stomach. *Au revoir, mes braves!*

Brussels presented a melancholy spectacle at that time; and the description of it in 'Vanity Fair,' prior and subsequent to the battle, is true and precise, although Thackeray was little more than born at the time, and had every particular from hearsay. The majority of the English were in sombre habiliments, some returning pertinaciously to the plain of sorrow, to hover near the exact spot where those most dear to them had been cut down, whilst others still tended on survivors, who, incapable of removal from the severity of their wounds, were waiting to start in the summer time by canal barges for the old country in whose cause they had battled so nobly. It was offensive to one's better nature to witness parties, in deep mourning, in portions of the field where the carnage had been the thickest, and wholly absorbed by their grief, being flanked by others on the high grass mound above the road near La Haye Sainte, where Picton fell, devouring ham sandwiches, drinking sour Rhenish by pailsful, and shouting braggadocio songs of festivity and triumph as a requiem to the departed, and in response to the tears of the mourners then and there present. Bull is a good fellow in the main, but queer and the reverse of refined in some of the little hours of the twenty-four. Hougomont was the favourite fixture for these battle-ground pic-nics. The orchard of the Scots Greys, outside the battered walls, looked like a Volunteer encampment. It was dotted with small tables from the farm, set over the fresh graves of the gallant dragoons; and the Holland table-cloths, white and gleaming through the strong hedge of hornbeam that had been the scene of many a deadly struggle, gave the whole a festal appearance in ill accordance with the bloody tale that Coster was energetically detailing in bad French and broken English. 'Grand Dieu! mais comme ces lurons d'Anglais mangent bien pour le repos des âmes de leurs confrères,' said one. 'Et ils ne boivent pas mal non plus pour se consoler,' added another. 'Vois-tu un gros tête de bœuf qui pleure? Va ce sont des larmes de Liebfraumilch.' And in the ruined chapel, within the shattered altar-rails, beneath the painted crucifix, was assembled the most noisy of these peripatetic squadrons. If a sepulchral voice from behind the small rood-screen had jocosely intoned 'Mortui te salutant,' what a scrimmage there

would have been ! But the least delicate of these prandial gangs, in *Sanctam memoriam*, was at the inn of la Poste, the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington, in the village of Waterloo. In the back garden, and against the brick wall of a high barn, grew an enormous cherry-tree, and underneath and in the border round about it a number of the killed had been buried. The roots of the tree were well mounded—‘bien engraisés,’ as it was pertinently remarked. The bearing was enormous, the glistening clusters of cherries literally hiding the leaves ; and these ripe bunches, which would have been sold by Mother Carter in the Long Walk at Eton for sixpence each, glowing and reeking with putrescent memories, were gorged by the carnivorous pilgrims with a relish that made one shudder. They would have devoured Lord Anglesea’s leg peppered and broiled to a certainty.

The Belgians alone were arrayed in all colours of the rainbow. Perhaps they had not suffered so very severely as others had at Mont St. Jean. It is said that in conflict the most daring frequently fare the best ; and let them have the benefit of that solution. They were there, however, bodily, if not spiritually, since we were acquainted personally with the aide-de-camp of the Duke who conveyed the order to the colonel of a Belgian regiment of Light Dragoons, after the latter had refused to oppose his light cavalry to the heavy French Cuirassiers, to move off the ground ; and, in obedience to that agreeable command, they sloped their way, one and all, to Brussels. ‘Bah ! bah ! c’est trop fort, par exemple, de nous jeter contre ces grosses tranche-têtes avec leurs grands gredins de chevaux. Moi aussi, je connais un peu la guerre, moi. C’est friand, de par Dieu, d’être chevauché de telle sorte. N’ suis pas bête, moi, va.’

‘Les souvenirs,’ says a Belgian historian of mark and imposing mettle, ‘sont le meilleur héritage des peuples, et un peuple fort par la foi, LES ARMES, le travail et la liberté, héritier de tant de générations illustres, doux et traitables, et que son intérêt, comme son devoir, l’appelle avant tout à faire connaître, apprécier et aimer les hommes, ne fait trembler que ses ennemis.’ What a precious funk Ney and the Old Guard must have been in !

Whatever might have been the cause, frequent duels were fought at that time by the English officers amongst themselves, on account of the relative conduct of their regiments during different periods of the battle ; but the Great Duke justly observed that after such signal success minor errors vanish and are forgotten. We can testify to the frequency of these absurd encounters. One officer, a colonel, of distinguished conduct in the Peninsula, after heading a gallant cavalry charge at Quatre Bras, was amongst the missing. He was supposed to be wounded and a prisoner ; he turned up again, however, on the 18th, fighting in the ranks of another regiment. There was a certain mystery about the affair that would have been awkward had not the terms of intimacy which he still maintained with his superior and brother officers, and with the then

commander-in-chief, together with his acknowledged bravery in the Peninsula, entirely placed misconduct out of the question. Things leak out gradually, some say providentially; and by putting two and two together, according to the fashion of Bishop Colenso, we arrive, if not at the exact truth, at any rate at something very like it, and amusing wherewithal. 'Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?' Thus say he of Natal, and Voltaire. The charger of the colonel had been killed in the onset; he himself had been stunned by the fall, and had remained insensible for a long time. When he became conscious of things terrestrial, and was self-assured that he was not 'kilt' outright, he found one of the harpies of the battle-field examining him closely. She was a fine strapping Belgian peasant, not sallow and thin, for in that case this historiette would not have come to pass, and with a plentiful dash of the southern blood in her veins. Whatever might have been the original motive of her visit to the dead and dying, she was not disposed to look unkindly on a handsome cavalry officer awaking from a trance, and asking questions in good French, and with a purer than Brabançonne pronunciation.

'And woman's face was never form'd in vain
For the Milesian, so that when he prayed
He turn'd from grisly saints and martyrs hairy
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.'

This one, a spanker, might have had once upon a time a just claim to the peculiar nomenclature—

'But there
I doubt all likeness ends between the pair.'

The revived soldier was concealed in a neighbouring farmhouse, and conveyed in a charrette during the night—*toujours sous belle tutelage*—beyond the French lines to another farm near the village of Belles Têtes, an appropriate name, and with the reverse of the 'ecu' forming a charming whole, for which we have always had a warm and ready sympathy. On the 17th the colonel might have pushed on towards Brussels without danger of recapture, but his regimental calls he

'Forgot
Just in the very moment he should not.'

Gratitude and its adjuncts have their delicate exactions; and, although the steed of Lochinvar carried double, there was no

'Racing or chasing o'er Cannobie Lee,'

after Lady Heron's fashion. The ground was deep, and the steed had stuck fast; so that it was not until the morning of the 18th that the spur of awakened duty urged the colonel onwards through the by-roads of Rebecque and Hal to Waterloo, whither he was directed by the sound of the artillery, and where, at the latter end of the day, this future M. F. H. was found doing gallant service in the ranks of another regiment, as a common soldier. He sold out, and, after two years, was a colonel *redivivus*; and not far from Belles

Têtes, in the ensuing year, there was a neat farm, well stocked and provisioned, in which the Walloon matron may, even yet, perhaps, be seen comfortably installed, unless a Metidzo St. Patrick reign in her stead.

Let us skip, for the moment, over a space of fifteen years or thereabouts, in reference to the gents 'Qui ne font trembler que leurs ennemis.' It was in vain that the autocrats of Europe insisted on screwing the two Dutch and Belgian legs into one boot. It was a bad fit; the limbs could not walk; would only kick,—and that backwards. The Protestant guilders were not forthcoming readily for a Roman Mass; and the Pontifical beneficiare dealt liberally in malediction as his principal stock-in-trade. The split came. The Romans accomplished their secession through sheer luck, and from the mistaken forbearance of their royal adversary; and they fortunately obtained, far beyond their deserts, one of the most sterling and clever of princes for a king. His rival, both in war and in love, showed fight gallantly, and they encountered in the field near Louvain. He who had lost both his lady-love and his throne, before coming 'aux mains' with his former subjects, declared, freely and fairly, that those officers who held their commissions under his sign manual, if taken prisoners, should instantly be shot. 'Ce n'est pas faire la guerre honnêtement, du tout. Que feras-tu Jules César II?'—'Et toi, Brute Lxxxxix?—Ma foi, je n'en sçai rien moi. Donne nous deux gouttes de ton absinthe, César,—merci. Bon—ah! ça, voyons un peu, mon cher, que penses-tu?—Tiens donc, skedad-lons,—eh? Mais oui Lxxxxix—D'honneur?—Et de suite.' And they did skedadle at their best, leaving their king with a solitary company of dragoons. He drew his sword, and, giving the word of command to his handful of men—'En avant!'—would have fallen on the spot, had he not been rescued and forced off the field by an Irishman, with a few of the dragoons. 'Honneur aux braves!'—and this prince is of the bravest—clever, loyal and true to the very core in his affection for Old England. We said thus much to the profound statesman and superlative sovereign, on a particular occasion, when we had the honour of an interview. The keen, searching eye was fixed for a moment steadily upon, and read the frank Briton through and through; and, satisfied with the evident sincerity and truth of feeling, he smiled, bowed, and believed. One word. These same Belgians, when superior officers in command of French troops, were amongst the best of the first Napoleon in his Russian campaign; and, in the rank and file, stood firm and fought bravely at Beresina, Borodino, Leipsig, and elsewhere. Strange phenomenon of an inexplicable caprice of nature, moral and physical!

Let us return to the time of Waterloo, and dwell upon softer associations, which are never wanting, after the more crude passages of warfare are over and belong to the past. As a woman forgetteth the pain of her travail, for that a man hath been born into the world, not less gladly do lovely and loving natures, when their fears have subsided, caress and make much of the hero of the fight, stricken

down in the lustiness of his strength. And Brabançonne ladies were full of compassion and kindness for the multitudes that were hourly brought in and laid upon mattresses in the Place Royale and in the open places outside the Petit Parc. They were true sisters of mercy and good-will; and the dying cared little about the religious caste of those angels of benevolence, who tenderly consoled them in their agony. After the one supreme article of faith, Christianity appertains to the deed, and not to the empty word. 'Beati sunt qui in 'Domino moriuntur,' is the blessed promise to saint and to sinner; and equally effective is the holy pronouncement of it, no matter of what sect or of what sex may be the minister of the Divine message. And the glad tidings of a brighter world must surely seem more sweet when heralded in the silver tones, and by the fair countenances of the daughters of Eve,—like the Tsabeen angels of old,—than when hoarsely delivered by the hirsute and repulsive sons of an apostolical Adam.

In the Grande Place at Brussels, near the beautiful spire of St. Michael, with its clock and the questionable motto, 'Sit patriæ aurea quævis,' stands one of the old Spanish mansions, of Moresco Gothic architecture, gabled and turreted, which had witnessed the execution of Egmont, the abdication of Charles le Quint, and the various massacres that had been perpetrated by fanatics, hounded on by the truculent priests of their faith. The last martial assemblage that disturbed the solemn quiet of the Place, was the quick gathering of the British troops, before marching by the Porte de Namur for the advanced position of Quatre Bras. An officer of one of the favourite Highland regiments—Sans culottes, as they were designated—had been quartered in this same house, belonging to one of the traditional and most noble families of Brabant. He had made himself popular with the entire household. The Scot is a canny fellow;—'Up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber,' he is equally at home,—but as far removed from a goosey-gander as it is possible to be. By this facility of adaptation he becomes a general favourite, and, like a prudent wayfarer, keeping his eye steadily on the main chance, he makes that favouritism pay. Kind-hearted and willing to oblige, so that it tax not the sporran, his services are at the disposition of his friends, especially if he be well housed, and with the run of his teeth for love. In the time of tribulation, and in the hour of danger he may be safely relied upon, and be trusted with untold treasures,—with everything, in fact, except a pretty woman and the key of the cellar. Under the practical action of this principle of accommodation, Mac had performed sundry obliging offices to each and to every one of the establishment, and had especially made himself useful and agreeable to the two 'demoiselles de la 'maison'—Madeleine and Berthe. With a proper respect for their anti-Celtic prejudices, Mac banished from his quarters the soldiers that came on regimental business, with their bare legs, et cetera, which quite electrified the conventional ideas of the modest damsels. 'Est-il possible? C'est impayable—mais voyez ils n'ont rien que—

‘ah, bon Dieu!’ And then a demi-scream, with a laugh buried in blushes, set matters straight until the next Sandy ascended the grand staircase.

The deep-toned bell of St. Michael had hardly tolled out the midnight hour, when the drum and bugle were heard that summoned for the fray. It was the stern and last *réveillé* for many; and the sisters cried, and crossed themselves on looking out of the window, in their *toilettes de nuit*, and hearing the loud voice of Mac giving the word of command to his Highlanders, as they debouched from the Grande Place and pressed up the ascent of the Montagne de la Cour, in their way to the upper town. Then, sobbing and listening to the martial air of the clanging band, until the sounds died away in the distance, they returned to their couch, spiritless and disheartened by the imminent peril, not of their country—that was not worth a hair-pin—but of ‘*çe cher Mac*.’

On the eve of the 18th, the handsome Highlander was brought back on a charrette, severely wounded. Where could he go but to his old quarters?—and he was taken there. It is best to be curt and sharp in these light relations; and this, by-the-way, is true to the very letter. Of course—and it is on that account that we have drafted down to the couple and half in ‘Mac,’ and have summarily cut off the elongated tail of the Van, which would have demanded letters in addenda,—a kind of brush, to a considerable extent.—‘*Le pauvre Mac*’ was carried to the state-bedroom—nothing was good enough for him—and deposited amidst the gorgeous hangings of crimson silk, in a room hung with leather arras, richly embossed with gilt ornaments,—about the worst and most unwholesome place for a sick person that could be well devised. And he was watched and cared for with an anxiety that won his grateful thanks, as it warmed his affections more and more towards the officiating members of this tender administration. How grateful to be the popular Premier of a ministry ‘*tant gentille*!’ Only fancy, if Palmerston were wounded at a review in Hyde Park by the stray ramrod of an inexpert member of the Devil’s Own, what a bevy of beauties, ripe and real, would press into his service to nurse him!

The Mynheer Van was a portly personage,—just such another as may be seen in the picture on the wall in the second volume of Charley O’Malley, p. 281; and the Vrow Van was comely, with the dark Spanish eye incrusting in the massive form that so stirred the choler of our Bluebeard Harry when he first saw Anne of Cleves. Then the offspring,—‘*les petites pouliches*,’—were fac-similes of the two wives of Rubens, whom that rich and full-toned painter has bequeathed for the uses of posterity, now that the originals are beyond the reach of harm, and can no longer listen to the voice of the charmer. For dust to dust there is no seduction. Madeleine was the counterpart of his first wife,—fair and full, and altogether a *belle pièce-de-résistance*; whilst the Andalusian form and bright flashing eye of Berthe—the veritable *chapeau de paille*,—told the secret story of the Moors in Spain, which was ingrafted upon

another tale in Flanders,—not pleasing, perhaps, to Mynheer, but vastly to the advantage of rising generations. Madeleine was the best nurse, and Berthe the most agreeable companion. Thus they ministered to him, with a gentle devotion that might have furnished Moore with a fourth story for the loves of twin angels, had not Mac been so heavily kneaded with the dough of earth that there was no chance of drafting him into that kennel. And these spirits of mercy flitted round his pillow in a happy carnality; like that most bewitching amongst the spirits of darkness, the Fitzfulke of Norman Abbey. She must have been of the same race,—a descendant of the one which appeared to Luther in the castle of the forest of Wartenburg, near Eisenach, under a Stygian name, and who upset, in the warm piety of midnight revelations and Walpurgis wrestlings, that celebrated inkstand, the marks of which, on the identical table, are shown for the veneration of the faithful to this very hour; nay, we have seen them with our own eyes,—*parole d'un croyant*. Who would dare to be an unbeliever in a she-devil, 'sang tout pur?' And is it not written in the Book of Murray?

Mac got better and stronger every day, yet as his health returned the attention of his nurses seemed rather to redouble than diminish. A relapse is so dangerous; and they were so affectionately careful. But they of the Horse Guards make no provision for these casualties. There is a limit to a sick leave, and then came the order to join. 'Farewell!—a word that must be, and hath been a sound which 'makes us linger.' Mac felt himself in a fix. He had been abundantly grateful for all favours received, and had given repeated testimony of his sense of obligation to the sisters with the even justice of a Minos. But he must go. He hesitated as to the next move—he had played many, and this was his last. It was quite clear that he could not marry the two according to the canonical regulations of the nineteenth century, A.D. In the nineteenth century, A.M., it might have been another pair of shoes, if not both pair of shoes—a case of Leah and Rachel over again. In the before and after a certain period in the history of ages there is a startling difference. At the very point of union or disunion we turn a somersault—a kind of topsy-turvy culbute in social ethics—hey, presto! and here we are on our legs again—Ung nez—Ung Royne—Adieu, vous autres. But how to choose the Ung Royne was the difficulty.

Mac had frequently brought home bouquets after his walks in the Petit Parc, but on a certain day, contrary to the usual custom, he returned with one only, a solitary one of choicest flowers, which he presented to these gentle Sisters of Charity. Alas, that same charity! Without it we are accounted but as brass and a tinkling cymbal, and with it—yes, with it—we are taught to cover a multitude of sins. And we strive so to do. In point of fact, this 'bond of peace' is a monster crinoline. Let us steep it in the patent mixture, so that it ignite not, for charitable crinolines are perilously inflammatory. To whom were the bright flowers to be allotted? Mac had pondered on the solution of the problem, and in reply to those sparkling

eyes—four of them—he merely requested that the play-board might be placed upon the table—*Le jeu de trictrac*. It is a game of hazard that many have played too often. Yet the losers play on and on, hoping for better luck next time; and, waiting for a turn of the odds in their favour, they commence ‘again, to be again ‘undone.’ The highest of five throws was to be the winner, and the board was open—the winner of the bouquet, but not the winner of Mac. The Celt had determined in his own mind that his lot should be cast with the loser; he had no reason for this determination; it was a caprice, a novelty, and was as strictly just in its inversion of the usual law as the more common practice. The play began; it was all fair and open; and Mr. M’George could not have marshalled his Oaks fillies in better form. The highest for the first throw. Madeleine is the eldest. Deux, cinq—seven. Quatre, cinq—nine; and Berthe has the start of the upper ground in her favour. The stakes were placed on the marble chiffonier before them—radiant in colour, lavish of perfume. Alas! that she who in a few moments would be the possessor of the ‘lovely toy so fiercely ‘sought’ should have cause to say, in lamentation of her victory:—

‘O mother Ida! hearken ere I die.

He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed rich flowers of Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially; and while I look’d
And listen’d, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.—
Dear mother Ida! hearken ere I die.’

We will not go into the question of inspiration with the ‘*Essayists*,’ yet there is often an unknown consciousness of a something uncreate and hidden—a sensuous intuition that is beyond reason and the ‘*casus datæ legis*,’ that speaks mysteriously, and what those beggarly Germans—subtle and deep metaphysicians notwithstanding—would say ‘*transcendentally*.’ It commands for the moment the action of the understanding, and extends its control to the nervous system. Mac’s henchman of the Hebrides would have called this second sight. The sisters, usually smilingly affectionate, eyed each other with a serious look, which they would have concealed if they had had the power; but it was beyond repression. What were a few flowers more or less? He had shown no preferences as between them—it was a mere chance; and the morrow might bring blossoms fresher and sweeter. Yet still so it was; they were heart and soul in this throwing for the present prize, and they stood to win and did mean winning. It was not a case of *Fille de l’Air* and the Two Thousand; yet if one of them had known the terms of the handicap, would she not have pulled a trifle?—just have drawn it a little fine, and lost by a short head? We are told that all is fair in love and war, how is it in racing?

Let us open this masonic lodge of mixes with the triangular junction of hands according to the disclosures of Richard Carlile:—

‘ We three do agree,
In peace, love, and unity,
To have all things in common.—
—JAO—BUL-ON.’

A most pleasant oath and a proper. We should like to be Grand Master of that same lodge of Peris. Allons! Courage, Berthe! quatre, deux—6. A toi, Madeleine; cinq, trois—8. No harm done as yet. Steady, Bertha!—yes, rattle them well. Now for it! cinq, six—11; a good throw; and Bertha’s eyes sparkled: gross number of her score, 17. Madeleine, quiet and demure, throws carelessly; trois, deux—5, 13. She is not disconcerted, but the large blue pupil is of a deeper shade—blushes, as it were. Bertha casts again; deux, six—8, 25; and she claps her little hands, and effervesces with gladness of heart. Madeleine rouses herself, and flings down the dice boldly; double six—25; all, by Jove! A flush like of lightning suffuses the countenance of Madeleine: you could trace the blood coursing along the blue veins, mantling up to her forehead, and colouring even that transparent pearl of an ear. Ah! quel dommage. No, ‘the parting ray dies like the dolphin—‘the last, still loveliest, till—’tis gone;’ and the fair nose resumes its wonted purity of beauty. That is a damaging locality for a roseate tint, especially if it obstinately persist in dwelling upon the line like a harrier. Bertha looked vexed, yet more eager than ever; her whole bearing kindled as she took the box fiercely and rattled the titular bones. And Mac? Pale and silent, he held the score in his hand, and repented him too late of his evil. He hardly moved, shivered as if in cold winter, and thought and called himself all manner of disreputable names. ‘Orci lora me circumdarent!’ he ejaculated, as David did in a similar predicament. It is not a little singular that in the long catalogue of mortal transgressions—taking the whole range of the Decalogue—there is not one for which the son of Jesse has not a penitential versicle ready made—Moses and Son done into an appropriate bit of Judaic song, and fitting all customers. ‘My son,’ predicated conscience and Solomon, ‘why wilt thou be ‘ravished by a strange woman?’ And then stole back soothingly over the memory the sonorous tones of Shanks Paddle in the Eton boat song, when all rested on their oars down stream above the Hopes—

‘ King David, on a summer’s day,
All in the merry month of May,
Was sitting on his terrace,
And there he saw Queen Bathsheba,’ &c. &c.

And forthwith Bertha threw the dice and brought him back to his senses—quatre, cinq—9, 34. Content and laughing, she passed the box to Madeleine, and counted upon being safe. She threw quickly—cinq, deux—7, 32. And now came the deciding cast, with Bertha slightly the favourite. Mac got up and walked about the

room ; a cold damp came over him like a fidgety horse out of condition ; every nerve was tight strung, and he was half inclined to tear the nosegay to pieces. Then followed that stillness over the whole system, when, from excessive and concentrated excitement, the blood curdles into a tardy pulsation that leaves the countenance pale as ashes. And yet the heart, good or bad, flutters on. Mac was of a stubborn temper : he had resolved within himself, that is to say, he had obstinately determined to stand the fortune of the die ; and in a short moment his future fate would be signed, sealed, and delivered.

How frigidly calm some appear to be, with thousands on the event, when, rounding Tattenham Corner, the favourites are over the road, and coming down within the distance. That is the real ‘*robur et æs triplex circum pectus*’—the passive endurance of an agonizing suspense, the brave nerve that bears up quietly ‘*treu und fest*.’ A nip of V. O. P. is very pleasant, not to supply courage, but to give a stomachic steadiness to the general aplomb of body and soul, the first of which, in the middle, is apt to be restive at such time. Mac had stood firm and impassive at the head of his men under plunging fire, and had led them gallantly at the disputed signal of ‘Up, Guards, and at them!’—words which Colonel Gronow proves were never uttered. Then, borne away with the tumultuous impulse of the moment, he only thought of the grand charge and the foe before him. Now how different ! the adversaries were gentle, although one of them in a few seconds was to be his foe for evermore. What antagonist can be more deadly than the betrayed woman ? Who can escape from

‘The patient search and vigil long
Of her who treasures up a wrong !’

Berthe paused ; the habitual rashness of her temperament was quieted by the cold uncertainty of the event. ‘Comment ! as-tu peur donc ?—toi d’ailleurs si hardie ?’ sharply demanded her more resolute sister,—she of the beautiful blue veins and the pearly ear ; and Berthe, answering to the unkind spur, threw hastily,—*quatre, deux,—6, 40*. Madeleine, in an instant, sent the dice rattling over the trictrac board—*double cinq,—10, 42*—the winner. Mac’s pent-up sigh, or rather rush of returning breath, might have been heard in the Grande Place. Did his crimson countenance denote satisfaction, or was it indicative of the disrelished sentence of fate ? Elated and radiant, Madeleine seized the trophy, and, revelling in its beauty and her triumph, sought her chamber to arrange it according to her caprice of colours. ‘*A une autre fois donc*,’ sighed Berthe, which would mean, in common terms, ‘better luck next time ;’ and she retreated to the flower-garden, behind the old palace, to pluck idle flowers that for her, now, had no charm. But did she need better luck ? From that *allée verte*, without which no Flemish garden is complete, she returned, in a little half-hour, a happy and

belle fiancée. And who was to marry Madeleine,—the tender nurse, that

‘Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love had laid in wait ;
Had made a feast,—had bade him come ;
Had won his love,—had brought him home ;
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon her lap had laid his head ;
Had kissed his eyelids into rest ;
His ruddy cheek upon her breast.’

And all went merry as a marriage-bell. Not quite for all. On the banks of the Meuse,—on the right bank, below the Chateau de Poilvâche, where the river reaches round and at the water’s edge, is a small and picturesque village. The spire of the white church towers above the peaceful cemetery ; and the walls of an ancient and dilapidated château are immediately adjoining. It was one of the seigneuries of Mynheer Van. In the hour of her sorrow Madeleine walked along the bank, meditating on the rascality of man ; in the hour of her yet deeper sorrow, she was not a whit more inclined to think well of him, and she said in her haste, ‘All men are liars.’ So they are ; and so was David, to boot, as he honestly declared and righteously confessed. Alas ! as we observed before, that he should constantly force himself upon our attention, in an unbecoming dress of ethics, as it were, in a felonious tweed roundabout, and in a toilette *à la guillotine*. There is nothing new under the sun ; the old story of transgression remains unvaried ; and the ritual of the Church, which makes infant baptism—and even that of such as are of riper years—precede the office of matrimony, suggests a painful reflection. The hour of pain is over, and ‘the second principle of ‘life,’ by a chirurgical misdemeanour which is the disgrace of the continent, ‘closed its little being without light.’ ‘The blasted ‘fruit of love’ sleeps the sleep that knows not breaking in that small cemetery on the banks of the Meuse, and ‘the bleeding flower’ is hid in one of the nunneries of Namur ; but ever and anon the sœur Thérèse passes a novena of deep seclusion at the old château ; and she walks again along the banks of the river, and dwells mournfully as she passes by the small cypress over a tiny grave, that marks and memories the time when she loved ‘not wisely but too well.’

Where’s Trim ?—he had been with us on entering the village.¹ To his many other accomplishments the Belgian gamin adds that of being an arrant dog-stealer. Terriers, spaniels, and setters are his favourite objects of theft, and we were on the alert. There, in all the panoply of warlike gear, on each side of the road, stood the burlesque cadgers dressed up for sale, in the accoutrements of the dead. The English shako surmounted the breastplate of the Cuirassier of the Imperial Guard, and the Scotch claymore did service with a tattered Hussar jacket. The officer’s sword was belted over the stable-jacket of a dragoon ; a bayonet was handled by one who wore the plumed hat of a French general ; and infantry and cavalry mingled services. It

was an entente cordiale of all nations in tattered uniforms, proportionate to their respective sincerity. Everything was for sale; and the greediness of some English buyers, bidding against each other in extravagant sums for a medal or a cross, was well worthy the punishment of deception which they experienced. Spots of blood—procured from the bullock killed overnight—sent up the price many francs. We cared not for these mementos, but insisted upon searching for our Osbaldeston terrier. Some one of these scoundrels, in his mortuary trappings, had stolen him, without doubt. An Irish groom brought intelligence of his probable whereabouts, having noticed a small terrier following another dog through a gateway, and a fellow in a blouse coaxing him with a bit of meat. A golden Napoleon was promised for a capture. Forthwith the olla podrida column of military costumes was in motion,—a motley and vagabond group, that was ready for pillage of any sort, and each one would have robbed father, mother, or sacked a church, if he saw himself safe. It was a scratch pack; but serviceable for the purpose; and they intended getting the Napoleon if possible. Honesty is not to be bought; you may obtain the equivalent for it, however, from a rascal, if you are not scrupulous as to means; and in an occasion of this sort it is the only warranted way to get what you want. The leading hound in chase was the brother of the very man who was suspected. We drew down the gateway and into some cottages—blank—no tidings could be obtained; and they did not come upon the drag until Alphonse, the fraternal Judas, made a cast to some outhouses beyond the gardens. We thought that we heard the suppressed yelp of our little pet; and the fratricidal hound caught sight of a blue smock-frock skulking down the lane, beyond a cherry orchard. Tally-ho!—found gallantly! and away went the ragged rascal, carrying something smuggled up in his blouse, with the motley pack in red, blue, orange, and green, with caps, helmets, and dolmans well on the line, and opening loudly. The traitorous rogues pressed their brother-gamin hard, through the skirts of the wood, when, dropping Trim, who gave him a parting bite, he faced the open and discarded his sabots. The fraternal and the Belgian curs stopped; their supper was gained, and they had no further object. Not so the Irish groom: on he went, steadily, nearing his chase at every stride; and the dog-stealer, seeing only one in pursuit, pulled up and faced round boldly. What had he to fear?—he had failed in his theft, and nothing more was to be said upon that score, according to his reading of the penal code. Gesticulating with his arms, with a running accompaniment of the tongue, he addressed Paddy familiarly, if not jocularly. Tipperary paused, taking a gulp or two to recover his breath and steady himself, measuring the blouse with a smiling eye from head to foot, which the Belgian interpreted kindly; then, whilst the latter was extending his arms in gesticulation, amidst a torrent of words in explanation, Paddy collected himself, drew back, and suddenly let drive,—one-two, bang into the face of the Belgian, sending him down screeching.

The yell was a guarantee of severity. Up he got, swearing, and with both his hands applied to the damaged eyes; when a second battery,—one-two in the stomach, brought the hands down to the middle of his body; then a regular double cracker, once more at the optics, stunned and sickened him. It was the coup de grâce et procumbit humi bos. He never moved. ‘Ah, quelle infamie! c’est atroce! il l’a écrasé, éreinté, abîmé,—le vilain Goddem! assomme-le,’ ‘Jacques.’ ‘Non, toi,—Ha, ha!—hold hard—tout doucement, mes braves Belges. Here’s the golden Nap.’ ‘Merci, mon bon Milor.’ ‘Ce n’est rien ça,’ pointing to his brother, the prostrate dog-stealer; and we returned, joyous and in triumph, to Waterloo, with our little Trim, after a good run with blood at the end of it.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER V.

THE clanking of the steel scabbards had scarcely ceased in the steep streets of Corte, when Pendril and his party, now re-enforced by old Piero and the two men in charge of the tent and provisions, marched out of the town, and following the main road, soon reached the torrent of the Restonica. Before we accompany our friends, however, up the rugged ravine through which that river tumbles from rock to rock in a continuous silver cascade; or bring them through forests of mighty pine to the region of utter solitude in which the mouflon is found, it will be necessary to take a retrospect of Temple’s proceedings before he and his friends had quitted the town of Ajaccio.

The day after their arrival at that port, Temple, as he sauntered along in a fashion very peculiar to himself, paused a while in front of a fruit-stall on which were piled chestnuts, figs, pomegranates, and a quantity of prodigious water-melons. A Corsican maiden stood near, bearing on her head a small basket into which she adroitly popped the pomegranates as she selected them and a few flowers from the stall before her. The fruiterer, a young, handsome man, and apparently a Moor, seemed anxious to assist his fair customer in the arrangement of the fruit; but with a merry ringing laugh she warned him to keep at arm’s length and not touch her basket. The fruit, so fair and so tempting, might have been gathered in the garden of the Hesperides; but Temple saw it not: his eyes were feasting on a form the like of which would have disturbed even the judgment of Paris.

The *pose* of the girl, as she lingered at the stall, was precisely that of Titian’s daughter, as she is painted bright and exuberant under her fair burden of fruit and flowers. Simply and scantily draped in the native costume, her attire consisted chiefly of a mandile and an Indian-silk faldetta; the last encircling her low brow in jaunty fashion, and restraining a mass of jet-black hair within its proper limits; the other, by its light and airy texture, betrayed her faultless symmetry, and served to heighten the charms it would fain conceal.

Her figure, above the common height, was lithe and graceful, yet charmingly developed:—her head and delicate outline of features such as Praxiteles would have chosen for a model of pure Grecian beauty; and yet her full dark eyes, so intermittent in expression, one moment flashing fire, the next sleeping lazily under their long-fringed canopy, betokened the presence of Moorish blood coursing fitfully in her veins. Then, her foot and ankle were matchless—worthy of Andalusia in its old bolero days. And her leg—shall I go on?—yes, Burns shall describe it:

‘Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen,
And such a leg!—my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straight, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.’

Such, in outward form, was Agnese de Galofaro, the daughter of the dread smuggler, on whom Temple now gazed as though she were an angel fresh from the skies.

Although the vendor seemed to be far more earnestly employed in recommending himself than his fruit, and in paying compliments which were apparently taken for as much as they were worth, the time occupied in the purchase of his goods did not exceed a few minutes. Yet brief as that space was, it sufficed to set Temple’s blood boiling and to leave marks of a hot burning brand on him, deep and inefaceable as that of Cain, for the rest of his life.

‘Agnese,’ said the fruiterer, extending a beautiful little bouquet of red geraniums and orange-blossoms, ‘accept this offering; they are blossoms now, but when your eyes shine upon them, they will soon become exquisite flowers;’ and the Moor bent forward with the intention of placing them in her bosom. A flash of the eye, however, like summer lightning, bade him beware that she was not to be trifled with; and as she stepped back to avoid his attentions the bouquet fell to the ground. It was an ill omen; and the Moor thought it so, for suddenly the light of hope seemed to fade on his face, his brow lowered, his eyes became dull and beady, and disappointment took possession of his soul. He picked up the bouquet, however, and replaced it on the stall.

Temple, whose near approach had been hitherto unnoticed either by Agnese, intent on her purchase, or by the fruiterer, devoted to his fair customer, now interposed, a *Deus ex machinâ*:

‘I hardly know which to admire most, your fruit or your flowers; ‘what is the price of that bouquet?’ said he, pointing carelessly to the rejected one.

By this time Agnese had departed, leaving the field open to the new customer.

‘That,’ said the Moor, with a rueful countenance, ‘is now of no value; the others are 75 cents each.’

‘I’ll take four,’ said Temple; and, as he handed out three francs, the spirit of the Moor seemed to revive; and in ten minutes, under

the influence of his commercial success and Temple's talk, Richard was himself again.

'The girl is lovely as a houri ; but her paradise is inhabited by the devil himself,' said he.

A queer tenant, thought Temple, as he waited for further explanation.

'Yes ; her father, Galofaro—the Son of the Whirlpool, as he is called—is a fiend in human form ; he has cut more throats and scuttled more ships than ever Charybdis swallowed ; and yet he was a fair merchant and good neighbour before a Riff captain carried away in his absence his beautiful wife, the mother of that girl. However, he had his revenge ; he caught him in the Bay of Mahon, took him to sea, and then roasted him alive ; and, if his crew are to be believed, they all feasted on him afterwards. As Galofaro boarded the Riff felucca on her port side, his wife went down in a sack on the starboard quarter, and from that day, Galofaro has acknowledged no law, human or divine.'

'But how does he escape punishment,' inquired Temple, 'if he is so desperate a character ?'

'By his own strong arm and sharp cutlass ; and if they are insufficient the subtlety of the old snake comes to his aid. At present he is at sea, or that girl would not be at Ajaccio, that's certain. While ashore, and at rest in his lonely fort, he depends on her eye alone for safety, and that has never failed him yet ; nor has the cushat dove a quicker ear.'

'But this fort,' inquired Temple, with a design which he could ill conceal, 'what is its position, and who are its occupants in Galofaro's absence ?'

'Grotta-dell-'Orco, as it is now called, is more cave than castle. Nature has been the chief architect, though man has done much to render the place all but impregnable. The only approach to it is by a narrow path hewn out of the cliff's side ; and to climb it in safety you need the claws of a mountain cat and the head of a jackdaw. The gorge in which it stands lies south of the Gravone, and is perhaps the wildest and roughest in all Corsica ; it is just a three hours' walk from the city. A Greek woman, related, they say, to her beautiful mother, is Agnese's sole companion ; but she is dumb, her tongue having been cut out by the Riff pirates when they carried off Galofaro's wife.'

'Monsters !' muttered Temple, who, to divert the Moor's thoughts from the real object of his inquiry, craftily enlarged on the barbarities practised by the Berber race on captives in general, but especially on those who were Christians. He then took his departure.

Temple had now gleaned quite sufficient information to enable him to trace Agnese to her mountain home ; accordingly, so soon as breakfast was over on the following day, leaving Pendril and Tennyson still sipping their café noir, he uncoupled Wildfire, lighted his pipe, and was off for the Val-dell-'Orco without further delay. At a distance of at least three leagues from the city as he entered a gorge, down which a

tiny stream babbled its wild song and then mingled its waters with the rapid Gravone, the scene of rugged desolation that met his view impressed Temple with a sense of awe which he could ill define. It seemed as if the earth had been rent asunder by some tremendous volcanic action, and its innermost bowels exposed in their crude and naked deformity to the light of day.

Rightly had it been named, in Homeric phrase, the 'Gates of Hell.' The dark groves of pine and ilex at its entrance; farther on, the absence of all vegetation, the aridity of the soil, the fragments of rock upheaved and scattered in every direction, the masses of gray cliff that rose tier above tier until they were lost to the eye, gave so gloomy an appearance to the whole scene, that Temple did not wonder at the superstitious awe with which this glen was regarded by the Corsican peasants. He felt convinced, also, that he now stood,

'Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci,'

that is, in the very jaws of that valley which, without the Sybil's branch to protect him, he had so rashly determined to visit. Had Grief and avenging Care, pale Disease and sad Old Age,—had Fear, Famine, and Want met him at its portals, '*terribiles visu formæ*,'—their presence would scarcely have increased the gloomy horrors of that scene. The black Cocytus, with its torpid water, was indeed wanting to complete the picture, for the dancing little rivulet was pellucid as the rock crystal that guards the shrivelled body of San Carlo at Milan.

In the very centre of this desolation, Temple chose for his resting-place the summit of a mighty boulder that occupied the bed of the brook, and gave him a commanding view of the sterile ravine on either side. From this point, with a patience characteristic of the tender passion in its first stage, he swept the gorge with his Ross-glass steady and minutely for hours together. Not Charles St. John, when he stalked the muckle hart of Benmore, carried a keener eye than Temple on this occasion. But nothing of life appeared within range of his vision; nothing save a dreary old eagle, that sailed to and fro through the cloudless sky, as if he, too, was on the look-out for some luckless quarry doomed to be his prey. Not even the faintest trace of a footpath was visible on either side of the gorge, or he would have followed it to its farthest end, in spite of all difficulties.

So, as the day advanced, and Temple's eye was well-nigh weary of its fruitless work, a suspicion crossed his mind that the Moor had divined the real object of his inquiries, and had purposely put him on a wrong scent; but, at the same time, he felt sure that this was none other than the Val-dell'Orco, which the fruiterer had so well described. Again and again he rose to stretch himself on the elevated but narrow perch he had chosen for his watchtower; and ever, as the thought of giving up the search occurred to him, the rare beauty of Agnese interposed and chained him to the spot again. At length, in taking a long steady view at the almost perpendicular cliff in front of him, the same dreary eagle once more crossed his

vision ; but this time it bore in its talons some living burden, and, carrying it across the glen, alighted with it on a plateau within two hundred yards of the rock on which Temple stood.

Instantly the unearthly screams of a woman, apparently in distress, burst upon his ear. Guided by the sound, his eye caught sight of a figure descending a dizzy footpath at a frightful pace. One false step would have been her last in life ; but she held on, dashed over the brook, and breasted the hill with a lightness of foot that even Camilla might have envied. Wildly she waved her handkerchief in the air and redoubled her cries, evidently with the hope of scaring the eagle from his prey. But the royal bird had waited too long for his dinner to be so easily disturbed, and bore it steadily and securely to the plateau already described.

Temple knew the figure at a glance, and seized the opportunity. He shut up his glass deliberately, descended the rock, and joined at once in the chase.

Strong and agile as a stag, a few hearty bounds over stock and stone soon brought him to the table-rock on which the eagle had perched ; and so suddenly did he execute this movement, that the fierce bird had scarcely time to relinquish his hold and take to flight, before Temple's crab-stick came whizzing through the air and fell within a few yards of his intended victim. This was a poor little white kid, which, as Temple raised it tenderly in his arms, bleated faintly, but seemed to be more frightened than injured by its aerial trip and the rough usage to which it had been subjected. A few seconds more, and Agnese de Galofaro stood again by his side, her eye and nostril dilated, and her bosom heaving and undulating like the sea in a ground-swell. Warm and grateful were her expressions as she thanked Temple for his well-timed and ready help ; then, as she gently caressed the poor kid, which still lay nestled in his arms, she told him in a few words its simple history :—

'Its mother,' said she, 'nourished me in my childhood, and was my sole playmate for many a year : but when this kid was born, my old companion fell sick and died ; so I try to take poor old Lusie's place, and supply it, as well as I can, with maternal care and affection. But that ruthless bird' (she little knew what Temple's thoughts were at that moment) 'would have robbed me of my sweet pet, and my heart would have been desolate indeed.'

Agnese, as she spoke, continued stroking the kid's head and ears, all the while talking to it in soft musical tones, with which it seemed quite familiar and quite happy. The girl was nature's own child ; and so strong was the innocence of Eve impressed upon her, that Temple must have been less than human not to have felt its influence, and wicked as Satan to have plotted against it. And yet, as her heart beat almost against his, and her breath played on his cheek, it would have been strange indeed if he had not borrowed one leaf out of the old Tempter's book ; strange if, susceptible as he was, he had been able to subdue sensations which were setting his hot blood on fire. Temple was so like the rest of the world, that he

did what others, under like circumstances, have so often and so successfully done before him, even from the beginning—he beguiled the woman with his tongue; and he did it with a subtlety not altogether unworthy of the father of lies.

‘I must carry it there for you,’ said he, as Agnese extended her arms and expressed a wish to bear the kid homewards.

‘Impossible,’ said the girl, firmly. ‘I dare not admit you. My father is at sea; and, except by his orders, no human being is permitted to cross our threshold save Zara and myself.’

‘At least I should like to hear how the little *aéronaut* thrives after his adventurous journey,’ replied he; and, as he handed the kid over to its mistress, he expressed so deep an interest in its welfare, that Agnese, unsuspecting of any ulterior design, at once said—

‘Oh, *that* you may know readily, when you are disposed to visit the well at the foot of this hill. I usually go there at mid-day for our daily supply of water,—for the brook, though so bright and clear, is not always to be trusted.’

Temple made no hasty response; but his handsome features could ill conceal the satisfaction he felt at this information, and he chuckled within himself at the unwariness of the game he was about to pursue. Then, there was a soft, purring gentleness of manner about him, when he addressed a woman, that was perfectly irresistible: and his own self-confidence told him that, if not already pre-occupied, a few private interviews would place this simple girl helplessly in his power.

‘We shall meet soon at the well, then,’ said he, somewhat carelessly, but mentally resolving to be there on the morrow, and there every day during his stay at Ajaccio. Having then helped her and the kid across the torrent—an act of assistance which Agnese little needed,—he turned from the Val-dell’-Orco and left for the city.

That night the image of the handsome stranger haunted the dreams of poor Agnese. Again she fancied herself in wild pursuit of the eagle, and, close to her, Temple came bounding over the rocks, with a light step and a radiant face: then, the scene changed, and she saw a deadly struggle taking place between her father and him; and before she could interfere, Galofaro had driven his dagger into Temple’s heart. So deeply was her mind impressed with the reality of this vision (for in sleep imagination wanders at full swing, uncontrolled by reason), that she awoke with a cold shudder, and it was a long time before her pulse settled down to its accustomed beat. Like the first touch of frost on a delicate flower, the fret-work disappears before the morning sun, but its cold finger is long felt by the flower.

Alas! those meetings at the well, to one of which Pendril had become an accidental witness, soon led to others in more private and secluded spots, and at length to the Grotta itself. Neither the difficulties of the steep and dangerous ascent, nor the warnings of Zara, nor even the daily expected arrival of Giovanni de Galofaro were allowed to interfere for one instant with Temple’s visits,

which became more and more prolonged as the time drew near for his departure.

The infatuation of Agnese, too, as might be inferred from the passion that peeped out at her eyes, was now, if possible, more heedless of results than even that of the reckless Temple. Poor child! she had never been taught to subdue nature, nor to check its aspirations. Love to her was like the mountain torrent, flushed with rain, rushing madly forward and laughing at restraint. She indeed might have said with Eloise :

‘ Oh ! happy state ! when souls each other draw—
When love is liberty, and nature law.’

To lie on his breast for hours together, to ‘ drink delicious poison ’ from his eye ; to pant on his lip, as he pressed her closer and closer yet to his throbbing heart ; to interchange thoughts too deep and too sacred for mortal words to tell, created so wild a tumult in her veins that, even if she had striven to gain a command over herself, she could no more have done so than a pilot could guide a rudderless ship in a stormy sea. Is it to be wondered at that so inflammable a temperament caught fire under such circumstances ? or that, when Temple placed her on a bank of violets, his arm fondly clasping her waist and his tongue lisping the language of eternal love and tenderness, she resigned to him her guileless heart ? Ay, and she did so with a pure, unquestioning, confiding faith worthy of a holier cause and a better fate—‘ *Hic Hymenæus erit :* ’ she accepted his vows as already fulfilled, and believed in him with her whole soul.

The very gods conspired against poor Dido, and forced her with thunder and hail into the open arms of Æneas : the Massylian knights, however, were evidently shocked at the public indiscretions of their fair queen ; and immediately that monster Fame blew her brazen horn and magnified the scandal throughout the cities of Libya.

But, in the Val-dell’-Orco, the dark pine forest at its foot was all but impervious to human eye ; and no tongue was present to whisper light tales of the youthful pair. The summer wind that sighed in the trees, and the song of the tinkling brook, were the only sounds heard in that silent grove ; so Temple and Agnese wandered in its mazes, enjoying the bliss of the moment, but heedless of the passing time and of the day of reckoning.

The Douaniers of Ajaccio had indeed reported at head-quarters the constant visits of Temple to the Grotta ; but as it was acutely inferred that the violation of the Code Napoléon was not his object, the officers were commanded not to extend their espionage to the private business of the young Englishman.

Nothing, however, escaped the watchfulness of Zara’s eyes ; and, as might be expected, the endearments that passed between the pair in their most private interviews were no secret to her. On the day before Temple and his friends took their departure for Corte, Agnese became aware that Zara was in a state of utter terror lest Galofaro should make his appearance before Temple had fairly started on his

hunting expedition and turned his back on the Val-dell'-Orco. Not one of his crew understood the desperate character of Galofaro better than Zara did : she knew that revenge, always sweet to the Corsican, was intensely so to him ; and she dreaded to witness the result of it. In fact, she would have walked into the crater of a volcano rather than face Galofaro if she allowed him to find Temple in possession of Agnese,—Agnese, the living image of her mother, and the only object in life for which the smuggler now cared to live. The man who would despoil him of that jewel, or sully its brightness, must indeed be indifferent to his own safety or ignorant of Galofaro's nature.

So Zara, to pacify her conscience, or to prevent the realization of her fears, warned Agnese of the extreme risk which Temple ran if Galofaro found him near the Grotta. She drew her forefinger significantly and ominously across her throat, first pointing at Temple and then at her own self, implying by the last action that she had been equally to blame in having so far acquiesced in Temple's visits.

Still, however, Agnese, loth to lose him as he was loth to depart, stood with her hand locked in his at the mouth of the lion's den.

'In a week or two,' he whispered in her ear, 'I shall be with you again ; and then, if your father consents, we can make arrangements for our marriage without delay.'

So relying on this promise—the Jack-o'-lantern of many a confiding maid—Agnese sobbed as if her heart would break ; and when Temple turned to go, the language if not the very words of Ruth burst from her lips : 'Whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'

But Zara, laying a firm hand on her wrist as Temple left, pointed seawards, and with a gesture too significant to be mistaken, drew her attention to a *barca* in the offing. Instead of the latine sails, however, under which the felucca usually sailed, this craft carried a kind of lugger-rig ; but the long, low hull, and the course she held, did not deceive Zara's eyes ; she knew her to be the 'Morgana.'

There was just wind enough to give her steerage way, consequently it would be many hours before her crew could come ashore ; the landing, too, would be effected in the dead of night, if the coast was clear ; and then Temple would be safe at Ajaccio.

On the following day, as we know, Temple and his friends started early for Corte ; and that very night Galofaro slept in the Val-dell'-Orco.

THE SIRE OF THE DAY.

NO. VIII.—COTHERSTONE, BAY MIDDLETON, ETC.

I MADE an observation in my last article on the somewhat singular fact that Cotherstone, one of the best-bred horses of his day, and the best racer of his year, was as a stud horse comparatively a

failure, and chiefly because his stock soon acquired a character for faint-heartedness.

Since penning that remark, I have received from a well-known racehorse breeder, whose judgment is second to none, an account of Cotherstone's treatment, and as there is a great deal of truth in his comments, I will quote what he says in his own words.

'I remember,' he says, 'somewhere about 1854 or 1855 seeing Cotherstone at Harlestone. He was then as fat as any seal, and the stud-groom told me they *never exercised him*. He had no shoes on, nor had had for some years. It made a strong impression on me, as he had not then been out of the box for some three or four years. Now I do not mean to assert that proper exercise would make a stallion a good one that is naturally a bad one; but this I doubt not, that a horse of the vascular tendency of Cotherstone would be entirely ruined as to *vitality* and *nervous energy* by breathing day after day, and year after year, the contaminating air of a stable, putting entirely out of the question the necessary development of muscle essential to health, dependent on exercise. If a horse is to get stock he must be kept in health: and without exercise and fresh air this is out of the question. He may *exist*, certainly; but existence in stallion life is perfectly distinct from healthy vital action; and it is in the enjoyment of this, and this only, that healthy stock, possessed of vitality, can be produced. Too many of our stallions only exist. How few get exercise enough; and when it is borne in mind that most stallions of repute are called upon to serve never less than three, and often four mares a day—are we to be surprised that so few get winners equivalent to the chances they have in their mares? To show how essential air and exercise are to a stallion, let us only consider that country stallions walking twenty-five and thirty miles a day can serve generally one hundred and twenty mares in a season, and get foals. Now where is the horse of repute that does not travel, that could stint sixty out of seventy mares upon the exercise he is supposed to have? To this continual inhaling bad air and want of muscular development I entirely attribute Cotherstone's failure. He was a short-legged horse, and equally as good-looking, if not better, than his sire Touchstone. He was one of the best-bred ones in England, and for some years had a chance; but he was a failure, though with fine early action, and a real racehorse.'

I find that Bay Middleton, whom I have always held to have caused great deterioration in our breed of the 'sound and useful' horse throughout the country, has an ardent admirer and upholder in Mr. Goodwin; who in the columns of the 'Sporting Gazette' announces that 'he was a long way the best horse we have had in this century,' and adds that 'strong facts always did and will take precedence of strong fancies.'

Having a high opinion of Mr. Goodwin's horse lore, and knowledge of the animal, I must yet ignore his infallibility, and in return must call him down from the airy realms of fancy, to the 'stern

'reality of fact'—even in the case of his much-loved Bay Middleton.

No one disputes that Bay Middleton was of the highest class as a racehorse. He was out of Cobweb, also a superior animal; and few mares have bred in four successive years four better three-year olds than Bay Middleton, Cæsar, Achmet, and Phoenix. I will also allow he won the Derby in a great year with Elis, Gladiator, Venison, and Slane; but I hardly think that year equal to the one which produced Plenipo, Glencoe, Bran, Shillelagh, General Chassé, and Touchstone; nor can he be held to have been a better racehorse than Velocipede or West Australian.

Still there remains the fact that none of the Cobweb family ever ran well, or, indeed, ran at all after three years old. They none of them were permitted to start as two-year olds, consequently they had every fair chance given them: they came out fresh at three years old, and proved themselves racehorses. Why, then, did they not run on? simply because they were infirm and could not be trained. It is also a striking *fact*, that with the one exception of The Flying Dutchman (and he *once* did not like the Doncaster Cup Course), that none of the Bay Middletons won a Goodwood, Ascot, Doncaster, or any other great Cup; and if I except the Ascot Cup, won, as I said above, by The Flying Dutchman, and the Vase, and the Stockbridge Cup, which fell to Hermit as a three-year old, the 'Calendar' may be searched in vain for any of that horse's sons' or daughters' victories after three years old over long courses. Very few Queen's Plates are recorded as won by them, and not one single great handicap.

Surely this is enough to prove that the Bay Middleton family are not calculated to improve the breed of horses for useful and staying purposes. But if we look to the stock he got, there are but very few high-class ones among them, though Bay Middleton had every advantage. No expense was spared by Lord G. Bentinck to procure the best mares to cross with him; he had most of the crack mares in England put to him; his stud career extended over nearly twenty years; and he had a double chance, as half of his time was spent in the north, at Doncaster, the other half in the south, at Danebury. Which of his sons can we find (with the one exception above named) who has done either the Turf or the hunting-field any benefit? Let us run through the list. Five of his sons are advertised this year. They comprise Ruby and Autocrat, two horses who won at two years old and never after; Barbatus and Druid, who never won at all; Planet, who was a good miler, having once beaten Van Tromp; and to these may be added Hesperus, his brother, who is notorious for his speedy roarers. Cowl, the eldest son of the famous Crucifix, was a good but infirm horse. He was foaled with spavins, and was very nearly knocked on the head, as not worth rearing; nor, with very fair chances, did he ever show himself a valuable stud horse.

Aristides, Mid Lothian, and Honeycomb may be mentioned in our

list. The two former good horses, but owing to their tempers being bad, they were castrated. The latter will long be remembered as the great impostor, who was always going to do wonders; but they never came off. He, too, was castrated. Gaper also in his day made no little noise in the world, but his was a transient splendour.

But what of Andover and the Hermit, it may be said? The one won the Derby, the other the Two Thousand Guineas, and Ascot Vase. They were good average races. Andover was bought by Sir Tatton Sykes; he gave him a trial at Sledmere, and finding his stock indifferent, quickly sold him to the foreigners. Hermit also crossed the water.

The above list absolutely exhausts the direct blood, through the male line, from Bay Middleton; if we except a host of animals, such as Gabbler, Gunter, Bramble, who have for so many years been spread through the country and done so much mischief to the breed of sound and useful horses in general. It is true that from among the large number of mares sprung from Bay Middleton, we have had some good horses born in the second generation.

The best of his daughters were Ennui, All round my Hat, Mayfair, Aphrodite, and Callipyge. From other daughters, too, are sprung Wild Dayrell and Sunbeam (winners of the Derby and St. Leger), Saunterer, Adamas, Orestes, Imaus, Tippler, Mainstone, and Johnny Armstrong, and (going down one more generation) Rapid Rhone and Fisherman.

These 'facts' are strong. They prove that Bay Middleton was not a successful stallion. He never got the winner of a Goodwood, Ascot, or Doncaster Cup, or of any great handicap over a distance of ground, and at high weights. He got very few winners of Queen's Plates, and his sons, with the single exception of the Dutchman, have failed in the same way as their sire.

He was a first-class racehorse himself, and he came of a running family; but if he and his family have for so many years failed in showing us any specimens of stout, staying, and wearing horses, it is but just to conclude there is a weak spot somewhere, and the race is unsound.

Before concluding the story of the 'Sires of the Day'—at least for the present—it is interesting to look forward prospectively, and see, which we may anticipate seeing, among those young horses lately taken out of training, come early into notice, and supply the places of the old ones who are on the wane.

It is a proof that the deterioration of our breed is not general, if even partial, that among our first-rate young ones there are some of very great promise, possessing power, speed, and quality.

Thormanby, whose foals are coming very strong and racing like, is perhaps the most valuable acquisition to the stud. He was a racehorse over all distances; and what higher recommendation can be given than that? Moreover he stood work and trained on. The same may be said of Macaroni, who will next season be put to

the stud. He possesses every qualification desirable in a stallion. He, like Thormanby, was equally good on long and short courses; his frame is most symmetrical, and his action beautiful. His blood is undeniable—by Sweetmeat, dam by Pantaloon, out of Touchstone's dam.

Carnival, almost brother in blood to him, but with a Venison strain through Buckthorn, also promises well. Asteroid needs no encomiums of mine to recommend him. Combining the blood of Stockwell and Touchstone with the Blacklock, it seems impossible he can miss being some day a great card at the stud, especially when his many late victories, and the gallant way he could struggle home under high weights, is also borne in mind. Nor are Caracatus and The Marquis to be overlooked. The latter, now grown quiet as a lamb, is a very racing-like and sound horse. His blood is the same as Asteroid's.

Second to none in action, appearance, and quality is The Knight of St. Patrick, and if any judgment can be formed from foals and yearlings of a sire's merit, most assuredly 'the Knight' will take some beating in future years.

Buccaneer, St. Albans, Dundee, and Thunderbolt bid fair to please the public. Nor would my list be complete, if to these I did not add among the most promising young ones the names of Skirmisher, Oxford, Warlock, and Toxophilite. If the breeder wants a little extra power, let him not overlook the two Stockwell horses, Knowsley and Citadel—the latter the most powerful horse of the day, and one who ought to be shown for the 100*l.* prize in July, at Newcastle, as a specimen to teach those not up in the history of the horse to what size and power the thorough-bred horse may be brought.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

P.S. In my last paper I inadvertently put Muley Moloch instead of Melbourne as the sire of Rapparee's dam.

ROWING.

If perfect condition, fine rowing, and honest intentions can make a race interesting, the match between Hoare and Cole was a model, for both men meant winning, each was fit, their craft were models, and both sculled prettily and well. The only drawback to that perfection to which it is said human affairs cannot attain lay in the elements; for the wind incited the water to excite itself needlessly, and in a manner little calculated to promote pretty sculling. To use an Irishism, the river was a sea; and Hoare, from his station, had an advantage which, had he not started most unluckily, must have given him the lead at once; but, as it happened, Cole started very fast, and Hoare missing his stroke at the beginning, Cole got a slight lead, and, being anxious to get into the smooth

water, bored Hoare most unconscionably in-shore, reminding us of Chambers and Kelley's match when they went up hugging the shore in just the same way. Cole had about half a length's lead round the point, when Hoare, in the still water, put on a spurt, and went by him apparently without an effort, to the intense surprise of the Chelsea party, who after the start had been exuberantly joyful, laying 2 to 1 on their pet, who, after being favourite during the week, had at last given place to the Hammersmith man. Hoare, having once got the lead, was never in danger, and going under the Suspension Bridge well ahead, finished the race at comparative leisure, though Cole did his utmost. On the previous day (the 20th) Kilsby and Coombes won a pair-oared race with Fenton and Kemp. The men are what we may call in these days below-bridge men, all hailing from the neighbourhood of Lambeth and Westminster. The advantage of strength was decidedly on the side of Fenton and Kemp, who are both sturdy young fellows; Kilsby and Coombes—especially the latter—being of a lighter and livelier pattern; and such they proved themselves, starting their boat wonderfully fast, and gaining a length before the others seemed to have thought about beginning. The issue was never in doubt, Kilsby and partner going away until they had made what appeared to them a safe gap between themselves and their opponents, when they began to take matters more easily, winning, nevertheless, by lengths too numerous to mention. Kilsby, the winning stroke, is a well-made young fellow for his size, and possesses the merit, too rare among watermen and professional rowers, of attending to his training. His career has hitherto been very fortunate, though the fry he tackled at first were very small, and some of his races have been won ludicrously easily. He is now matched with Jos. Sadler, the 'Jack' at Simmonds's boat-yard, who will, no doubt, be supported by numerous *habitués*, but we fancy Kilsby will score another win for the 'Feathers,' where he has trained for almost all his matches. On the same day a little race came off between M'Mahon and Green, which, on its merits, is unworthy of notice; but M'Mahon being attendant at the L. R. C. boat-house, and Green working at or near the Putney steam-boat pier, an immense amount of local interest was excited, the Green party being amusingly sanguine, though an unprejudiced spectator would have thought one glance at their pet doing his work would have dispelled the illusion. M'Mahon, though of a weak constitution, can row a little, which amply sufficed to bring him in a gallant winner.

Amateurs have been hard at work, both with club races and preparations for regatta fixtures. The London and Kingston Clubs being under orders for Henley, have confined their attention chiefly to that important meeting. The West London had a sort of field day on the 11th, a gig-race, as well as the Senior Sculls, being fixed for that day. The gigs produced a most exciting race, the winners being last at the start, and not coming up until half the distance had been run, when their superior steering told, and they won by two

lengths. The Senior Sculls, though better in point of quality, was nothing as a race; for Lister did not start, and Cecil, from the worst station, won all the way without an effort. A match between the Thames and Excelsior Clubs was looked forward to as a certainty for the up-river men; and such it seemed at the start, for they took a length's lead in a few strokes; but after the Excelsiors, who were a strong, rough-and-ready lot, had settled to their work, they made up for lost time, and, running up to the Putney men, passed them with apparent ease, the contrast between the crews being remarkable, the Excelsiors pulling without a spark of style, but with plenty of powder, while the Thames men had lots of elegance, but showed a great want of everything else.

Henley Regatta, the *ultima thule* of amateur oarsmen, came off on the 23rd and 24th. The entries, compared with last year, were meagre, the Grand Challenge Cup obtaining only three entries besides the holder's; the Stewards' two; and the Wyfold none. The Kingston Club, who are holders of the latter, expressed a great anxiety to have a race with somebody for this prize; and the West London offered to send a scratch crew for the race; but some misunderstanding occurring, the Kingston crew left off practice, and, under these circumstances, naturally objected to allow the post-entry of the West Londoners. The Wyfold, as well as the Visitors, therefore, both resulted in a walk-over; but this was amply compensated for by the splendid finishes which some of the races produced. Thursday, the first day, opened with a very doubtful promise of good weather; and visitors from London reported that they had showers of rain on the journey down. As the time drew on, however, the sky cleared up,—though rain was superseded by wind, which, however preferable it may have been to spectators, was not equally so to the competitors for the Grand Cup, which, as on last year, opened the meeting. As the challenging crews,—Kingston, Trinity Hall (Cambridge), and London arrived at the starting-post, they found the water very rough, and the wind blowing right across, making it a matter of some difficulty for the Eights to get to their stations. This completely altered the aspect of affairs; and London, who had won the toss, and, of course, taken the Berks shore, found themselves in the worst instead of the best station, with water more like Corney Reach or Erith than Henley, and a wind better suited to a sailing skiff than an outrigger. The Cambridge men were nearly as badly off; Kingston, on the Bucks side, well sheltered from the wind, having decidedly the best of it. At the start, London, rowing a beautiful lively stroke, got ahead in spite of their position, and, for 200 yards, increased it; but Kingston came gradually up in the smooth water, and at Remenham had a slight lead; Trinity Hall last. Between here and Fawley Court, Kingston improved, and the Cambridge boat passed London, and they crossed over in this order, London falling astern. Kingston finally won by a good length; rather more between second and third. The winners were decidedly the best crew, rowing both strongly and prettily,

though, for mere style, London had the advantage, and, as they rowed down to stations, went as one man. The Trinity Hall men were strong, but wanted style sadly. The rough weather made the race a most unsatisfactory one to the losers; but Kingston's merit was conclusively shown on the second day, when they won from the worst station, beating University College, the holders, after a splendid race. The next event was the Town Challenge Cup, which was not of general interest, and it being succeeded by a walk-over for the Visitors' Challenge, and the race for the District Goblets, which followed, being also a local affair, plenty of time was afforded for satisfying the inner man. At half-past four came the Trial Heats for the Stewards, between the Kingston and London crews, and Kingston having won the Eight, and London being last, and again having the worst station, the Kingston backed themselves at evens, though before the eight-oared race they had refused some tempting odds. The wind had by this time lulled a little, and, fours being more manageable than eights, they got to stations without much difficulty. The London men started splendidly, and, putting it on very hot, in a few strokes went right ahead and crossed to the Bucks shore. Here, out of the wind, they improved their advantage, and, during the rest of the way, took matters very easily, the Kingstons, who put on a plucky but ineffectual spurt at the finish, coming in about two lengths astern. The last event of the day was as interesting as any, the Ladies' Plate bringing together the Trinity Hall crew, who had rowed second for the Grand Challenge, Eton, and Radley. The Eton *boys* (?), from the Bucks side, made a capital start, and soon relieved the anxiety of their light-blue friends by showing in front, Cambridge second, and Radley last. The latter were, no doubt, the least efficient crew, but they had scarcely a fair chance of displaying their skill, for their water was so bad, and the wind so strong, that their coxswain had to lean right over out of the boat, in a vain attempt to keep her level. The excitement of the Eton boys was immense, and they ran up with their crew, shouting the usual formula of aquatic applause, until they were as hot as the oarsmen themselves, and probably much more fatigued. The rain, which had obligingly been hitherto very moderate, came down a little after the last race, and at intervals during the evening, as if implying a hint much needed by some of the visitors, that, as we were in the country, one might as well have a good night's rest for a change.

On Friday morning, in spite of the clouds, the folks came pouring in by trains and traps, showing that, in public opinion, the best day's sport was to come. The final heat for the Grand Challenge was the first fixture; and a more splendid race we have seldom seen. This time Kingston had the worst station, University being in the centre; though, the wind having dropped, it mattered less than on the previous day. Still, it was enough to give the Oxonians a lead at the start of a few yards, which the Kingston men, who rowed magnificently, did not allow them to increase. At Remenham

Cardale put on a splendid spurt, which drew Kingston level ; but, up to Fawley Court, they could do little more. In crossing over, it seemed anyone's race ; but Kingston, whose stroke seemed inexhaustible in spurts, again put it on and drew ahead, and the Oxford men being at this important point badly steered, the Kingstons on arriving at the towpath found themselves clear. The steering did not affect the result of the race, but it put the red-jacket party out of their misery a few seconds earlier than was absolutely necessary. The Kingston were deservedly applauded, not merely by partial friends, but by would-be censorious critics, their condition, rowing, and steering being alike admirable. This is the first occasion on which the great prize has gone to Kingston, and recruited as the Club is by University men it ought to make a good show next year. After the great race we had no time, as on the first day, to devote to lunch, for the Pair Oars came off between the Brickwoods, and Selwyn and Kinglake. The contrast between the pairs was remarkable : the Cambridge men rowing very strong but by no means steadily or neatly, while the London pair were lovely to look at, but had not the weight or the power of the others. The Brickwoods, who can start as fast as any pair we ever saw, went away first, though in the worst station ; but after 200 yards the Cambridge men drew up, and going by soon took a decided lead, which they gradually increased, winning by several lengths. The walk over for the Wyfold by the Kingston Club was followed by the Diamond Sculls, which, as last year, was looked forward to with the greatest interest, Michell, as we hinted last month, and Woodgate, ex-champion of the Thames and a winner of almost every race with oars or sculls, except the Henley trophy, appearing to contest the prize. The non-entry of Parker and Lawes occasioned great disappointment, especially as the latter had been understood to refuse rowing with his college and University that he might the more thoroughly devote himself to sculling. Parker is unwell, and as he will shortly leave England for Australia, we shall not probably have another opportunity of seeing this wonderful sculler perform in public. There was a vast diversity of opinion as to the relative merits of Woodgate and Michell, and we can scarcely say which was favourite, 5 and 6 to 4 being laid on each. The Kingston men swore by Woodgate, who is captain of their club, Etonians to a man sticking to Michell, and the general public being, as usual, much divided in their opinion. Woodgate had the station, but Michell, who pulled a much livelier stroke, got first away, and at the Farm House was almost clear. Woodgate, with a long swing which reminded us of his Wingfield form in 1862, now came up level ; but another spurt brought Michell ahead again, and inspired by the shouts of his friends, especially the Eton boys who screamed, yelled, and took his name in vain in the most enviably enthusiastic manner, he put on another spurt and was about half a length in advance, Woodgate all down the reach rowing the same long steady stroke and steering a splendid course. At Remenham, Woodgate came level, but Michell

led again at Fawley Court, though only for a moment, Woodgate coming up and going in front directly. Crossing over, Woodgate was a length in advance, rowing the same long steady stroke as at the start, and Michell getting his sculls locked soon afterwards. Woodgate was well away, and the race seemed over. It was now Woodgate's turn to stop to pull his trousers straight and Michell came up again within a length. They rowed in with a gap of about half a length; but Woodgate stopping accidentally a little too soon, and Michell finishing with a spurt, Woodgate actually only won by a foot, and very nearly had the tables turned upon him for the dead heat with Brickwood in 1862, when Brickwood stopped too soon, and Woodgate gaining every stroke the judge pronounced it a dead heat, and they had to row again, when Brickwood won easily.

Great disappointment was felt at University at the last moment withdrawing from the Ladies' Plate, leaving the Etonians to walk over. More than a hundred youths of various sizes, but similar as to neckties and other light-blue gorgeousness, had come over to see their crew row and, we believe would rather have seen them beaten than rowing over; but they made the best of it, and ran up with their boat, cheering in a manner that none but English boys could manage; and without regard to size we should say more persons accompanied the Eton walk-over than any of the actual races. The crew certainly deserved their honours, and we hope to see as good a lot next year to defend their prize. The London watermen had a race for the usual Purse, which was won by Tagg's crew; but all the enthusiasm was reserved for the final heat of the Stewards' Cup, which brought together London and University, the holders. The L. R. C's. bad luck stuck to them through the meeting, and they had again the worst station, but succeeded in getting the lead as on the previous day, and so splendidly did they row together that they took the Bucks water almost immediately. The race was never in doubt, and henceforward interesting solely as an exhibition of fine rowing on the part of the Londoners, who having crossed over, leading comfortably, rowed in a few lengths ahead. The University men pulled all the way with the most thorough pluck, but were evidently over-matched, Mr. Forster being fairly beaten at his own game, fast starting. He was, we think, unfortunate in electing to scratch the eight and row the four, as they had a fair chance against the Etonians, while the London crew were certainly something beyond the average, and if anything beats them at Walton, Kingston, or Barnes, bar accidents, we shall be much surprised.

This brought the Regatta to a close. It was, compared with 1863, a poor bill of fare; but the Diamond Sculls, the last heat for the Grand Challenge, and the splendid rowing of Eton, and the London four, were alone worth a journey to Henley, rain and all.

CRICKET.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB AND LORD'S GROUND.

12,500*l.*, towards which sum 3,262*l.* was subscribed some three weeks back, is required by the Committee of the Marylebone Club, for the purpose of

'Carrying out the purchase of Mr. Dark's lease of Lord's Ground, and the extension of it for 70 years by Mr. Moses.'

The object being that of

'Securing Lord's as a cricket-ground for 99 years, and placing the M. C. C. in a position befitting its high reputation in the cricketing world.'

The Committee, in their Report, further state that—

'Unless the whole, or the greater portion of the 12,500*l.* can be raised by subscription, the Committee are afraid *that the future income of the Club will be too much forestalled to permit of the improvements in all departments being made, and which they are so anxious to introduce.*'

Such is the gist of the Report recently issued by the Committee of the Marylebone Club—such their appeal to cricketers, and all admirers of cricket, to help them to preserve and improve, for the use of the present and future generations of cricketers, that old, world-renowned, and cherished spot 'Lord's Ground:' whereon old shoulder-of-mutton-fisted Beagley long-stopped; where Broadbridge bowled; where Fuller Pilch exhibited the science of batting in perfection; where Herbert Jenner kept wicket, and Roger Kynaston long-stopped; where Knatchbull's great leg-hitting made a corner famous in cricket history; where old Lillywhite—the Lilly—and Cobbett 'put on the twist' as it never since has been put on, and showed us head-work bowling in perfection; where Felix—then merry, light-hearted Felix—joked, cut, pointed, and won many a match; where honest and esteemed Ned Wenman so unassumingly but finely kept wicket; where the brothers Grimston played good cricket; where Budd the famous hit the ball out of the ground; where white-hatted Tom Box 'kept,' as very few cricketers before or since has kept; where Charles Hawkins shook his curls, and cut the ball from over the wicket; where poor Alfred the Great, with his 'massive, weighty stride,' walked up to the crease, delivered the ball so grandly, and bowled down wicket after wicket; where Thackeray and Pickering fielded; where graceful Charles Taylor oft proved himself the most finished and effective 'all round' cricketer of his time; where old Tom Barker pattered, bowled, and hit; where rough Sam Redgate showed a grace in delivery never equalled by any bowler; where in 1853 Sir Frederick Bathurst and Mr. Kempson *bowled throughout the two innings* for The Gentlemen, and defeated The Players by 60 runs; and where, in 1864, Willsher and Tarrant *bowled throughout the two innings* for The Players, and with 90 overs and 2 balls, got the Gentlemen twice out for 119 runs, and won the match for the Players in one innings; where Tom Adams threw from long leg, and 'knocked holes' in the roof of the tennis-court; where Wisden 'bowled' all 10 wickets in one innings in a North *v.* South match; where old Clarke the cute bowled his wondrous and perfect slows; where his pet, George Parr, has hit so grandly to leg; where the Ponsonbys have played such excellent cricket; where Fellowes has shot in his thunderbolts; where Arthur Haygarth has so often broke the bowling by his wonderful defence; where Carpenter and Tom Hearne made their superb innings in the two Elevens' match; where Hayward scored his fine 130, and Richard Daft his

magnificent 112; where Tarrant made his extraordinary bowling *début*, and played havoc among the United wickets; where C. D. Marsham has bowled and Lane batted so finely for Oxford, and Lang and Lyttelton done the same for Cambridge; where Mitchell has hit so grandly, and hoarsely rang out 'Go on!' for Eton and Oxford; where Plowden has so successfully poked his peculiars for Harrow and Cambridge; where that fine bowler Willsher has bowled, and that rare and honest 'all round one' Grundy, toiled for years; where The Gentlemen of England annually contend against The Players; where that glorious, heart-stirring cricket fight is year after year fought by the picked Elevens of the two great Universities; and—above and beyond all—where that wondrous gathering of the beauty, the youth, the manhood, the wit, the learning, the wealth, the rank and fashion of Old England is yearly attracted to join in the 'hit,' 'fielded,' 'bowled,' 'run,' fun and excitement attendant on the Public Schools match, Eton *v.* Harrow. It is to preserve and improve a ground so rich in cricket associations, and so bound up with all that is great or important in cricket history, that the Committee of the Marylebone Club appeal to the Gentlemen of England, and all who have the continued success of the noble game at heart. And 'Baily' will 'back up' this appeal; for we of the green-covered pages are full well convinced that in 'backing up' cricket we are playing one of the best innings of life. To those fine 'old boys' who sit in front of pavilions, look on, and criticize modern cricket, exclaiming, 'A fluke, sir—all a fluke! It wasn't so in our time. We should have stepped 'in and smothered such a ball. Ah, there were giants on the cricket-field 'in those days!' 'You are quite right, sir,' says 'Baily,' 'giants' they were then; they not only 'played' cricket, but 'supported' the game like the patriotic English gentlemen they are. And, to show these fast Young Englanders of the present day how a fine old English gentleman can *still* support cricket, take this pen in hand, my dear sir, and follow the excellent example set you by your young Prince, by writing out a cheque for 100*l.*; and, when duly read over and found correct, present it to your esteemed friend here, Roger Kynaston, in aid of the M. C. C. donation fund to preserve for cricket purposes Lord's Ground for 99 years to come; so that on the same spot your son's sons may *try* to emulate your own great cricket deeds. If but one tenth of the old amateurs that read these pages will follow this advice, 'Baily' will rejoice; because, by swelling the amount of the donation fund, the drain on the future income of the Club will be lessened, and the larger margin left for the early commencement of the improvements of the ground and its accessories, so sorely needed even at the present time. To those 'Flowers of Society,' the Ladies of England, 'Baily' earnestly appeals to start 'A Ladies' Subscription List' in aid of the M. C. C. donation fund. The good cause has already gained the support of one of the best and gentlest ladies of England in Miss Burdett Coutts' subscription of 50*l.*—a worthy heading to a Ladies' Subscription List in support of so excellent a purpose. The yearly increasing attendance of ladies at the great matches played on Lord's Ground attest the interest taken in cricket by the Ladies of England; and they are quite right in so interesting themselves in a pastime so free from vice, and so beneficial in many ways to brothers, cousins, lovers, husbands, and sons. Should the ladies so honour 'Baily' by practically following up this hint, then success is certain, for with *them*, when any good object is undertaken, 'there is no such word as fail!' And when the Ladies' Subscription List is well filled, when paterfamilias, brothers, cousins, and 'the other men' are deaf—if they ever *can* be deaf—to further

entreaties, then what so fitting a termination to the labours of our fair friends than their celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Marylebone Club's playing on the present Lord's Ground, by holding thereon, in the full flush of the present season, a Grand Fancy Fair, or Fête, in aid of the M. C. C. Donation Fund. These hints are humbly but hopefully suggested by 'Baily' for adoption by the Ladies of England, and to past and present Etonians, Harrovians, Wintonians, Oxonians, Cantabs, and others, who have played with or lustily cheered their Elevens in their struggles for victory on the old turf; to all members who desire to uphold in its purity the manly, national sport of our country do we appeal, to forward their subscriptions in aid of the Marylebone Club Donation Fund to Messrs. Drummond, and thus aid the Committee in their endeavours 'to secure Lord's as a cricket-ground for '99 years to come,' to enable them to effect thereon those improvements so much necessitated by time and the altered tastes and spirit of the age, and to place in a position befitting its high reputation the **MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB**.

The 31st University Match has been played, and by brilliant, scientific cricket gallantly won by Mr. Mitchell for Oxford; but, defeated though they are, the Cambridge Eleven are in no way disgraced; and more than once ere the match was over the grand fielding of Daniel at long leg, and his hitting in both innings, the steady and effective wicket-keeping of Balfour, and the telling bowling so full of promise to the two light-blue colts, Curteis and Pelham, more than once turned the match in favour of Cambridge, and made the 2 to 1 and 7 to 4 men on Oxford feel somewhat uncomfortable. Moreover, the 'luck' of the match was dead against Cambridge throughout. Losing the choice, the Cambridge men were judiciously put in to bat on wickets soddened by previous rain, and shortly after deluged by a heavy rain storm, while a fine afternoon gradually dried up the wickets during the Oxford innings. And on the second day, when Mitchell went in, and victory hung on the balance, Daniel had to field the giant's huge hits to leg, among a densely packed crowd of visitors and carriages. So all honour to Cambridge for making so gallant a fight against bad luck, and, unquestionably, a better team. And how gloriously well the Oxford men fielded! Wright at point, Tritton and Frederick at long leg, and Case at long stop, were notably brilliant; but *all* fielded together, and, as boating men would say, had 'the true old Oxford 'swing.' Their fielding was fine cricket all round, and worthy the best and brightest cricket days of their University: it evoked rounds of applause from many an old hand and good judge of the game. But it was on that memorable Tuesday afternoon—the second day—that the interest and excitement culminated. Before a pavilion crowded with members, in the centre of a dense, closely-packed ring round the ground, formed by old University men, and one of the most brilliant assemblages of the cream of London society that ever graced a University match, Cambridge played a fine innings of 136 (their great gun Lyttelton being superbly caught out by Voules, close by Lillywhite's card house, from one of the finest hits made in the match). The Oxford men went in for 125 to win. Case and Tritton began the Oxford batting, and Pelham and Curteis the Cambridge bowling. Curteis opened with 5 maiden overs, and Pelham with 6 overs for 2 runs. The Cambridge shouts of 'Well bowled!' 'Bowled!'—then vigorously rung out—were doubled and trebled in heartiness when their young left-hand bowler clean bowled the first wicket with the Oxford score at 8, and the second with it at 11. With

the score at 17 only, Coverpoint secured the third Oxford wicket; and there-upon burst out a thrilling light-blue cheer, as University men only can send forth. But then strode forth the Cricket pride and hope of Oxford, and the dread of Cambridge; and as Mitchell took his block it was generally felt that with him rested the issue. The young bowlers were on their mettle, and although the Oxford Captain opened with a fine 3 to leg, he had to 'play' his best at first, to keep his stumps erect. A curler from Pelham bowled Evans with the score at 27, and with it 43, a break-back from the left-hander, bowled R. D. Walker. Thus half their wickets were gone, and Oxford yet wanted 82 runs to win, when, for the first time during the play, we heard 2 to 1 offered on Cambridge. But Mitchell was still there, and while he stayed dark-blue had all to hope and light-blue all to fear—fears that were then rapidly realized; for on Voules joining him, Mitchell, by the grandest batting and most determined running ever seen in a University match, gradually beat off all the Cambridge bowling, and broke up their fine fielding, and by a magnificently played 55 not out won the match for Oxford by 4 wickets; and amid a tumult of applause, heard at no other but a University or Public School match, Mitchell pushed his way through a dense and excited crowd up to the pavilion, and there received those hearty congratulations on his victory, so cherished by University men in after life. Again we repeat that although defeated in 1864 Cambridge was not disgraced; and it is to be hoped they will make as gallant a struggle, and meet with less bad luck in 1865.

P.S. The sudden death and burial of old Law X.—the recent great hitting of Surrey men—the splendid batting of Makinson, Lyttelton, and Burbidge in the Gentlemen and Players' match on the Oval—must, with other cricket notes, stand over until next month.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—June Jottings.—The Royal Racing.—Stockbridge Sketches.—Stud Sale.—Fox Poisoners.

JUNE has kept the ball of pleasure rolling with ceaseless rapidity during its Calendar month, and the London Sportsman has been unable to discover a *dies non* since he entered on it; for if the racing days of the week were filled up Tattersall's claimed his Mondays, the Stud Sales his Saturdays, and Richmond and Greenwich his Sabbaths. Who, then, can bring a charge, we should like to know, against our Fine Young English Gentlemen of being idle, or neglecting the duties entailed on them by their position? And with Youth at the helm and Pleasure at the prow they launch their barque in the sea of London pleasures, careless of the quicksands which beset them, and 'the lighthouses' which meet them at every turning, in the shape of pecuniary wrecks. The gaieties of June are so essentially of a metropolitan character that we have been led into these reflections, which derive additional strength from the constant advertisement of studs, 'the property of a gentleman going abroad,' being about to be disposed of. General Peel, we are afraid, has much to answer for at Epsom; for although he benefited the revenue by the quantity of stamps he caused to be distributed at the West End, he inflicted a heavy loss and great discouragement on the 'Ship' and 'Trafalgar,' and caused the absence of a great many of the Upper Ten from the ring-side at Hampton Court and Middle Park. The Oaks storm has only partially blown over, and Count La

Grange seems satisfied with the defence of Harry Broome and Jack Hamilton, the one an ex-prizefighter, the other a nondescript individual for which no exact appellation can be found; but as the Editor of the 'Sporting Life' states he told him he was waiting for a fiver for his job, we presume him to be about the same form. We should have thought that under the Third Empire, in which so many brilliant journalists abound, and at a period when the French Turf has assumed so prominent a position on the Continent as to become almost an institution, some pen could have been employed in scattering to the winds the calumnies which had been circulated against the Napoleon of the French Turf. But, no! the Count was armour-proof against the scorching sarcasms of the 'Gazette,' contained in a very clever leader entitled 'L'Entente 'Cordiale,' and which was attributed to the pen of 'the Walter of the Turf.' To the dashing onslaughts of the 'Sporting Life,' to the calm remonstrances of the 'Morning Post' and the 'Field,' as well as to the significant appeal of 'Bell's Life,' he was alike indifferent; for had not an ex-Champion of England believed in his innocence, and Jack Hamilton declared *himself* satisfied with his honour and his fiver. Whether the Members of our own Jockey Club would have left the defence of their character to such hands we cannot say. But we should be rather surprised to read that Jem Mace had taken Lord Exeter under his patronage, in case of there being any unpopular demonstration against one of his Lordship's horses. Neither would Lord Glasgow, we think, particularly care about Bob Travers rushing into print in his behalf. Yet this is exactly the position of Count La Grange, who, we imagine, would have displayed better taste by a simple contradiction of the charges which were floating in society against him, and which were originated in Paris by his own associates. Acting under the advice, it is said, of Mr. Payne, the Count resolved to wrap himself up in his cloak, and bid the storm rage on. It has done so; and if it has not quite washed him away, it has left its effects behind, which will be more enduring than he calculates upon. And here we would fain impress on our readers it is not the race for the Two Thousand of which the public complain; for Fille de l'Air might have been amiss, or chopped, or overdone in her work, as hundreds of animals have been before. But the Craven betting first instilled the poison into the public mind; and so mysterious was its working, that many of the most astute legs, who can smell a corpse by instinct, were as puzzled about her as the Palmer doctors about the existence of strychnine in the viscera of poor Cook. The Count, we hear, lost three hundred at Newmarket; and it is only fair to state that he laughs heartily at the share of nine thousand pounds being paid to his account after his return to Paris, and that he lost three hundred on the race, which certainly his facial expression confirmed as he sat on the box of his well-known brougham with his Fidus Achates, who, to our certain knowledge, lost more money than he ever dreamed of doing, and went back to Paris in a kind of mystified dream. We can well understand the difficulties which stood in the way of a Jockey Club investigation into the affair; and although those who sought for one, and drew invidious comparisons between Fille de l'Air and Tarragona, and said the latter was not escorted in by the police, and the saddle of her jockey required no Member of the Club to risk his life in securing it, ought to know it would be rather delicate to summons the Count from Paris to attend upon them in Burlington Street to show his book to Crump, as he might refuse to acknowledge their allegiance. And the message he sent to a gentleman in the Houghton Meeting, whom he supposed to have influenced John Osborne in making the objection against his mare, showed he

would not stand trifling with, and was fully prepared to adopt the Sir Lucius O'Trigger method of answering any question which he might think uncalled for. The French Jockey Club is, to our mind, most interested in the question of the conduct of one of its own Members. And if they do not stir in the matter, and the Count's conscience acquits him of having gone otherwise than straight, the matter is at an end; and we can only regret the cause and effect of the scene on the Oaks Day has not been more satisfactorily explained, and rejoice that no English filly was similarly greeted.

Of the Grand Prix Day, in the Bois de Boulogne, the most magniloquent accounts have appeared; and so important was the occasion considered, that the 'Times' sent its special Derby man, and the 'Field' its own Commissioner. Bound down and restricted as is the French press, no wonder its members looked with awe and astonishment, not unmixed with a certain species of admiration, at the herculean and youthful proportions of the leader-writer of 'The Sporting Life,' who, trusting to the 'Civis Romanus sum' motto of Lord Palmerston, dared to trust himself unarmed in the midst of those whose practices he had so fiercely, and in many instances so truly, condemned with his pen. And yet he escaped scatheless, as doubtless he will do through the ensuing Newmarket week. Of this we are glad; for it confirms the truth of the old adage, that barking dogs rarely bite. Most of last year's ring-goers came again, and Joey Jones made his first appearance on the French stage. It is needless to add, his *début* was perfectly successful; but it was a long time before the French could really make him out. Hitherto Isabelle has been the only dramatic appendage to the Continental race-courses, and she may be said to have adopted the ballet style of business; but now she had no mean rival in the comic line, and Joey's gold chain and *Chapeau Blanc* rendered him quite as conspicuous an object. Of his loyalty to the reigning dynasty of France there could be no doubt, judging from the enthusiastic manner in which he cheered its representatives. To the Empress he was a source of infinite amusement; and even the man in whose hands the destinies of Europe are held, to use the language of the 'Morning Advertiser,' relaxed his massive visage to a smile at his peculiarities. With good taste Joey refrained from playing any of those practical jokes we have seen him indulge in at Newmarket, such as falling down suddenly as if in a fit, which on one occasion so frightened Mr. Greville, that he kindly asked for a surgeon to be sent for, to see if anything could be done for him. Now he only attempted to make a book; and it will not be surprising to hear he failed in getting quite round, from his not being a fluent calculator in French odds. The display of carriages was equal to that of Ascot, before the heath was invaded by the rail; and the most conspicuous of them was the drag of the Blues, which Mr. Wombwell brought over for the two days; and the astonishment of the Parisians at seeing the party partaking of the luncheon on the roof, as if at Epsom, was eminently amusing.

Much stress has been laid upon the enthusiasm of the French at their victory over Blair Athol. But surely their vanity was pardonable under the circumstances; and the Emperor, like a good judge, took care to encourage it. Unwilling as we are to detract from the merits of the victory of Vermuth, justice to ourselves, as well as to Mr. I'Anson, compels us to state that, but for the unprecedented misfortunes which attended the transit of Blair Athol to Paris and back, and which reminds one very much of the ill luck of Tom Hood's postboy in 'Tylney Hall,' it would never have been accomplished. Stale as was the Malton horse, it was just on the cards he would have won, but for

being carried out by Fille de l'Air, whose jockey neglecting to weigh, through being called out of the weighing room either by design or pretence, cost Baron Nivière a thousand, to his great annoyance. We quote this circumstance, because an ill-natured report reached Limmers the night previous to the race, that it were good to bet against her for a place. That Challoner was hissed by the mob, who threw paper pellets and cigar ends, there can be no doubt; but as the perpetrators of this piece of folly were about the same stamp as the ruffians who interfered with Fille de l'Air at Epsom, they are not worth taking notice of. Next year we trust the race will be put off until after Ascot, so that some of our Derby horses may have time to get themselves round for it, and so make up a field worthy of the occasion. We should state, also, that Mr. l'Anson speaks in the highest terms of Vermuth, and the manner in which he was brought to the post; and as he was got by Nabob, always a favourite of ours, we have no reason to doubt all we have been told of him. But, as if in amends for the treatment which the owner of Blair Athol received at the station in Paris, when his horse was shunted from a fast train to a stopping one, at Boulogne they were placed on terms of perfect equality, and came over in the same steamer. The night being very foggy, it took seven hours to cross, and it is fortunate we were at peace with all the maritime powers; for had it been otherwise, and the vessel been picked up by a species of Alabama, the prize would indeed have been a treasure. And we believe in the annals of racing such a fact as the winner of the Derby and the Oaks being out at sea in a fog in the same boat was never before known to occur. However, all's well that ends well; and so we dismiss Paris and the Parisians, in the hope that the next anniversary of the meeting will witness the entire restoration of *Pentente cordiale*.

Ascot was this year marked by one of those dreadful railway calamities which have long been predicted on the short lines of the Metropolis, but which had never yet come off. As a verdict of manslaughter has been brought in by the Egham Jury against the driver and fireman of the train which ran into the carriages, it would be obviously improper to excite any prejudice against them; but, from all we can gather from the survivors and the sharers in the accident, the scene was of the most harrowing description ever witnessed in railway collisions. As is too frequently the case at small stations, the clerk in charge was utterly unequal to the occasion; and his energies being numbed, as it were, and himself tied down by routine and red-tapeism, he only incurred the irritation and discontent of those who were hurt, or interested themselves about the killed and wounded. The fate of Mr. Coppard excited peculiar sympathy, for, from his connection with Mr. Padwick, there were few racing men of high and low degree who had not come in contact with him. To all he was obliging and courteous, and was never known in any instance to betray the confidence which was reposed in him by his employer, and which was necessarily very great. He was originally, we believe, a brewer in Sussex, and was buried in Egham Cemetery on the Saturday after the accident, followed by his two brothers and a Captain Mills of the Navy, who acted for Mr. Padwick, who felt the shock too severely to attend. Mr. Clegg, another of the victims, was the landlord of the 'Harp,' in Jermyn Street, a well-known house of call for jockeys, by whom he was much liked. Mr. Perry's escape was very miraculous, and it is somewhat singular that by his spectacles alone his eyesight was preserved. Many of those who were in the train were so unnerved at the spectacle that they preferred walking to Windsor, and reaching home *viâ* the Great Western. Of Ascot itself what shall we say, except that it has

outgrown itself, and, from being the pleasantest, it has become, except to those who, as Sheridan says, are blessed with affluence, the most uncomfortable race Meeting in the kingdom. This is no fault of the Committee of Management, who spend lavishly the sums that are placed at their disposal in endeavouring to provide additional accommodation for the public. But although much has been done since last year, further provision must be made for the masses, who, in spite of danger and expense, will make their annual pilgrimage to the Royal Heath. This determination is the more strange seeing how few in proportion are enabled to see anything of the Royal procession up the Course, or to hear anything more about it than the cheering of the million. Still, if they will come and pay their money, they have a right to something better than mere standing room. In all Royal properties and establishments, we always were given to understand that fees to servants were never permitted. And certainly when ten shillings is paid for a ticket of admission it ought to insure both attention and civility. But we blush to add that a market was actually made of camp-stools, until at last they rose to half a sovereign each; and without a *douceur* of that kind such accommodation was impossible to be obtained. The consequences of fair and delicate ladies being compelled to sink down on the lawn from sheer fatigue can only be estimated by their medical advisers; and as several showers had fallen in the course of the Cup morning, the results, in all probability, would be seriously aggravated. For camp-stools at a reasonable tariff—say a shilling or sixpence each—no one could object for a moment to pay; and the rent for them would soon bring back the cost of their expenditure. But we are satisfied, from what we know of Lord Bessborough and his colleagues, that they have only the interests of the public at heart; and their attention has only to be directed to this glaring act on the part of the servants of the Stand to insure its instantaneous repression.

How to deal with the racing we hardly know; for the bells were ringing as long and as often as in a Spanish convent, and the card looked as if it would never have been got through. In fact, the stereotyped phrase of the 'racing liners' that 'the bill of fare would have satisfied the appetite of the veriest racing gourmand' would have been utterly inadequate to give any idea of the state of affairs. For verily we had a regular London Tavern Banquet, at which everybody tires, and until the Stakes are divided into a Spring and Summer Meeting, all the *agrémens* of Ascot are gone. In the half-mile races, hostilities, as usual, broke out between the Jockeys and the Starter, and that unhappy person, who can have but one object, viz. that of giving satisfaction to his employers, was tortured for nearly an hour by the regimental mutiny. In the end he was successful in stemming it, and a drum-head court-martial inflicted summary and exemplary punishment on the offenders. How individuals can be got to fill this thankless office we are at a loss to imagine, for, to use a sportive phrase, they generally get more kicks than halfpence. But there is a whisper in the Upper House, that ere long a radical change will be made in the whole system of starting, and should it be successful, then our racing machinery will be as perfect as could be imagined. In the Trial Stakes, poor Sir William Codrington saw his old horse Catch'em Alive for the last time beaten by Auditor, on whom the money went on in such piles that the most talented of the profession could not have added up the total. Young Rapid's beating Fairwater was 'a rapid act of horsemanship,' for which the audience, as well as the stable, were quite unprepared, as they relied on their Broom to sweep off the money on the board. The crossing, however, was too wide for the latter, who looked as if he had been used night and morning by a fatigue party on parade.

The spell against Lord St. Vincent being able to win a Cup seems inexhaustible, and he ought to apply to the good fairies to exorcise him from it. In this instance we are inclined to believe the fault rested more with the jockey than the horse, who ran himself to a standstill, Carroll never being able to get a pull at him. Of late, Count Batthyany has done a good deal with his Maidens, and here he came out again with 'a charming' one, worth a King's ransom, and which, by the exertions of Custance, brought him a Plate, with a heap of money on it. The Ascot Stakes saw The Baron the winner of a Handicap after long years, and the result of the judicious manner in which he has been using King Tom was at once apparent. The sight of Fille de l'Air running so good a second to Ely, after all her travels, reopened the Oaks sore, and it will be some time before the feeling is allayed. It was twilight almost before the Two-year Old Biennial was run; but who could go away without seeing Liddington, for whose advent we prepared our readers when we saw him in the Mamhead paddocks, where he was at the foot of his dam, who had come to Gemma di Vergy? He won as he liked, or, as trainers say, any how, and the crowd that followed him was as large as if he had already won the Derby. In appearance he is a light, bloody colt, rather straight behind; but his shoulders are superb, and with a rare back, capital quarters and thighs: if Matt Dawson, with his full diet of Russley oats, don't improve his outline, he is not what we take him to be. The main objection to Liddington that was taken by the critics was that his neck was a trifle short and pheasanty; but at present he is a mere shell, and will be as much metamorphosed as Scottish Chief, when led round the Derby paddock. As much interest is attached to a horse who has proved himself famous in a single day, we may state he was bred by Mr. La Mert, the owner of those well-known brood mares Katherine Logie, the last of the Phrynes, for whom a thousand guineas has been refused, and who is now with Leamington at Rawcliffe, and Maggie Lauder, who is in foal to Rataplan. Mr. La Mert bought Lady Roden of Lord Londesborough, and sent her to Orlando, and Matt Dawson was so struck with the racing-like cut of the yearling the first time he saw him that he bought him for Mr. Merry, and from the same stud he subsequently added Devil's-hoof, by Voltigeur out of Katherine Logie, to his collection.

Wednesday was saddened by the details of the Egham slaughter, and many a familiar face and voice were absent from the Ring; for of all classes of society, none are so nervous as the bookmakers. The Hunt Cup field was very large, and those breeders who had always been harping against Gemma di Vergy, and saying he was a failure, were not a little out in their reckoning when they saw Gem of the Sea making a match of it with Crisis, and ultimately winning, though it must be admitted he hung on to her a great deal. The horse, it will be recollected, ran over the course last year; but Mr. Longfield thought him so badly, that he would not back him for a shilling; and it must have been 'nuts' for the Admiral to think that, on his way to the Hampton Court Sale, he should have complained to him so much of the weight he had put on his horse; and as Alfred Day won his first race as a trainer with a Gemma filly, we fain would hope the tide has turned in his favour, and he will prove as good as he looks. In the Two-year Old Triennial, John Day had fondly hoped Kœnig would have been proclaimed the winner with a 'flourish of trumpets;' but Lord Coventry told him that Poetry must play second fiddle to Music. But at Stockbridge, afterwards, the Muses changed places. Baragah, so sore he could scarcely put his feet to the ground, beat Hollyfox, Historian, and the One Thousand Guinea winner in a canter, which proved old John was pretty right in his estimate of him for the Derby

in which, like three-fourths on the field, he was chopped off his legs by General Peel. The Cup Day was nothing more nor less than that of Hampton on a more fashionable scale; but the racing was all that could be desired, and the Scottish Chief, whether at one mile or two miles and a half, proved he was a match for all comers, and there was nothing like the yellow jacket and black cap for Ascot. Liddington's second race was almost a second edition of his first; and we are bound to say that Zambesi created almost an equally favourable impression, and caused many of our best breeders to wish to import Saunterer back to his old quarters. Friday was the most enjoyable day of the four; and the list was not a banyan one, as we used to see it, but, on the contrary, as good as any reasonable being could desire to see.

And, in closing our remarks, we would only add, much as we rejoice at the prosperity of Ascot, we regret it should have been obtained at the expense of so much inconvenience to those for whose amusement it has been established. To the Trainers and others professionally engaged the Hotel and Stables were a boon fully appreciated, for they were never nervous about their bill, or their horses. And now, when all the bustle and turmoil of the Meeting is over, we may be pardoned if we remark that, either to those who like to run out of town from Saturday to Monday, taking what Theodore Hook used to term 'a change and razors,' or to those who wish to retire from Hymen's altar, to some spot

'Where, the world forgetting,
By the world forgot,'

they may spend their 'Treaclemons,' few Suburban establishments present greater advantages, as it is surrounded by spots of historic interest, in which imagination can conjure up the past, while it dreams of a radiant future. Hampton struck us, as if, like the Queen's Assize, it might have been opened with a Proclamation against Vice and Immorality: for 'the eyesores to society,' as Lord Shaftesbury is wont to term them, were never more numerous or brazen-faced. How the racing was got through without adding to the Coroner's fees, we cannot understand; and all we hope is, that the jockeys who have declared they will never ride there again, will remain 'on strike.'

For Stockbridge wonders have been done by John Day, and from the quiet, unassuming little Meeting of former times, when 'the old man' wore Mr. Greenville's scarlet coat, with the breeches of Mr. Gratwicke, and the boots of Mr. Villiers, it has been changed into another Newmarket. Every Nobleman who patronized the Meeting had a Plate named after him, and Lord Hastings and Lord Uxbridge were quite the Glasgow and Peel of former days in respect to the number of their matches. But the imitation of Newmarket has not been confined to the course, but it has extended itself to the village, and beds which on other occasions were 'a tray a nob,' as they call threepence a head at Manchester, have been put up to half a crown, and the other weights raised in proportion, to carry on a racing simile. *Non cuius homini* was the motto of the 'Grosvenor Arms,' but we imagine it will be for the last time, as the iron horse, that great reliever of extortions connected with the racehorse, will have made its way at last into Stockbridge, and then the people will discover they have killed the golden goose. John Day has made many improvements in the Stand for his Peers, and every class seems to have been accommodated but one, which has ever befriended him—we mean the Fourth Estate. For the members of that powerful body the office allotted is about as small as half an old-fashioned omnibus, and built on the principle of a cucumber-frame. The name of the architect we never could discover, neither have we been enabled to find when the first stone of it was laid. It was originally intended, we believe, for little Ruff, whose tomb, as we pass the Woking Cemetery,

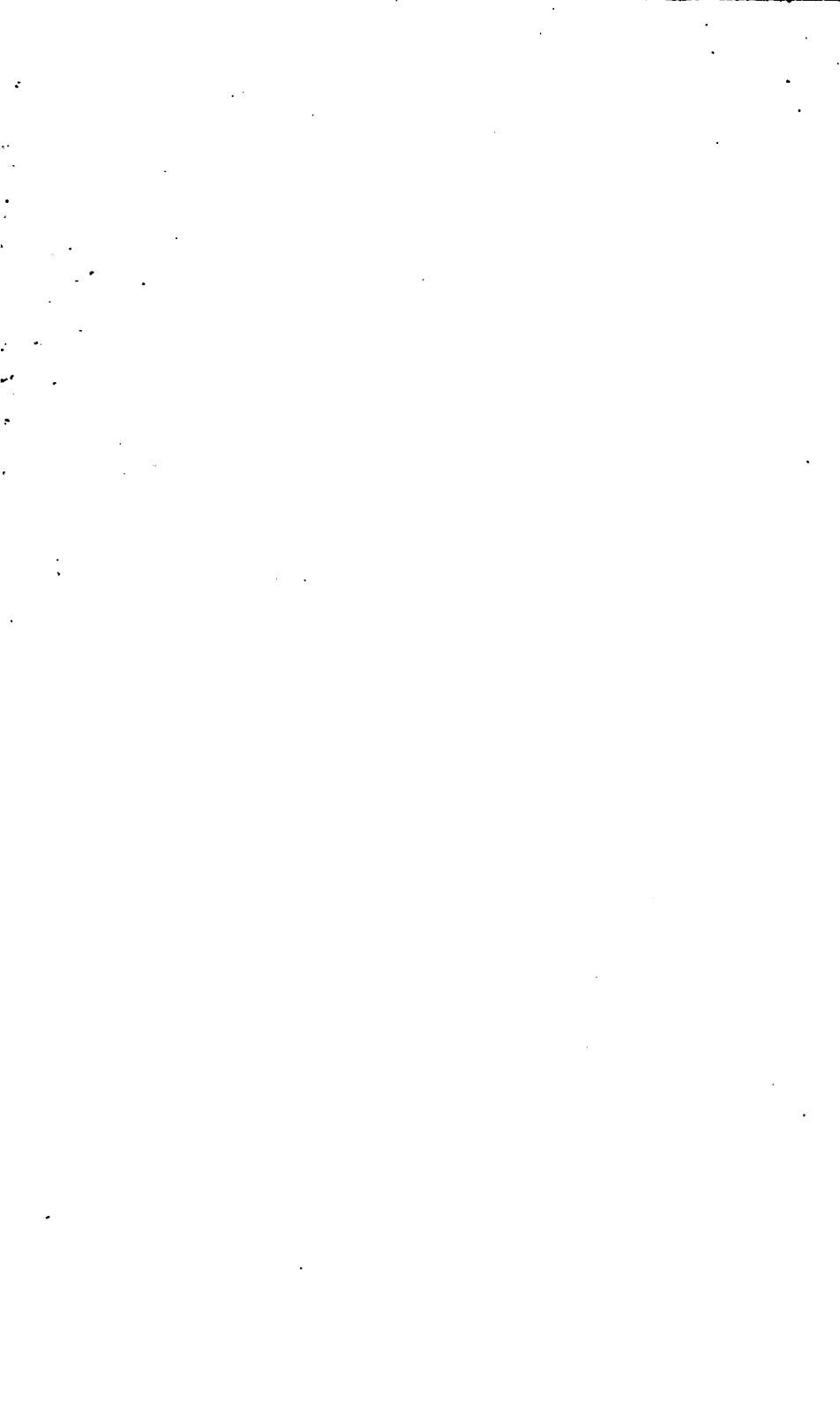
invariably calls up the slight figure, the quick manner of speaking, the terse sentences, and obliging disposition of the purest, and most respected Turf Reporter of modern times. But what would do for him, and perhaps one or two others, will not suffice now, when the provinces send their representatives to gratify the appetite of the manufacturing districts for racing news, and every 'daily' has its special commissioner. Therefore, next year we trust to find some consideration has been paid to those whose pens have transplanted Danebury to the remotest parts of that Empire on which the sun is supposed on no occasion ever to set. Verily the C. C. will have his own reward; and when he is put out of training a grateful press will sound his praises in periods as well rounded as his own corpus. Of racing there was more than enough for a week, but we must compress our notice of it as with a Nasmyth hammer. If John Day was unable to show his friends one 'Duke,' he brought out another of equal popularity; and should he go on as he promises to do, we shall hear quite as much of him. To face him they brought Liddington's second, Wild Boy, and three or four winners; but all was of no avail, for the Duke asserted his prerogative by taking precedence of the lot, and maintaining it. As Sheridan says, when the critics do agree about a drama their unanimity is perfectly wonderful; so it is with horses; and the 'old school' all said he would do, and offered to stand him against Liddington for the July. Bred as The Duke is, being by Stockwell out of Bay Celia, he ought both to stay and go fast; and he has one great recommendation about him—of being an exceeding good-tempered horse. In his trial with Attraction he did what he liked with her—at least such was the report; and we are inclined to believe it. The second innings of Ely and Cambuscan was looked forward to with much interest, and both sides were confident; but the Newmarket horse could not stride over a straw, while Ely went like a bird, confirming the Admiral's opinion he was the third best horse in the Derby, and Ackworth ran remarkably well, considering he had only been 'added to the list of geldings' about three weeks. For the Stewards' Plate the Northern and Southern mares Old Orange Girl and Gemma put their backers dreadfully in the hole, being last when they were expected to be first; and Birch Broom's ill-luck still attached to him, for The Clown, with his usual waggish propensities, may be said to have knocked the Plate off his head. To get Koenig through a race seems impossible, but he got so far before Tennyson on the last day, and made so desperate a fight with Gardevisure that those who went to scoff remained to praise. The Gentlemen Riders came out in great force during the week, Captain Little on Durham and Mr. Bevill on Jocko particularly distinguishing themselves; and, but for the falls of the two lads, one of which, we regret, terminated fatally, the Meeting would have been one of unalloyed success.

The Suburban Sales are always one of the most interesting features in June to those sporting men who are up in town for the season. These 'Saturday Reviews,' as they have been not infelicitously described, commenced with the Mamhead and Swalcliffe at Theobald's Stud Farm at Stockwell. A more convenient locale could not have been selected, and we wonder it is not more often adopted. A luncheon, at which champagne at a hundred shillings was drunk like bitter ale, prefaced the war of words, and set the heads nodding like those of the China mandarins in the toy-shops. The attendance comprised Mr. Tattersall's old customers, but the lions of the paddock were Mr. P'Anson and Tom Jennings, who represented the Derby and Oaks. Sir Lydston's yearlings were pronounced by John Day to be in better condition than he had ever seen them, while others thought they might have been bigger. Considering the ill luck of the Gemmas last season, they

fetched a very fair average, and the flowers of the flock, to our notions, were the colts out of Crystal and Medal. The Zuyder Zee filly, called Vlie, was perfectly magnificent, and not even Mr. Preston could choke Hooton's Millionaire off from having her. The Deceptive filly, by Dupe, was in everybody's mouth, and not a hole could be picked in her, so her sire may be said to have quickly established himself. The whole lot, twenty in number, made 2,764*l.* or 134*l.* each, which, as times go, was, to say the least, a fair average. The Swalcliffe division was the best ever sent up from Banbury by Mr. Gulliver, as the handsome average of 210 guineas will disclose. And, without flattery, it was really worth going a hundred miles to see such a filly as the one by Big Ben out of Ada. The colt by Neville out of Tiara was also very racing like.

The following Saturday saw the same company at Hampton Court, where Colonel Maude had made every preparation for their reception, and we heard that for the last time he would be aided by Miss Ransom, who is about to change her name and state. The weather was lovely, but a glance round the ring told us what a bad Derby the gentlemen must have had, for the trainers had few 'suckers' at their side, and only bought for their old employers. As a lot, we have seen better than those which came up now, but the figures never ruled higher, and both Dundee and St. Albans have become as popular as when they were in training. The whole series of twenty-four realised 6,625 guineas, or 276 guineas each. Mr. Greville's lot, far superior to his last year's sample, were also actively sought after, and 2,491 guineas, or an average of 191 guineas, was his return. On the succeeding Saturday, Mr. Blenkiron had his field day at Middle Park, and completely eclipsed all his former shows. More fortunate in his weather than last year, the attendance bespoke more wealth than rank and fashion, and Mr. B.'s old patrons, the Ring, mustered in great force. Considering how little his sires had been tried, the prices his yearlings, which were in superb condition, fetched, were extraordinary. And if he can preserve the public taste for his stock, there is a mine of wealth in Middle Park. By a reference to the balance-sheet, it will be found that his forty-three colts and fillies brought 11,855 guineas, and his average of 275½ guineas, brought him within a trifle of The Royals.

The second Pigeon Handicap, at Hornsey Wood, took place on 25th June, and the weather being favourable a large number were present,—the winner turning up in Captain Campbell, who shot in the coolest manner; but he owed something to luck, and Barber, who, from his clever catch of a wounded bird, might supply an 'emergency' in any cricket eleven. Captain J. Peyton should have been second; but on his being 'no birded,' he declined to shoot again, which we are sorry for: because it might have given his friends, 'whose names are legion,' an opportunity of congratulating him; and, secondly, would have supported Mr. Frank Heathcote, who in every way deserves it. The Handicap owes its existence to him; and if those who handicap 'legs,' as he does 'wings,' were to take a lesson from his impartial book, it might do them no harm. In shooting off the ties, Major Anson, Colonel Finch, and Mr. H. Vivian, came in the order named for second, third, and fourth prizes. Captain Dymoke rather disappointed his friends, in failing to secure a '*situation*;' and when we mention that he sticks to the habit of not 'cocking his gun till the bird takes wing, his shooting deserves credit. We understand there is to be another Handicap about the middle of July, when doubtless a large field will meet again; as they will be unable to try conclusions and cartridges there until next season.





J. C. H. 1844

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London, the 1st, 1844, 1844, 1844, 1844

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. HENRY LOWTHER.

AMONG those members of the Jockey Club, who, without coming prominently before the public, have proved themselves valuable allies in the cause of good government on the Turf, the above gentleman stands very conspicuous. And although never the owner of a large stud of horses, his fondness for the sport, upright character, and high social position, will, we are satisfied, cause his portrait to be regarded as a welcome addition to our Gallery of Illustration.

The Lowther family, from whence the subject of our memoir is descended, is one of the oldest and most distinguished in the Border Counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In the rude times of chivalry and civil war, their feats in arms have furnished as many materials for the minstrel, as their acts of government have done for the historian. The first ancestor of Mr. Lowther, of whose career any authentic record appears, is Sir Richard Lowther, who was High Sheriff of Cumberland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who succeeded his cousin, Lord Scrope, as Lord Warden of the Marches. He was also one of the Three Commissioners for England and Scotland; and in 1568 had Mary Queen of Scots in custody at Workington. But from his kindness of heart, having admitted the Duke of Norfolk to her presence, he incurred the displeasure of his Sovereign, and was for some time out of favour. Since then the Lowther family have gradually increased their possessions, and three-fourths of the Counties we have mentioned may be said to belong to them; while the high offices attached to them have also been under their control and nomination.

Mr. Henry Lowther, who forms the illustration of our present number, is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Cecil Lowther, M. P. for Westmoreland, and Lady Lucy Lowther, eldest daughter of the Earl of Harborough. Mr. Lowther, whose career we are now entering upon, was born in London in 1818, and was educated at Westminster, where he was contemporary with the present Duke of Richmond and Lord George Paget. Having completed the

first portion of his studies at that ancient seminary, he proceeded to the University of Cambridge, and as a proof that we have not exaggerated his abilities, we may instance, that in 1838 he took his M.A. degree at Trinity, before he was twenty-one, and was thus enabled to vote for Lord Lyndhurst, as Chancellor of the University, before he could exercise his elective franchise for a Member of Parliament. On quitting Cambridge, Mr. Lowther entered the 1st Life Guards, in which corps he served fourteen years, quitting it as Senior Captain. In 1847 he was elected for the Western Division of Cumberland, and has ever since remained its representative in Parliament, consistently advocating the Conservative views of his family.

The Nephew of a winner of the Derby (for Lord Lowther, now Lord Lonsdale, won the Derby in 1831 with Spaniel by Lapdog,) might be expected to take naturally to the Turf, and hence he found his way into the Jockey Club at a much earlier age than it was then usual to elect candidates. His University reputation soon began to tell in his favour, and the benefit of his advice and counsel was eagerly sought for in matters of grave doubt and difficulty, for never betting beyond the merest trifle, his opinions were less likely to be biassed than those of a more speculative disposition.

In 1844 and 1845 Mr. Lowther acted as Steward of the Jockey Club in conjunction with General Peel, when The Ban case excited so much sensation ; and since that time, although not in office, he has been one of the most sedulous attendants at the Meetings of the Club, and one of the soundest of its advisers. In the discovery of the Ascot frauds Mr. Lowther also took a most prominent part. And to him, in conjunction with his friend Captain Seymour, the racing world is indebted for the peculations in question being brought before Admiral Rous, who, as Steward of the Jockey Club, dealt with the offending party in the manner he deserved, and raised the Ascot Meeting to the high pitch of prosperity which it at present enjoys. Mr. Lowther's racing career as an owner of horses commenced in 1842, with Sir Fretful by Jerry out of Petulance, whom he purchased of Lord Orford, and with whom, ridden by Mr. Oliver of the Blues, he won the Brigade Stakes at Gorhambury. In 1845 he gave the Hon. Colonel Berkeley his first mount and win on Scarmantado in the same race. In 1848, after he had been "plating" round Newmarket with Lyons, he won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with The Admiral, whom he bought as a yearling of Mr. John Smythe, the present M.P. for York. His next useful slave was Chapelgowrie, who made a name for himself in the provinces.

In 1850 Mr. Lowther won the three first Queen's Plates he ever started for, as well as the Gold Cup at Stamford, with The Gent by The Nob out of Corinna. Watchdog was the next animal who did him any good ; but it was only in a small way. He was again very quiet until 1851, when we find him winning the Queen's Plate and Stewards' Cup at Stamford with Rackapelt. Since then, Mr. Lowther, who began and finished with Joe Rogers and his son Sam, has had no horses in training, but should he,

when in the natural course of events the Earldom of Lonsdale comes to him, begin afresh, and again take to keeping a stud, we have every reason for thinking he will not desert the family which for the last thirty years has served his family so faithfully, and we only hope fortune has better luck in store for him. Retirement from the service, we should add, has by no means quenched Mr. Lowther's old love for his profession of arms; as, to keep his hand in, he has acted since that time as Major of the Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry Cavalry, and as honorary Colonel of the Cumberland Rifle Volunteers.

In the Hunting World, Mr. Lowther has taken quite as good a position as in the racing circles, having hunted from the age of five with Lord Lonsdale, who had the Cottesmore country for fifty years, without taking a shilling of subscription. Mr. Lowther confines himself to the Cottesmore, the Quorn, and Mr. Tailby, and ninety-four days' hunting which he enjoyed in so bad a season as that of last year is admitted to be, is a proof that his heart is in the sport, and in the right place. And lest his horses should be misused, after he has done with them, he invariably shoots them. In conclusion, we may observe that Mr. Lowther is one of those model country gentlemen who without obtrusiveness are the safeguards of the society in which they move. Without guile himself, he is loth to suspect it in others; but when called upon to act in authority, he knows full well how to temper justice with mercy. And should he, when he attains the position to which he is born, embark on the troubled sea of Turf Politics, and come forward with a Reform Bill equal to the exigencies of the times, he is certain to find himself at the head of so strong a party as to be enabled to carry all before him. Mr. Lowther, we should add, was married in 1852 to Miss Caulfield, daughter of Mr. St. George Caulfield, by whom he has several children.

ETON AND HARROW; OR, PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

I AM not speaking of my own writing; far from it; but of the subject-matter. When we throw down the Public School System as a bone of contention, although almost every or anybody will assist in gnawing it, how very few are capable of picking it clean! One seldom takes up a book on the most ordinary matter without meeting some crude, undigested, and equally indigestible remarks upon Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby. These are the offspring of prejudice, or of ignorance; and it is as impossible to enter into the feelings of those who are connected with the great schools of this country, without having participated in the education, as to appreciate the delicacies of apricot jam by a description of onions and bacon. Good sense has nothing to do with it. A man may be

the most rational person alive, and not understand the advantages of Eton, or the peculiar excellencies of an Eton boy. Clever men have tried it, and failed : and so they will fail (unless they have themselves gone through the mill) to appreciate the charms of Byron's tomb (I do not mean at Missolonghi), and the numberless reminiscences of a Harrow life. Men, unconnected with the system, cannot give credit to the exceptional phases of school life, the fagging, the discipline (as by prefects, monitors, or prepositors), the apparent absence of hard work, and the necessity of hard play, the cribbing, the mutual help, and that peculiar code of honour, which goes so far towards making the man, by the exercise of character in a world of boyhood. It would be difficult to conceive the mistakes which able men have made in discussing these points, were it not palpably before us in daily pages of reports, weekly and monthly publications, and in the ludicrous inanities of hundreds of our contemporaries. It is much the same as the inquiries of a foreigner into our Turf system, before the close connection of France and England in this respect ; and which must be concluded by a permanent alliance offensive and defensive, since the flattering imitation of English tactics by M.M. Lagrange and Vaillant, and our own countrymen, Lamplugh and Collins. They know quite enough of our tactics now to be left to themselves, nor can we compliment them upon the modesty with which they have exhibited their learning.

The writers on public school matters have not yet profited so far, nor entered thus into a participation of those mysteries. As yet it remains a Shibboleth. The readers of 'Baily' know all about it ; if not, this is certainly not the place to state why our youths—that is, a certain number of them—are allowed to emerge from an anomalous position, which is asserted to have every disadvantage, with considerably more than an average capability for holding their own, and a most mortifying admiration for its very vices. There seems to be something quite refreshing in the notion, that we public school fellows, old and young, are very like the hot cockles, who were said to be singing while their houses were burning ; that we love even flogging, not because we seem to have deserved it, so much as that it is a remnant of a vile and debased system, to which we cling. That we like our boy to be well thrashed occasionally, and especially, if he be a marquis, that he should fetch and carry, lay the cloth for his master, occasionally brush his clothes, boil his coffee and his eggs, do other offices of a clever retriever (such as I once saw in my young days at the house of the Flying Captain in Oxfordshire), and be taken care of, and have his verses done for him in return. Ah ! verses ! by the way, that's one of the possible crimes of these seminaries, I believe ; and I don't think 'Baily' will stand a long jobation about longs and shorts, or Greek iambics ; he rather goes for the muscular Christianity and physical development part of the business, and he certainly knows what his readers like better than I do. I shall come to that, of course, by-and-by. An article here,

without something about the cricket match, and the shooting at Wimbledon, for the 1st of August, would be as bad as Shakespeare's tercentenary without Hamlet—the part left out by particular desire.

But just to give some notion of a man's impression about fagging, and public school cribbing, and shirking, with two or three other matters of the same kind, I will quote the substance of a most approved and popular writer, the author of 'Breakfast in Bed.' I wish I had the book here, but I have not, nor can I get it, and the printer's devil is in a hurry for this MS.; but you must read it for yourself—perhaps you have. After abusing the unhappy boys brought up under a system which teaches as right, and inculcates and practises a regular education of dishonesty towards masters and schoolfellows, and denouncing the whole business as cordially as we should denounce the murder of Mr. Briggs, or any other horrible atrocity, he falls foul of the fagging and bullying system; and enlightens his readers (and he really has many, and there are some good things in his books too,) by stating his own course of action under such a terrible infliction. Really I'm almost afraid to mention it, for I know Eton and Harrow fellows do read 'Baily' when they have a spare minute from their aforesaid Greek iambics; and if they should adopt the same view of what we all are used to regard as an innocent amusement! Well, he says (the author I mean) that if anyone had presumed to strike him, or tyrannise over him, who had been bigger or stronger than he, (and I dare say he is but a very moderate hand with his mawleys, by the way he talks,) he would have gone out and bought a pistol, loaded it to the top with bullets, slugs, and other quiet inoffensive matter of the same kind, and shot the tyrant on the spot. I dare say some of you young urchins that were making that disgraceful row at Lord's last Saturday three weeks will laugh: I can only assure you of its truth. I've told you the book, and you may look for yourselves, for I can't tell you the page: I have not seen it for months; but this sanguinary determination made a great impression upon me, as it probably will upon you. He would have shot the young tyrant dead upon the spot! He must have been a very nice fellow to go to school with. I wonder where it was; for I should like to avoid that seminary for any of the little 'Gentlemen in Black' who may want birching. It might have been St. Omers; I'm sure it is a foreign sentiment; and I only introduce it to give you some idea of the warm appreciation and simple comprehension of a pet foible, by an otherwise able man. I have no doubt in my own mind that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket; but I am not prepared to go the same length with regard to the boy that would *crib* the last half of a short line. The difference between the two strikes us as material.

'Who steals my purse steals trash.'

Well now! that's a sentiment, a very pretty sentiment; but it depends entirely upon how much the purse has in it. To be sure there are purses which come under that category. Purses which are

a mere incumbrance; and which, when stolen, seem to be an uncomfortable accident calculated only to lead to apprehension.

‘ But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 But makes me poor indeed.’

That’s also a sentiment. First of all comes the question of how much of a man’s good name depends upon two fellows having the same ending to a short line of a language which neither of them understand. I only know that I could have lent a fellow a couple of dactyls and a long syllable without being much the worse for the loan: and as to the borrower, if it got him off a flogging, why it certainly did enrich him very considerably; that is in a negative sense. It saved him something; and ‘a penny saved is a penny got.’ Shakespeare was really a very clever fellow. Perhaps better than Dr. Bentley, or Keats, or Butler, or —; it’s no use to multiply instances; but one thing is quite clear: he was not at Eton or Harrow.

I promised not to go into this question of scholarship, so that I must cut this matter short. Of the men who argue about it, some have never entered into it practically, others have entirely forgotten it. I think it should be left to the head masters of these great public schools, and half a dozen others, who must be the best judges of what is most likely to promote sound classical learning; and the Houses of Parliament had better stick to Schleswig and Holstein, at which they are evidently *au fait*.

I suppose no one will dispute one great truth: that we must have some great seminaries of classical learning in this country; that the recognized public schools are the proper places for it; that the miserable mixture of indifferent French and worse German tends to weaken that knowledge; that the living languages may be mastered by a good scholar in infinitely less time than by anybody else; that it is impossible to learn, between twelve and eighteen, Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics, chemistry, ethics, natural philosophy, history, geography, and international law; that a retranslation of the New Testament must be called for some day soon; and that in the present dearth of accuracy as to the ‘particles’ and ‘articles,’ it is impossible to do it properly; therefore, the classics must be the staple commodity of the public schools. That’s a sorites; and I hope the readers of ‘Baily’ appreciate it.

That is all that need be said upon that subject. One word on another, and one not less important. In former days, when money was not so plentiful nor so disseminated, it behoved gentlemen (I use the word in its strictest sense) to send their sons to these schools. They learnt what was good for them: eloquence from Cicero and Demosthenes; force from Thucydides; satire from Juvenal and Horace; politics from Plato; and manners and feeling from Homer. There never was a more perfect gentleman than Hector. Half went into Parliament, and the rest distributed themselves through the

court, the camp, and the country. That is not the case now. Whether the youthful aspirants to mercantile fame, or to the pettifogging distinctions of a lawyer's office, have a right to demand a change in accordance with their aspirations, is a question for wiser heads than mine to settle. I do not see why the whole system of a government should be changed to suit the peculiar views of what can never be the majority.

Our Government has lately paid the most marked attention to these institutions : flourishing, if numbers be any criterion, beyond all precedent. It has gone to work at their revenues (very properly) ; it has placarded their idleness, their inefficiency, their partiality, their laxity. And yet, out of these very places come the boys of whom, as men, we are proudest. The Palmerstons, the Derbys, the Gladstones, the Greys, the Russells, the Granvilles ; in a word, the politicians, the judges, the bishops, the generals, and admirals of the day. Why ? Not because they have all had the advantages of a sound, classical, mathematical, or commercial (God bless old Sir William Curtis and the three R's) education ; but because in these glorious places alone is a boy's body disciplined as well as his mind. There are fellows, you know, without mind at all ; and then what would have become of them but for this double system ? There are very few to be met with without either. I do not mean to say that everybody is fit for Eton, Harrow, or Rugby, at the same age, and under the same circumstances ; indeed, many are better not there at all. But the great advantage to be derived from them is that mixture of physical and mental discipline which is the first object of the whole system. A boy's mind may be cultivated ; but if his body be left unformed, and his muscular powers undeveloped, he will want that *energy* without which he will only half achieve greatness.

It has been said, and I should think with some truth, that those boys and men who spend only a portion of their time in hard work, are more efficient than they whose whole time is devoted to serious occupation. I can well believe it, because the activity of the mind is much greater. It is fresher ; and so, capable of a more sudden and well-directed exertion, when called upon unexpectedly for a display of its powers. And it is by capability in sudden emergency that great men will be brought out and judged. The plodding, sensible man may be able to steer through ordinary dangers, but it is the part of extraordinary greatness to rise with sudden emergencies. And these are just the men who do it : not the idle, careless, indifferent ; nor the slow, plodding, evertoiling *sap* ; but the boy who has united with a cheerful love of work a good, active, energetic spirit of play. It is just this quality which the public school system of England is calculated to inspire. It is not too much to add that throughout all classes this truth prevails. The overtaxed clerk, the hardworked labourer, the unyielding artisan, may be valuable to themselves, their masters, and their families ; but the nation exults over the moral energy which is displayed by those who have constant opportunities of testing their *physique*.

All this is encouraged to a great extent in our public schools; not upon any especial principle, as is too frequently imagined. Principle has really nothing to do with a schoolboy's cricket, tennis, running, jumping, or fighting—the last has become more rare. It seems to be part and parcel of the young Englishman. Some men suggest climate as the grand instigator of exertion. I find the same tastes and inclinations in the Anglo-Saxon under other skies. It is an innate necessity to be up and doing which makes our boys so different from those of other countries. These customs and habits suit us, and have been handed down to us from time immemorial; and when Parliament has decided that Eton schoolboys shall learn everything under the sun, we still hope that badly as they must play, and few as must be the opportunities for practice, we shall have our annual 'match at Lord's.'

Ah! cricket's the game which saves half the boys in England from being too clever. As long as cricket flourishes, and schools are provided with good coaches, there will be hope of some greatness, notwithstanding this astounding amount of learning: in spite of the 'ologies.' And one of the reasons why public school boys play so well, and with such spirit, is the early discipline to which they have been subjected: that horrible tyranny of which your under-bred and under-educated men and grandmamas are so afraid. We are sorry for the grandmamas, and sympathize with their affection and ignorance; we regard the men with ineffable contempt. A boy is none the better for being bullied and made miserable at home or at school, at Eton or at Dr. Blimber's; but he is much the worse for that wretched caudle and turkey-carpet sort of education which has grown up with the modern system, and lauds a boy high and dry to be taught everything by a tutor, when he ought to be making his way in the world. A boy is not the better for sleeping without his own bedclothes on a winter's night; for being thrashed with a cane or a rope's end by masters or schoolfellows; for being frightened or humiliated in any way: but he is none the worse for being ordered to field, when he would prefer to be idling; for being rather sharply reminded that his fingers are meant to stop balls with, and not his feet; and that unless he 'backs up' a little more readily, it is just within the range of possibility that he may get a licking. There is nothing very awful in a licking, whatever may be asserted by the batter-pudding school party; and there is scarcely an old Etonian or Harrovian in the world who is not willing to admit that he had more comforts and advantages for which to be thankful than kicks at which to repine. The sense of injustice soon fades from a generous mind; the benefits to be derived from the administration of some corrections last for ever.

To return to our cricket. I should like to see those old matches over again—Eton, Harrow, and Winchester; and just when we expected to see Rugby added to the number they were all knocked on the head. So for the last few years Eton goes to Winchester and plays, and if you want to see it you must go down into Hampshire.

As to Rugby, she makes an excellent show at Lord's every season, the present being no exception to the rule; but few people take much interest in that contest. The great week has, in fact, dwindled down to a couple of days: sometimes not long enough to play out the match; this year too long to give us a second day's cricket. Altogether we were exceedingly disgusted; the Etonians especially so, as they were beaten in one innings with heaven knows how many runs to spare. Is there no hope, then, of seeing once more a full week of public school matches at Lord's? What are the objections? Mischief and idleness? Those are said to be the very things for which public schools are instituted, I should rather say *recherchés*. It would not be difficult to have the mischief and idleness at a time when they would not interfere with more serious work. Injustice or pecuniary embarrassment to some of the Eleven? That is very doubtful; and should be provided against by the arrangements of the club. I think any extraordinary expenses for the week might come out of the School Cricket Club Funds. The boy without any friends is a rarity; and the boy in an Eton or Harrow Eleven in such a case a positive impossibility. Besides which, all such friends live in London, and would open their doors to the destitute, and close them on him (which is highly essential) at a proper hour of the night. So, ye Goodfords, and Butlers, and Moberlys, or whomsoever else it may concern! please let us have our annual week as of old, for the honour of the finest game and the most glorious institutions of the world, the Public Schools of old England.

I do not think they stand in need of a protector or an advocate. The Lords and Commons make a little political capital out of a government commission to show up the iniquities of these aristocratic seminaries, now and then. Of course they mean nothing. What a miserable bird must he be who fouls his own nest! But then the popular element will not be satisfied unless everything seems to be 'upon the square:' so the hole-and-corner business of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Shrewsbury, Westminster, and the rest of them, gets sifted; and the columns of the 'Times' get filled; and the public school men make assertions, and the private school men contradict them; and then things settle down again completely to their accustomed level.

This reminds me, talking of the matches, that the Annus Domini 1864 is a remarkable year in one thing—an Annus Mirabilis. The boys behaved almost like men: a symptom of precocity which lasted mainly through the first day's play, but would have given way in the second day had the match been within the chances of a contest. 'No shouting,' said the 'Times.' 'Have some regard for the august presence in which you play. The Princess is looking on.' So what with this public caution, and some private intimations, 'Order, order, and sobriety, were the rules of the Society,' until human nature could no longer be controlled. On Friday a Quakers' meeting could not have been more respectable: on Saturday, for the first half-hour, we were again in a Ranter's chapel. 'Well played!'

—‘ Well bowled !—‘ Played !—‘ Bowled !—‘ Fielded !—‘ Bowled !—‘ Shied, you mean !’ This last piece of chaff was too bad. What an umpire allows, interested parties have no right to call in question. The imperturbable dignity of an Arkwright was not to be overthrown by such puerilities, and the Light Blues had the worst of it to the end.

The arrangements were charming. What is an odd sixpence, or an extra five shillings, when personal safety is concerned ? Last year those who were not killed by the poles of the carriages and the hoofs of the horses were frightened to death. And what is the difference ? Roping at Newmarket is not half so popular as at Lord’s Cricket Ground : and though the individual advantages may be greater the general appreciation of it will be less. Women, the mothers and sisters of the youthful competitors, were in their element : not huddled together like sheep at an agricultural show, but seeing and seen, in all the gorgeous panoply of rival blues. Some blues were unnecessary. The A Division struck me as out of place ; and whether for the exhibition of their new head-dresses, or for their participation in the contest, certainly as little useful as ornamental. The company usually assembled on Lord’s Ground to witness the public school matches should have been the last, instead of the first, in which such an element need to have been introduced. I should like to see the great matches at St. John’s Wood under the same circumstances ; but Eton and Harrow mothers and fathers can manage to keep the ground for themselves.

The little shopkeepers come out remarkably well as soldiers. To the other contests has been added of late years one more general in its tone, and equally important in its functions. Rifle-shooting has become one of the great institutions of the country ; and it is no little credit to think that drill and its results have found favour in our public schools. Another year we hope these embryo Volunteers will not be shunted into a far-off corner of the ground, but that due importance will be attached to their efforts at Wimbledon. We should be glad to know that foreigners had an opportunity of seeing the stuff of which our future statesmen and warriors are made ; and to learn that the serious business of life goes hand in hand with our recreations : that the fingers so apt in the weapons of mimic war are no less useful as the means of national attack or defence.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE glorious scenery through which Pendril and his party journeyed on their way to the Val-Verdi is equal in its rugged and wild features, if not in grandeur, to any country in Europe. Rocks, ravines, torrents, mountains, the tops of which were covered with perpetual snow, and the sides furrowed with winter storms, were presented to their view, under a new aspect, at each successive step.

Ben Nevis, the highest mountain of Great Britain, is a pigmy in stature compared with some of the mountains of Corsica. Placed by the side of Monte Rotondo, for instance, it would not reach to its waist: the last being 9068 feet, and the former not more than 4370 feet above the level of the sea. The timber, too, in the deep gorges, especially the pines, attracted the hunters' particular admiration; gigantic in height and girth, and perfectly straight in growth, they towered to the skies.

'The navies of the world,' cried Tennyson, 'might come to these forests and get all their wants supplied. France uses the Corsican pine extensively in ship-building, and reports it equal in quality to the red deal of Canada. It is, however, more brittle and less elastic than that timber.'

Within reach of their winding path lay a mighty pine, uprooted by a storm: Pendril immediately placed himself alongside it, and stepping out a good yard measure at each stride, pronounced it to be forty-two paces from the root to the first branches.

The picturesque character of the scenery, however, as the hunters advanced, soon changed into that of utter desolation. The presence of man in these solitudes was alone indicated by a group of wretched huts, which an unpractised eye could scarcely distinguish from the surrounding rocks. But even these were tenantless; the poor goatherds being absent with their flocks in a still higher region than the travellers had yet reached. Within a bow-shot of these huts the tents were first pitched, at a distance of at least twelve miles S.W. from Corte. 'It will be necessary,' said Piero, 'to consult the goatherds before we proceed farther in this direction. The mouflon are always changing their ground, forsaking that which the goats have disturbed, and often preferring the barest hills to those on which their food seems to be most abundant. The goat-herds, if they cannot tell where the mouflon are to be found, can at least tell us on what hills we shall not find them.'

'And that information will of course save us much labour,' replied Tennyson, as he and Pendril helped to unload the panniers containing Madame Fioré's provisions. The peasant in whose charge they were placed sat by and looked on, apparently well pleased that any one should take his share of the work. He had lighted his pipe, and with a listless, apathetic air, peculiar to the peasants of Corsica, would have coiled himself up like a hound when his work is done, if Piero had not cursed him fiercely, and ordered him to prepare at once for his homeward route.

'You idle pig,' cried he, 'may the mosquitoes devour you, if you lie there doing nothing: up and off, or the night will be on you, and then you'll perhaps fall into worse hands than ours.'

Piero had promised Madame Fioré, who knew her man, that he would turn him homewards as soon as the provisions were landed; but, whether it was superstitious fear, or a dread of the bandits who were known to frequent that district, the poor wretch was aghast at the prospect of having to travel alone to Corte.

He had expected the two soldiers in charge of the general's tent to return with him as soon as it was pitched ; but when it was announced that a further move into the mountains was contemplated on the morrow, and that the soldiers would be retained for that purpose, his misery knew no bounds.

' Away with you,' said Piero, now heartily ashamed of his craven countryman : for, although the nature of the Corsican, like that of the Cretan, is slow, and lazy, yet in the wide world there exists not a more independent—a braver or a manlier race of men than the peasants of this rugged island. So Piero spoke contemptuously and inexorably when he roared out, ' Begone, you Genoese pig ; and tell ' Madame Fioré to send a *man* with the provisions on the next occasion.'

The ingenious scoundrel seeing remonstrance was useless, immediately proceeded to load one pannier with large stones until it was sufficiently heavy to counterpoise his own weight ; then seating himself in the other, he jogged off for Corte in sullen mood, muttering such imprecations as made Piero and the soldiers cross themselves until he was out of sight.

' He'll fall asleep on the road,' said Pendril, ' and probably capsize ' the panniers.'

' Not he,' said Piero ; ' fear will keep him wide awake ; but if ' his horse stumble under that burden, the fellow stands a chance of ' getting his head broken in the fall.'

In less than an hour after he had turned his back, the goatherds made their appearance ; down they came, men, women and children, numbering in all about a dozen souls, and driving slowly before them half a dozen black sheep, and at least three score of goats. It might be supposed that the presence of so many strangers, occupying with their tents the plot of ground on which their own huts were built, would at least alarm the natives, and probably create a jealous feeling which it might be difficult to appease. This, however, was not the case ; none could be less disconcerted or more cordial in their demeanour than these poor peasants : they received the travellers with unaffected goodwill, and, as far as their means went, with genuine hospitality. The goats had scarcely been milked, before one of the women brought to the nearest tent a basket of chestnut bread, and a bowl of fresh, foaming goat's milk—offerings, like the Arab's salt, indicative of peace, welcome, and good vicinage. Even the children ventured near the tents to examine, with curious and inquiring eyes, the strange habitations raised so rapidly within reach of their huts. Certainly the contrast between the dwellings could not well have been greater ; the cabins of the goatherd, built with blocks of massive granite, seemed as if they might endure for all ages, and defy all storms, come whence they would ; then they looked so gray and so old that they might almost have claimed a pre-Adamite construction. The tents, on the other hand, lifted with the light breeze, as if at a moment's notice they were ready to take wing and fly away ; they implied a wandering rather than a settled

life; the gourd of the prophet, rather than the abiding home. No wonder the almost unclad urchins stared at these airy, flimsy structures, so gay and fresh in appearance and so unlike their own.

To the first questions of Piero respecting game on the mountains, the answer was so satisfactory, that the Piqueur recommended a halt for at least some days on the spot then chosen: 'You could not be better placed,' said he, 'for the goatherds protest that for the last two months they have fed their flocks on the distant ranges in order that the herbage on the nearer mountains might obtain a strong growth before winter; and that, notwithstanding their wandering habits, the mouflon have almost settled on the undisturbed ground in this immediate neighbourhood.'

'Good news!' ejaculated the hunters simultaneously; 'are these men to be depended on, Piero?'

'Certainly; it is their interest to tell us the truth; for where the mouflon feeds, he bites closely, and leaves no pasture below his teeth. The goatherds call him the devil's scythe, and heartily wish the race extinct. So they make a point of giving the best information in their power, depend upon it.'

'Then I propose,' said Pendril, turning to Tennyson, 'that we make these our head-quarters for a week. Piero relies implicitly on the information of these peasants, and as they seem so friendly, we might go farther and fare worse.'

'Agreed,' replied Tennyson, in his usual pleasant tone; 'there is a fine spring of water close at hand, and game in the neighbourhood:' (the chief if not the only requirements which the hardy traveller deemed indispensable on his hunting and wandering expeditions.) 'Then,' continued he, 'have we not a bountiful supply of provisions at present, and a pleasant prospect for the future? By all means let us halt here.'

Pendril then gave orders that the two soldiers, in charge of the general's tent, should return at once to Corte; but the poor fellows looked so disappointed, having promised themselves some share in the sport, that had it not been for Piero, Pendril would have certainly indulged them with a holiday: however, they were soon reconciled to their fate by a pound of cigars and a couple of bottles of wine, with which he supplied them for their homeward journey. Like men accustomed from their youth to military discipline, they promptly obeyed orders; and in ten minutes were up in their saddles en route for Corte.

When their backs were fairly turned, Piero justified his interposition, by explaining that the general would not fail to expect his men to return so soon as the tent was pitched; and that it was highly undesirable that men unused to the chase should be allowed to accompany the hunting party in pursuit of such wild game. He did not, however, give his chief reason for objecting to the soldiers' company: they were Frenchmen and he a true son of Corsica; so he hated them only less bitterly than the perfidious Genoese, who had bartered him and the land of his birth for French gold.

It turned out, however, a most fortunate circumstance for at least

one poor wight that Piero had so interposed in the matter ; for if the soldiers had not been despatched to Corte, Madame Fioré's commissionaire would undoubtedly have died on the road. His prophetic soul had anticipated the disaster before he left the camp ; and not until he had been called a Genoese pig, and absolutely driven from the ground, had he mustered sufficient resolution to face the dangers of the road alone.

Scarcely had he entered the dense pine forest, below which the waters of the Restonica glitter like a silver thread, before two ruffians pounced upon him, and, dragging him fiercely to the ground, brought down from the opposite pannier a perfect cairn of stones upon the poor wretch's head. They then robbed him of all he possessed ; stripping him to the skin and leaving him literally naked, and wounded, and cruelly bruised, alone in that dark forest.

About two hours afterwards, when the soldiers approached the spot where the poor fellow was lying more dead than alive, it was some time before he could be sufficiently restored to consciousness to describe the treatment he had met with at the bandits' hands : ' Two of them attacked me,' said he, ' so suddenly, and so furiously, that I had no time to escape from their clutches ; and, as I attempted to rise and run, one of them with the butt-end of his carabine felled me to the ground : they then jumped upon my body and——' He could add no more ; he had swooned away in the soldiers' arms. Like good Samaritans, however, by bathing his wounds, and pouring wine into his throat, they soon brought him again to consciousness ; then sharing their clothing with him, and setting him gently on his own beast, which was grazing quietly by, they led him safely to Corte.

In one month from that date these men were brought to justice ; and it is not a little singular that a tobacco-box, which Pendril had given to Will, and which the commissionaire had borrowed and forgotten to return to its owner, was found upon one of the bandits and led to the conviction of both. They were brothers called Brillì, and had infested for many years the gorges on the right bank of the Restonica, waylaying, mutilating, and murdering, in the most cowardly manner, every unarmed single traveller that fell in their way.

' Just five o'clock, sir,' said Will, as he entered Pendril's tent with a tub of cold water fresh from the mountain spring ; ' there's a fine breeze on the hills ; and the goatherds have been gone with their flocks at least an hour.'

Will meant this last remark as a gentle hint to his master, who, to give him his due, was never slack when anything in the shape of sport was in front of him.

' Very well, Will ; get my Lancaster rifle out of its case, and couple up Wildfire until we are clear of the huts ; if that hound picks up any food, he is done for the day.'

' Never fear that, sir ; there don't seem to be much temptation in the way anyhow, either for man or beast ; however, I'll make him safe.'

‘ True, Will ; this is no land of Goshen ; but a lap of goat’s milk is enough to do the mischief ; so keep your eye on him, pray : his leg is all right again, I see.’

‘ Quite right, your honour ; the dog is fit to go for his life over any ground on which game can travel ; that is, if it’s game of the right sort.’

Will had already expressed his alarm that Wildfire’s morals would be corrupted if he were encouraged to chase the mouflon ; ‘ for,’ said he, ‘ if ’tis a sheep, and he takes to it here, won’t he take to it at home ? if he do, it won’t be the dog’s fault, I reckon. However, your honour knows best, I dare say.’

‘ A sheep on the Welsh or Grampian hills, wild though he be, is yet a very different animal from the mouflon,’ said Pendril ; ‘ and I have no doubt whatever that Wildfire’s sagacity will enable him to discriminate between a mere domestic beast, whose very countenance is known by his shepherd, and a true wild animal that belongs to Dame Nature’s flock alone. I should disrespect him, Will, if I thought he would so far forget himself.’

‘ Mouflon is mutton, sir, for all that ; and you know the trouble we’ve had with dogs that have once tasted it ; I call it the incurable vice, for I never yet knew a hound reclaimed from it.’

‘ Don’t be alarmed, Will ; Wildfire has never shown a disposition to riot, and I believe never will.’

The henchman shook his head, as much as to say he had grave doubts on the subject ; and having thus far expressed his opinion he walked off to get the corporal into his gear, as he called the pack-saddle and D. straps with which he had been fitted at Ajaccio.

When Pendril emerged from the tent he was not a little surprised to find the preparations for breakfast so far advanced. On a green bit of sward, scarcely larger than a good-sized dining-room table, Piero had laid out the provisions and coffee cups in a most inviting fashion : while over the embers of a turf-fire to leeward of the tent, Tennyson, with his shirt-sleeves turned up, was deeply engaged in cooking an omelet, such as only a Frenchman can make. Under his directions, also, Piero was clearing the coffee ; while close at hand, Will was endeavouring, but in vain, to keep off half a dozen cocks and hens from the Corporal’s nose ; the birds were ravenous, and as the pony jerked up his head to get at the bottom of his nose-bag, the shower of barley that fell around seemed only to attract them into further acts of lively aggression.

Will’s patience was sorely tested in behalf of the Corporal, and had he not remembered that the fowls were valuable property to the poor goatherds, he certainly would have knocked one or two of them in the head without the slightest compunction. Around the fire, which even at that time of the year, so early in the morning, and so high up in the mountains, was far from unacceptable, sat the four dogs on their haunches enjoying the heat and patiently looking forward to the scraps of food which at breakfast would fall to their lot.

‘This is something better than a Roman meal, as Cowper calls ‘an egg and a radish,’ said Pendril, helping himself to a substantial meat-pâté which the neat-handed Fioré had so skilfully dressed.

‘The poet must have alluded to Roman habits previous to the ‘Augustan age,’ said Tennyson; ‘for at that period of civilization ‘and luxury they seem to have studied the gastronomic art to some ‘purpose.’

‘Very true; the Romans of that day would certainly have declined dining with the poet, if his notions of a Roman meal were ‘confined to a simple salad. Horace pretended to laugh at the ‘Epicureans, but no man ever understood the various devices for ‘tickling the palate better than he did. He, who tells us so pleasantly of the “noctes cænæque Deûm,” of the tough chicken to ‘be soused in Falernian wine, and of the meadow mushrooms, in ‘which alone he trusted, would scarcely have ventured to entertain ‘his friends at home or at Sinuessa with such plain fare as an egg and ‘a radish.’

A growl from Wildfire now stopped the conversation, and before Pendril could inquire what it meant Will was on his legs, sweeping with a telescope the hill-side towards which the hound seemed to point.

‘There’s a man crossing the rough ground near yonder goyle,’ said he; ‘and if he holds on at that pace he will be with us in ten ‘minutes.’

‘Does he appear to be coming in this direction?’ inquired Pendril.

‘Straight for the tents, your honour; and he seems to be in a ‘great hurry too.’

‘Then he must be one of the goatherds, and brings tidings of the ‘game,’ said Pendril, laying his hand on the hound’s head to keep him quiet.

Pendril was quite right; but, as the man approached, it required strong measures to prevent the hound from falling foul of him, and seizing him on the spot. Charon, too, roared like a lion, and would as soon have gone at his throat as at that of a Brittany wolf. Nor could anyone who saw him wonder at the hound’s alarm: in point of dress the poor fellow was a scarecrow from his head to his heels, and in personal appearance ugly enough to frighten a vulture from his prey. His hair, on which there was no covering, looked like the gray moor-moss as it hangs and swings in tattered locks from the branch of a blighted oak—or rather, it was long, ragged, and clotted together like the tag ends of an old brood-mare’s tail. Then, in lieu of buttons, his outer garments, if such they could be called, were attached to his person by strips of undressed hide; and his sandals secured to his feet by bands of coarse grass coiled in criss-cross fashion up to the knee-joint. Yet, for all that, there was an independence in his gait and bearing, a ‘pride of port’ that bespoke the free man—the mountaineer in his native wilds. His unkempt external appearance was at once forgotten the moment he

looked you in the face ; his ' glittering eye ' held you till his tale was told ; while his earnest expression made you feel it would be a hardened sceptic alone who could doubt the truth of that man's word.

' There's a herd of ten moufflons,' said he, as soon as the dogs could be silenced, ' now feeding on the plateau of Pinosa.' And he pointed, in a south-westerly direction, to one of the shoulders of Monte Rotondo.

' Any old horns among them ?' inquired Piero.

' That I cannot tell : I was too far off to do more than count ' their number. But,' added he, ' you may as well try to catch a ' cloud as a moufflon, if you take those noisy dogs to the chase.'

Pendril put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a small coin was about to present it to the goatherd, by way of handsel for the first information ; but the man's pride was master of his poverty, and would not suffer him to accept a money payment for so trifling a service. The dignity of his manner was such, that Pendril did not venture to repeat the offer, lest he should give offence ; and, indeed, Piero had already warned him that the mountaineers of Corsica considered it a degradation to accept money from strangers, except in payment for goods, when they were as eager for it as the rest of the world.

' If I could fancy myself in Arcadia, and met that fellow in the ' forest, I should certainly take him for Pan,' said Tennyson, as the goatherd turned his back to rejoin his flock in the wilderness.

' He is unquestionably more like him than mortals in general,' replied Pendril ; ' for he seems ready to do one a good turn without ' expecting the *quid pro quo* for his service. This simple act has ' won for him my unqualified respect.'

The man had scarcely disappeared, as he came, like a spirit of the mountain, ere the hunters, attended by Will and Piero, their piqueurs, started from the camp in the direction of Pinosa, so accurately described to them by the friendly goatherd. Charon and the two spaniels were chained in Will's tent, a sufficient guard against all intrusion ; the Corporal was piquetted on a green bit of sward, up to his pasterns in grass ; and Wildfire, in a state of perfect delight, followed his master quietly to the chase.

Immediately in front of the tents ran a little burn, the waters of which were pure and transparent as crystal, and in crossing the stream Pendril put his foot on the bank, just over a kingfisher's nest. Out flew the old bird, bright as ' a living emerald,' in a state of the most piteous alarm, uttering a sharp, piercing cry, and looking over its shoulder to see if the little home and its occupants were invaded by these strange intruders. But the hunters passed on, intent upon heavier game, Pendril only remarking that the kingfisher's presence was a good sign ; ' for,' said he, ' that bird always ' builds its nest where it can get a good supply of fish for itself and ' family.'

' The water is too fine for a fly, your honour,' said Will, who

always carried a dozen or two in the lining of his hat ; ' but it's just ' the brook for a spurt-net, or a sledge-hammer.'

' Ay. But where are they to come from, Will, when we want a ' dish of trout ?'

' That's easily managed, sir. If we can't find those tools, I can ' tuck up my shirt-sleeves and catch any quantity with my hands in ' these shallow waters.'

It was quite true. On a hot summer's day, when the fish would not look at his fly, Will's great delight was to follow the bed of a mountain brook, searching like an otter on his hands and knees under each impending stone, and now leaning on his chest to secure the slippery prize as he tossed it high and dry to the nearest bank. Many a fine dish of trout has he killed in this fashion, when they were to be had in no other way, except with a sledge-hammer. But the first was the lightest work, as well as the best fun, by long odds, in Will's estimation.

If, as they advanced over this wild and interesting country, the hunters found fresh and attractive subjects of conversation at every turn, it must not be imagined that for one instant they lost sight of the main object for which they had come thus far. On the contrary, as a steady and true foxhound holds his line of scent through a preserve crowded with game, and, heedless of all temptation, dashes ahead, intent on his flying prey, so Pendril and his party strain forwards over stock and stone, impeded by no obstruction, and turned aside by no attractions of the wild birds, or the yet wilder scene through which they are now passing. Their object is the mouflon ; and all the energy they possess, all the skill in woodcraft to which they have ever attained, is now devoted to the chase of that animal.

In front of them lay a long stretch of steep, uneven ground, ending in the plateau of Pinosa, which, resting on the south-western shoulders of Monte Rotondo, bounded the vision in that direction. Above them, to the eastward, the giant mountain reared his head in all his glory, snow-capped and magnificently grand ; and westward, to the right of them, the pine forests still skirting the deep gorge of the Restonica marked the precipitous course of that river almost to its fountain head.

To have attempted anything like a direct approach towards the plateau would have been hazardous in the extreme ; therefore, rather than jeopardise so fair a chance of sport, a council of war being quickly held, the circuitous route of the little burn was at once adopted in preference to the higher and more exposed ground of the mountain slope. Path along its course there was none ; and, at almost every bend of the stream, cliffs on either side, and huge white boulders in the centre, not only impeded the progress of the hunters, but often compelled them to make a long *détour* ere they could again reach the depths and security of that covered way.

Still, as it was the only safe mode of approach, they plodded on in high spirits, sometimes clambering over rocks that a goat would

scarcely have surmounted ; and at others, when the ground became more open, stealing on their game like chetahs in an Indian jungle.

At length, when apparently within five or six hundred yards of the point at which the ravine touched the plateau, Piero turned abruptly from the burn, and, motioning to the rest to remain quiet, he crawled cautiously up the hill-side, to take a survey of the ground in front. He had advanced about twenty yards only, when he suddenly stopped, and crouching down to the very earth, until to all appearance he became part and parcel of it, he took a steady look at the mouflon, all of which, with the exception of one, were lying down in the coarse grass on which they had been feeding. That one, however, was on guard, and that, too, within a very few yards of the edge of the ravine ; a little nearer, and he must have commanded the very spot on which the hunters had taken their stand. Piero's observations were soon brought to a close ; then, backing from his position, he crept down to the burn as warily as he had advanced.

Wildfire, all the while, had been watching these manœuvres with an intensity of expression such as he only evinced when game was at hand : and, although he kept his usual station at Will's heels, his eye glistened with fire ; and Pendril even fancied he could hear the quick action of the hound's heart as it beat against his ribs. The well-broken and sagacious animal, as he listened to the conversation now carried on in whispers, looked up in the speaker's face, and seemed to take his full share in the consultation then pending. Ever and anon Will put out his hand and took him gently by his soft, silky ear (the only leash by which he ever held him), just to remind the brave beast that the time for his services had not yet arrived. Between those two there was always perfect accord in the field, though sometimes, at home, small differences would arise to disturb the good feeling that existed between them.

The breeze blew steadily from the south, down the ravine ; and so far it was favourable for a direct advance up to the edge of the plateau. But Piero, who thoroughly understood the habits of the animal, seemed to think it highly probable that the mouflon keeping watch would not long feel secure unless he could command the gorge in his rear ; and accordingly every instant the piqueur expected to see his horns appear above the horizon. At every step they advanced, now in the water, and now out of it, Piero looked up incessantly to assure himself that the coast was clear, and that the apparition he dreaded was still below the high ground at the head of the gorge.

Will had no more nerves than a cucumber : he was therefore at a loss to understand the state of excitement which Piero, the experienced mouflon hunter, now exhibited—he absolutely trembled with nervousness.

The watchman, however, did not appear ; and as they had now arrived within fifty yards of the ground on which the mouflon were lying, Pendril begged Tennyson to mount the bank and pick out a pair of horns worthy of the first shot. ‘ And,’ said he, ‘ if you give

'me a minute's start, I'll move further up the ravine, and intercept them if they cross in that direction. Come along, Will, and if I can't pull one down, perhaps Wildfire will.'

At any other time Tennyson would have refused, point blank, to accept the precedence thus assigned to him by Pendril, and would have insisted that his companion-in-arms should at least enjoy an equal share of the prime chances of the day; but, in this case, he instinctively felt the necessity for what on the north side of the Humber is called Scarborough law, 'a blow first, and a word after,' so he proceeded at once to his post.

He had not, however, taken ten steps forward, before Piero's apprehensions were suddenly realized, by the appearance, not of the solitary watchman only, but of a mass of horns; and, bounding over the edge, down came the whole herd in the wildest confusion, almost on each other's backs, and almost on the muzzle of Tennyson's gun. So instantaneous and so rapid was their descent, that the leading mouflon, forced on by those in their rear, had almost reached the bed of the brook before they became aware of the imminent danger into which they were rushing. As soon, however, as they discovered it, without a moment's hesitation off they dashed on either side, springing into the air, and bounding, as if they had wings, over the huge granite boulders that lay in their course: the whole herd seemed frantic with fear.

Crack went Tennyson's rifle; he might as well have shot at the moon dancing on the waters of the wild Restonica. *Crack* again went his second barrel, almost before the echoes of the other had died away in the distant woods; and again with the same result. By this time Pendril had put up his Lancaster and brought it to bear on what his eye told him was the best mouflon of the herd. The animal, now going at a steady gallop, presented, if not a broadside, at least a three-quarter frontage to Pendril's view: the trigger was touched, and in an instant the father of the flock rolled headlong into the burn below; the ounce ball had shattered both shoulders, and killed him dead on the spot. Pendril fired no second shot; but stalked forward to examine his prey, as a schoolboy scrambles with delight after the first head of game that falls to his own gun.

During this brief episode, long as it appears in rehearsal, Will had never relaxed his hold on Wildfire's ear; and the hound, from the unusual tenacity of the grip, probably suspected there was some contraband business going on in which he was not allowed to take a part. But when, regarding Will with an earnest and steadfast look, he saw him deliberately unsheath his knife and plunge it into the mouflon's neck, it is quite certain that from that moment the hound banished all such notions, and for the future became a mouflon hunter of the most reckless description. Indeed, although entered at deer in the forest of Craigvalloch, I believe Wildfire, after he had once killed a mouflon, preferred burying his fangs in the throat of that animal to that of any game he had ever found on his own native hills.

‘A noble beast, sir,’ said Will, as he turned him over to examine the width of his back; ‘but I wish, for the hound’s sake, he was not quite so like one of our own mountain sheep.’

‘As much like, Will,’ said Pendril, ‘as a monkey is like a man, or a fox to a red terrier: those animals respectively may be next-door links to each other in the chain of nature, but they are nevertheless perfectly distinct animals for all that.’

‘And what a handsome, solid pair of horns!’ continued Will, as he measured them across the brow; ‘just two feet, your honour, from point to point: he would be an awkward customer in a corner with those weapons, I reckon.’

THE ISLINGTON HORSE EXHIBITION.

IN chronicling the history of any endeavour to strike out a new line, it is a pleasing task to be able to record that it proved to be a great success. Cattle shows, dog shows, and poultry shows we had for years been accustomed to, but a National Horse Show had never been attempted till this year; and it was allowed universally to have been a complete success. To the promoters of it, the members of the Islington Agricultural Hall, and their secretary, the greatest credit is due, not only for the large amount of valuable prizes, but also for the excellent organization preserved throughout, the admirable care of the animals entrusted to their care, and the facilities afforded for the minute inspection of every horse. If to this we add the great fund of amusement provided for the Cockney mind in the ‘Scenes in the Circle,’ and the interesting display to the connoisseur of the daily parade of each class, we may safely say a greater hit, and with fewer drawbacks, has seldom been achieved. But before entering upon the character of the horses exhibited, we wish to spin a short yarn on two subjects—the one, the judging and its difficulties; the other, a hint as to the better re-arrangement of some of the classes at the next exhibition.

That any judges can give satisfaction to every exhibitor is of course impossible, as it is certain that most men view their own things with very different eyes to those of their neighbours, and are blind to the most palpable failings. Still the judges’ decision must be, in judging horses, as in judging races, final; and no appeal should ever be listened to. If a judge has not full confidence in himself he is simply unfit for the duty he undertakes. Now in the much-questioned decision with respect to Citadel, many ill-natured remarks were made about interested motives, and so forth. Such insinuations are only to be treated with the contempt they deserve. The great prize was given for the sire most suited to get horses for the turf, chase, and park. Herein lay the difficulty, for a horse might get racehorses, and yet fail in hunters and park hacks. And,

again, he might get quick, high-actioned hackneys, which are exactly the opposite to what we aim in the racehorse.

There was, then, but one style of horse which could possibly combine (and that with but slight chance of success) the three qualifications. That horse must be a horse of large size, good looks, soundness, and high breeding.

Such a horse is Citadel. He is by Stockwell, dam by Melbourne, granddam by Touchstone, great-granddam by Pantaloon, great-granddam by Cain. Perhaps it would be impossible to select a finer parentage than this for *every* purpose. It would be waste of words to say that each of his grandsires was the best of racing sires. This is as clear as the sun at noonday. But it so happens that Melbourne was sire of more good hunters than any one of his day in Yorkshire. Pantaloon was always admitted to have been as symmetrical as he was good; and he and Cain were notable for the action and beauty of their progeny.

If, then, there is any truth in blood, and atavism, or throwing back to former ancestors, why is not Citadel likely to be the medium through whom the blood and peculiar traits of Melbourne, Pantaloon, and Cain will show themselves again?

Also, let it be borne in mind that if we cannot allow him to be a first-class racehorse, yet he showed considerable form and power of staying when he beat Teterrina, Lord Clyde, Vanguard, and Barbadoes over the Cæsarewitch course, 2 miles 2 furlongs, winning easily by two lengths, and the next day ran away from Paste and three more over the two middle miles.

Query.—Can many of his Islington antagonists come up even to this form?

Being a very large horse, it is not to be expected that he could run short courses with the slender antelopes of the day; but at any rate he showed sufficient form to warrant the decision of the judges; and he won during his racing career for his owner 1,250*l.* in stakes. Having been but lately taken out of training, and having too, during many months, undergone the daily torture of inflammatory leg-bandages (the trainer's grand panacea), can it be wondered at that his action was cramped? There is a great difference of opinion whether stallions, taken out of training, lose their action: certainly, if they are 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' they do; but never, if allowed a large space to roam in.

If we are to breed large, and consequently remunerative animals, we must go to those who command size. Whatever their failings may be, they are more likely to keep as clear of that shoal which oftener upsets the breeder's hopes than any other, viz., weediness.

It is all but impossible to command in large horses the elegant, flippant action which light ones possess; therefore, when the three classes of racer, hunter, and park horse are thrown into one, how can we expect to find such a treasure as the stallion likely to gain complete success under each denomination?

So this leads us to our second point, viz., a suggestion for meeting

this difficulty. Let prizes be given, first, for the best thoroughbred sire for getting racehorses; secondly, the best for getting hunters; and, thirdly, the best for getting park hacks. Then let a gold medal be added to the best horse in either of those three classes; and (if it meet the managers' wishes) another gold medal for the best animal of all in any class.

These medals would, as in the cattle shows, create great interest; nor would it be at all necessary that the gold medals should be carried off by the racehorse without fail.

For instance, in the late show the animal most worthy of a gold medal in the whole lot was President Junior, by Bay President, dam by Lottery, granddam by Loyalist, great-granddam by Monteith. It is quite a pleasure to allow the eye to dwell on a horse so symmetrical, yet powerful, as he is. His 'moral' qualities were equal to his external shape, as he combined the most perfect temper with great powers of endurance, and has never led a life of 'inglorious ease,' having earned his livelihood on the road and in the chase, and having even carried children. This season he served 190 mares. He won easily the prize for the best roadster stallion; and since then has added another medal to his list at the Royal Agricultural Society's meeting at Newcastle. The President blood has for years been highly esteemed in Yorkshire. Old President, foaled in 1810, was bred by Sir Mark Sykes, and given by him to his brother, the late Sir Tatton. He was by Sancho, dam Miss Teazle Hornpipe, her dam Hornpipe by Trumpator; so he was brother in blood to Prime Minister.

President belonged to Mr. Foxton of Waitworth, near Richmond, and he became his possessor in this wise. He called one day on Sir Tatton to buy a country stallion. One was shown him, which did not meet his approval. Being next shown President, he exclaimed, 'He'll do; I'll have him!' At that very instant a servant came running to Sir Tatton with the information that Lady Sykes had presented him with an addition to his family; whereupon Foxton, taking from his pocket an old double guinea piece, presented it to Sir Tatton as a first gift to the new-born babe. In return, Sir Tatton gave him President; and he proved a mine of wealth to him, and the sire of more good hunters than any other horse for nearly twenty years in Yorkshire. He was sire of Bay President, Young President, and a host more; but Bay President was the best son, and thoroughbred, being out of a mare by Akarius (a son of Catton), granddam by Warter.

But to return to the question of dividing the classes into Racehorse, Hunter, and Hackney, or Park Horse.

Among the forty-one exhibited, several might have been formed into classes by themselves, quite independent of others.

The forty-one comprised the following lot:—

<i>Winner.</i>	<i>Sire.</i>	<i>Dam.</i>
1 st Citadel	Stockwell	Sortie, by Melbourne.
2 nd Nutbourne	Nabob	Merry Monarch.
3 rd Neville	Napier	Sally Snobs, by Sandbeck.
4 th Caractacus	Kingsto	Defenceless.
5 th Blenheim	Chevalier d'Industrie	Tyburnia.
6 th Great Eastern	Surplice	Boarding-School Miss.
7 th Mainstone	King Tom	Blister.
8 th Dutchman	Flying Dutchman	Virago.
9 th Cellarius	Fandango	Hybla.
10 th Athleta	Voltigeur	Ellerdale.
11 th Mogador	King Tom	Moonshine.
12 th Simple Simon	Wood-pigeon	Nicotine.
13 th Dagobert	Tom	Langar mare
14 th The Hadji	Foig-a-Ballagh	Athol Brose.
15 th Sir John Barleycorn	Baron	Loveslip.
16 th Sir Peter Laurie	Saddler	Well-a-day.
17 th Newcastle	Newminster	Mary Aislabie
18 th Buckenham	Voltigeur	Ithuriel mare.
19 th King of Diamonds	King Tom	Emerald.
20 th Loupgarou	Lanercost	Moonbeam.
21 st Amsterdam	Flying Dutchman	Urania.
22 nd Horror	Wild Dayrell	Sally.
23 rd Carbineer	Rifleman	Comfit.
24 th D. O.	Pompey	La Belle.
25 th Abbotsfordian	Alarm	Bay Banter.
26 th Kentucky	Mickey Free	Indiana.
27 th Confidence	Arthur Wellesley	Bay Middleton mare.
28 th Scaramouch	Touchstone	Marion.
29 th Goodwood	Bay Middleton	Prairie Bird.
30 th Oscar	Newminster	British Queen.
31 st Clapham	Stockwell	Hornsea mare.
32 nd Fitzavon	Sirikol	Avonmore.
33 rd Lord Chesterfield	Voltigeur	Typee.
34 th Sanspareil	Surplice	Clemency.
35 th Rubicon	Leamington	Bay Leaf.
36 th Judex	Vindex	Maid of Mill.
37 th Paul Clifford	Cotherstone	Sir Isaac mare.
38 th Young Touchstone	Touchstone	Ellipsis.
39 th The Czar	Warlike	Venture Girl.
40 th Assoor	Kurrund	Marengo mare.
41 st Kurrund	Double Cross	Luck's All mare.

Of these we might safely place in the class for racing sires, Neville, Caractacus, Loup-Garou, Nutbourne, and King of Diamonds.

Class 2, for weight-carrying hunter sires, would comprise Citadel, Nutbourne, Mogador, Dutchman, Hadji, Confidence, Czar, and Buckenham.

Class 3 would embrace a larger choice among those fitted for getting light-weight hunters and park hacks; for there are ten smart little horses bred to one good big one. Amsterdam, Newcastle, Dagobert, Sir Peter Laurie, D. O., Sir John Barleycorn, Kurrund, and Blenheim were good specimens of this class of horse. In fine, out of the forty-one exhibited he must be a severe critic indeed who could not select several in each class worthy of patronage.

But do not mares require at the present time more patronage and fostering care than sires?

This is a question which demands mature consideration,—How, and in what way, we can best advance their interest; whether it were possible to make three classes, as above, for those calculated for racing, hunting, and park purposes. The difficulty seems to be to get the classes filled, and well filled, with the right sort; and in the Agricultural Hall it would be all but impossible to admit mares with their foals. Encouragement is very desirable, at any rate; and the attempt might be made to take in the three classes, mares in foal, or not; in condition, or out of condition, but without foals. The exportation of mares for years has been very large, as they exceed in number by far the horses which annually leave our shores.

In the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review' there is a well-written article on the present state of our horses. It contains a table of the horses exported and imported for several past years. The exportation of horses has been steadily increasing, until it reached, in 1863, to 5,235, value 271,380*l*. The imports in the same year amounted to nearly 2,000. Last year 5,000 horses were shipped from the port of Dublin. During the first five months of the present year 1,768 horses have been exported, value 86,877*l*. With these facts before our eyes, should we not look with almost Arab jealousy at the gradual withdrawal of our best mares?

The classes for hackney stallions, and hackneys under 15 hands, were represented by 22 and 26 respectively. They comprised every sort and form of animal—as is always the case, no two at all alike, and the generality of them entirely deficient in quality and action. There is no class which is more beneficial to society at large. It ought therefore to be encouraged. What we aim at is a strong, smart, and well-bred cob. With the exception of the winner, President, there were none which could be pronounced flippant actioned riding-horses. Two young grey horses (own brothers) by Prickwillow were of the right stamp. Still they seemed fitter for harness. The same fault applied to those in the class for riding.

The hunters mustered in great force, numbering 68 in the three classes. Beechwood, by Lancewood, and Overplus, by Augur, were placed first and second in the all-aged class. They have been regular 'show' horses at many agricultural meetings; 'Now one, 'now t'other,' being first or second, as the judges looked to strength or quality. Overplus has since been sold, to go abroad, for 650 guineas; and Beechwood only got second place at Newcastle to a superior chesnut horse of Sir F. Graham's in the hunter class there.

In the five-year old class Rural Dean, by King of Oude, was placed first; and Battersea, by Marsyas (so called as he won at the Battersea meeting), second.

In the four-year old class Oaklands, by Morning Herald, was first; and Brampton Boy, by Cotherstone, second.

There were besides these many valuable and powerful hunters among the 'unplaced,' and many large sums for them were realized.

Variety is said to be charming, and no one could complain on that score at Islington; for were there not prizes for Arabs? though the animals shown did little credit to their Eastern origin. Were there not chargers in full marching order? Were there not carriage-horses in pairs, almost bringing back to our minds the chariot races of old? And whatever bearing and *noblesse* the war-horses of Cæsar's legions or of Imperial Rome might have shown, they would have had to hide their diminished heads before the two brown sons of Jericho belonging to the Duke of Beaufort.

Of cobs and ponies there was an overwhelming preponderance. No fewer than 73 were exhibited for saddle and harness above 13 hands high, and 55 ponies under 13 hands high.

We want to encourage hackneys, but I doubt the policy of giving many prizes to very small ponies. With the exception of the winners in each class, and perhaps some half-dozen others, the cobs and ponies were of the most common and useless description. Is it not probable that by filling up the space too much, these almost useless creatures exclude those more valuable, and of much more interest to the spectator? Any one who wanted to sell a common pony seemed to have put it in, not as a specimen of what was neat or clever in shape, but to see how much it would realise.

The question was one day mooted during the late London season, what was the average value of the riding horses on any one day in the height of the season in Rotten Row. Some named one price, some another; so it was resolved that two good and competent judges should appraise each horse, as he passed them on the ride between 12 and 2 P.M. And the result was, that the average value throughout amounted to the startling sum of eighteen pounds ten shillings per head! The amount per head in the Champs Elysées at Paris would exceed this.

We may another season hope to see even a better show than the one last past; though as to the general efficacy and arrangement nothing was omitted that could be wished for. The classes most interesting are those for thoroughbred sires, for hackney sires, and hunters and hackneys. The chief addition wanted, is a well-matured plan for distinct classes for brood mares. If to this we add the addition of one or two gold medals for the best animals in the Exhibition, irrespective of class; if less stress be laid upon the small pony class, and an endeavour, as far as can be promoted, to restrict owners from filling up the stalls with common useless animals, merely from a view of selling them; then there can be no doubt that the Islington Hall Exhibition will attain a world-wide celebrity, and be annually looked to as one of the events of the season.

Since the above was penned, the Royal Agricultural Society's meeting on the banks of 'coaly Tyne' has come to a conclusion, and to the Society's coffers a satisfactory one. But considering the fame which the counties of Durham and Northumberland have long enjoyed for breeding the best hunters, it failed both in quantity and quality. The 100*l.* prize, with 25*l.* for second, and a silver

medal to the third, only brought nine competitors. Buccaneer was withdrawn, as his owner was appointed one of the judges. Laughing Stock, by Stockwell, out of Gaiety, was A 1. He is growing into a smart, showy horse, with good knee action. Thus Stockwell's sons are bright luminaries, as well in the show yard as on the greensward. Size and power will command success. The second prize lay between Cavendish, by Voltigeur, and Gamester, by Cossack, (half-brother to Laughing Stock), the St. Leger winner. Some held for one, and some the other; but both are deficient in knee action; at length the judges gave the second to Cavendish, though Gamester was the neatest and most symmetrical of the two.

The 'unplaced' comprised—

	<i>Sire.</i>	<i>Dam.</i>
Littlecote	Wild Dayrell	Bonnie Bee.
Carbineer	Rifleman	Comfit.
Layton	Birdcatcher	Galaor mare.
Lord Chesterfield	Voltigeur	Typee.
Sir Walter Scott	Knight of Avenel	Miss Bucktrout.
Schuloff	Cossack	Mabella.

For the 25*l.* prize for thoroughbred stallions for getting hunters, only two appeared. Motley, a very good-looking son of Touchstone, and the image of his sire, was placed *facile princeps*. He belongs to Mr. Casson, of Edinburgh, and is well worth the attention of breeders, from his close resemblance to Old Touchstone, and he is out of a Lanercost mare, her dam Caroline, by Whisker. Exhibitors sometimes put their animals in the wrong class, and here was an instance; as, had Motley been put in the 100*l.* class, he would probably have got first prize.

Brood mares and hackney mares only numbered 11; nor was there a first-class animal among them. Ponies, too, were scarce. Glengarry was a good specimen of a strong Highland pony. He was sire of Mr. Percy's prize pony at Islington. In the hunter classes 13 appeared to contest in the five and six year old class. Sir F. Graham's chesnut gelding, The Tyke, was first; Beechwood second. For the four year old class there were 14, and for the three year old class only 9 competitors. Sprig of Nobility, by Sprig of Shillelagh, 16.2 hands high, and Ravenhill by Ravenhill, were placed first and second in the one, and a chesnut gelding by Auchinleck won the other.

The Newcastle show of horses was decidedly disappointing, and not equal to those before it at Worcester and Battersea.

ON THE PLAINS.

I HAD long been desirous of visiting the vast plains west of the Mississippi which stretch to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, the home of the wild horse and the buffalo, of the elk, the common and black-tailed deer, and the antelope.

At the Verandah hotel in New Orleans I made the acquaintance of two men about starting for a hunt upon the prairies, who invited me to join them.

It was proposed that we should take our passage upon one of those floating hotels, a Mississippi steamboat, as far as the Arkansas River, up which stream we were to proceed to Little Rock; and, should the state of the river admit of boats running higher, we should try to reach Fort Gibson, where we could pick up some trained buffalo horses and a pack mule or two.

That our arms and horses should be good was the main point, for although we did not contemplate spending more than a few days on the plains, we were going upon ticklish ground, the Pawnees and other prairie tribes of horse Indians, however friendly they might seem in the vicinity of the fort, yet this apparent friendship was not to be too much relied upon by a small party like our own, if they saw a good opportunity of 'lifting our har,' and appropriating our 'belongings,' with a good chance of escaping detection, or of shifting the blame of our murder upon another band.

Green, one of my companions, had in his early days lived with the Pottawatamee Indians, and was accustomed to the wild life we expected to lead for a short time. He had afterwards made some money by mule trading between Mexico and the plantations of the Southern States, with which he had purchased a small plantation and a few 'hands,' and had settled down as a planter; but occasionally he felt obliged to return for a time to the old life which he had enjoyed so long and loved so well, and which few who have once followed can ever afterwards relinquish, or, if circumstances compel them to leave it, they are constantly pining after.

My other companion, Nemo, claimed no country. He was a citizen of the world, he said; but he had such an intimate knowledge of English life and England that it was no difficult riddle to guess under what foggy sky he first saw the light. He had, as he expressed it, 'had a hand in about most of the musses which had 'been kicking round.' He had been taken prisoner in the Lopez expedition in the last Lancer charge down the main street of Cardenas, but had had the luck to draw a white bean out of the fatal sombrero when the unfortunate Clay and his fellow-adventurers were decimated; and he had witnessed the fusilade under the walls of the Moro Castle, which wound up that unlucky expedition.

Afterwards he had had 'a go in at the Mexicans' under Cavajal, and had commanded what he called the 'flying artillery,' or 'jackass 'brigade,' an eight-ounce gun mounted upon the back of a little mule, which, although it had done but little execution amongst the 'greasers,' had at each discharge knocked over its 'carriage,' sending the unfortunate animal upon its nose; till night put an end to the battle of Camargo.

When the 'grey-eyed man of destiny,' as he was called by the New Orleans press, General William Walker, invaded Nicaragua,

Nemo had, as a matter of course, joined him, and shared with this chief his victories and reverses, until Walker, too, like his first leader, Lopez, came to grief, when he, with the survivors of that expedition, were brought back to New Orleans; and it was now, whilst waiting for some other filibustering schemes to turn up, that he proposed, just for distraction, to take a turn on the plains.

For myself, the less said the better. I had been almost everything but a parson, and very nearly that. I had ridden wild horses and herded wild cattle, and could see through the sights of my rifle as well as my neighbours.

On the evening of the 8th of April we found ourselves on board the boat, whose engines groaned as they forced it against the strong though muddy stream of the 'Father of Waters.' Smoking, drinking, and card-playing were in full force amongst the heterogeneous worldlings assembled in the saloon, whilst those of more staid habits formed themselves into little groups upon the hurricane-deck, talking the eternal politics, which Americans so much delight in, or, where a buck-skinned hunter had stationed himself, listening to the fierce encounters with wild animals or wilder men which the gaunt trapper recounted to his attentive auditors. Far up at the bow a group of men in ill-made, loose-fitting black coats and 'continuations,' arranged their plan of battle for a fierce encounter with sin at a monster revival meeting to which they were hastening, and speculating upon the 'improving' time they were about to enjoy under each other's ministrations at Big Shirt-tail Bend.

Gradually the groups broke up, and the passengers sought their berths, as the chill evening air began to be felt on the deck; only in the saloon, where the gamblers were wooing fortune, or in the bar, where iced drinks were being 'fixed' for the thirsty players, were human sounds to be heard. Near one of the tables, at which very heavy play was going on, one of the black-coated gentry halted, and, thinking it a good opportunity for him to air his piety, began to denounce the play. For some time no notice was taken, but at last, as it distracted his attention, one of the gamblers requested him civilly to desist, and attend to his own business.

The reverend gentleman replied that it was his duty to reprove sin wherever he saw it, and that he should do so, and that he knew his business.

'Do you?' said the gambler, with a sneer. 'I'll bet you fifty dollars you don't, old chap. Now then, at a word, what sort of a jawbone was it Samson used to pitch into the Philistines with?'

'Why, the jawbone of an ass, to be sure,' said the divine.

'All right, old cock, but that ain't it. Was it a new or an old jawbone?'

'It was the jawbone of an ass; and there is no mention made as to its being new or old. Absurd!'

'It was not yours,' growled the gambler in his beard, with a contempt he was at no pains to conceal, 'for that's a-wagging yet. But, guv'nor, I said I'd bet you fifty, and I'll go you a hundred

‘dollars better, or a thousand, if you like, that it states distinctly that ‘it was a new one. Get your Bible and look.’

‘I am not profane enough to bet,’ said the Baptist, ‘but I will ‘even look at the passage, as I believe you are making game of me.’

Having procured his Bible, he was compelled to admit that the gambler was correct.

‘Now, old hoss, you make quite sure you *do* know your *own* ‘business before you interfere with other people’s. Boys, it’s my ‘deal.’ And the play commenced fast and furious, whilst the dis-comfited divine sought his pillow.

The scenery of the Mississippi, though grand, is monotonous, and has been often described; still it is the most pleasant way of travelling I have met with either at home or abroad, and I have tried most, from the ‘Times,’ with old Pearson on the box, five-and-twenty years ago, to a diligence between Paris and Bordeaux, which occupied ninety hours, and from a sloop beating with a head wind for twenty hours between St. Heliers and St. Malo, to an ocean steamer with all its appliances to make a voyage pleasant, but yet could not withal prevent rough seas.

On an American river steamer there is no perceptible motion, and you glide along taking your ease in your inn with the comfortable satisfaction of feeling that you are both consuming the good things provided as well as time and space; and you must be hard indeed to please if you cannot, out of your numerous fellow-voyagers, discover some pleasant people.

We arrived at Little Rock, and fortunately found the river high enough to permit boats to proceed as far as the fort, the vessels built for inland navigation being warranted to run where it is a little *damp*.

At Fort Gibson we procured three good horses and a couple of Indian ponies.

‘What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife’

how we chaffered for our horses, and how the Westerns tried to get the better of us as ‘cutely as any Yorkshireman that ever was born. It is enough to say that we knew a ‘screw’ when we saw him, and were ‘York’ too, and that we remembered our destination was the hunting-ground as well as the cockpit of many hostile Indian tribes. The respectable elderly gentleman who sends to Anderson for a quiet horse to amble upon down Rotten Row, and the hunter, who will possibly have to depend for his life upon the speed and endurance of his steed, start from two different points of view. The one looks for a neat hack on which he can canter alongside his daughters, the other for one whose pace and bottom will carry him clear, not of the chair occupants who line the Row, but of the howling redskins on the ‘war-path.’ We, requiring the latter, did not buy them carelessly.

After leaving Fort Gibson, we struck out into the country between the Falls of the Arkansas and the Vermilion River, where we heard

some small herds of buffalo had been lately seen. On the evening of the second day we came to a log shanty built upon the banks of a little stream, one of the tributaries to the Vermilion, where we found a trapper and his wife, a squaw, or Indian woman. The man was a short, red-headed fellow, whose buckskin garments were soaked with blood, fat, and dirt, and who was at once christened 'Grease' by our party. About an hour before our arrival he had come in from the prairie with some buffalo meat and marrow-bones, and we were invited by him, hospitably enough, to camp and have some supper, and the squaw was ordered to prepare some steaks for us; whilst we, having staked out our horses to graze, watched the preparations for our meal, and mentally calculated how large a portion of the inevitable peck of dirt was about to be consumed by us which is said to fall to the lot of all men, for, however hospitably our hostess went to work, she did not seem to have much respect for cleanliness. Supper over, we smoked our pipes, filled with *kinnikinic* (an Indian preparation of tobacco, willow bark, and sumach leaves), stretched on our blankets, whilst Nemo told of many a strange adventure met with in his wanderings. At last, taking a nightcap of what our host styled genu-wine Irish whisky, the same having been made in Kentucky, to which the smoky taste had been given by creosote, and of which one small glass would give an elephant a headache, though Grease appeared to swallow large doses of it with impunity, we rolled ourselves up from the night dew, and with our saddles for pillows, we were soon fast asleep.

In the morning, after a second edition of buffalo steaks, we put our Colt's revolvers in order for a run at the buffalo, herds of which Grease reported we should find within three or four miles of his shanty. Our host's preparation for his share of the sport was simple, though effective: a long pole of some light wood, with a fork at the end, had inserted across the prongs an old razor-blade, with which he managed to hamstring the buffalo when the tendon of the hough was at its fullest tension, taking care to cut that of its off leg whilst running with his horse's head pointed clear of the near side of the quarry, by which means the unlucky animal rolled away from, and not under the legs of his horse, his knowing pony, from long practice, giving a sheer at the instant his master made his thrust.

The prairie over which we rode was rolling—a succession of long waves—something like the appearance the sea has in a calm in the Bay of Biscay, in which likeness, too, it was assisted by the long grass, which, knee-high to our horses, bent and recovered itself as a brisk breeze swept over it; nor could you see more than a mile across it from the undulations of the land. Having ridden about three miles, Grease, who was in advance, suddenly halted, and, pointing in a southerly direction with his pole, we saw about twenty buffalo feeding. The wind was from the south-west, and consequently blowing nearly from them to us, so that we were saved the necessity of riding round, or manœuvring, to prevent the keen-scented animals from smelling us. They were in the hollow between two of these

prairie swells, from the ridge of one of which they had been sighted by our leader, and therefore about eight or nine hundred yards from us, and feeding down, or against the wind. With our horses well in hand, but at a brisk canter, we headed for them, and had lessened the distance one half before we were perceived. The game lost no time in getting under weigh, but with their tails up and heads down, and the roll peculiar to this animal, they started in rapid flight, whilst Grease, flourishing his pole and yelling with excitement, charged full tilt at the herd, followed by the rest of us, and each selecting his victim endeavoured to ride him out; and soon the shouts and pistol shots and clouds of dust—for on the ridge, where we first got alongside of them, the grass was short and the ground hard and powdery—confined each man's attention to himself.

A loud, clear whoop, with a long quaver to it, sounding something like 'How-poo-oo-oo!' but sharp and clear as a trumpet, halted us all, and we perceived a young Indian warrior splendidly mounted, his long scalp-lock, in which was secured a single eagle's feather, and his gay, many-coloured poncho, the spoil of some Mexican foray, floating in the wind, running alongside a cow. Drawing an arrow to the head, he sent it through the animal, which, running a few paces forward, the blood gushing from its mouth, subsided in a cloud of dust on the prairie; then, wheeling at full gallop, leaned down, and plucked up his arrow, which had passed clean through the cow, and had stuck, quivering, in the prairie sod beyond; then riding up to Grease, he shook hands with him, casting a glance of great contempt upon his unsportsmanlike weapon, though it had, even in that short run, been the means of stretching two buffalo on the plain, which Nemo and myself, after a short greeting with the chief, proceeded to put out of their agony. There was a world of fury in the eyes of the bull I approached, which spoke whole volumes of what, had he the power, he would wreak upon me; but he was now impotent for mischief; so, drawing my revolver from my belt, and holding my horse by the lasso, I knelt upon one knee to give my shot an upward direction, and sent my bullet through the gleaming eye into the brain. Yellow Wolf was a Pawnee chief from whose tribe our leather-clad companion had selected his squaw, and was consequently well known to him. He had discovered the game about the same time that we had, and was cautiously working for the wind, when our sudden onslaught had driven them towards him, and he had thus cut in and secured his cow, from which he now leisurely proceeded to cut some of the flesh and attach it to his saddle; this done, he mounted his wild-looking stallion, and with very scant ceremony waved his hand and departed upon his scalp-hunting or horse-stealing business. In the run, counting the Indian's, we had killed seven buffalo, from which we took some of the choicest meat, some of the marrow-bones, and slowly returned to Grease's hut, who cautioned us that however safe his own 'belongings' might be from a visit of Yellow Wolf, yet that it would be expedient for us to keep a good look-out through

the night upon our horses, as that warrior was not unlikely to bring some of his 'braves,' and leave us on foot in the prairie. We therefore took it by turns to watch through the night, but fortunately met with no disturbance.

Having plenty of meat, and having been for four consecutive days upon our horses, we allowed them to have a day's rest, and amused ourselves by fishing in the creek and by putting all our things in order for a start upon the following morning. We also did not neglect to guard our horses.

The next morning, having said good-bye to our rough but kindly host, we started in a southerly direction for the Falls of the Arkansas, intending, after making that point, to work round to the eastward for Wood's trading-house.

We presented Grease with half a dozen plugs of honey-dew tobacco, which much delighted him, and in return he gave us several directions as to the different routes, for he knew the country well, and the following caution :—

'You'd best keep your eyes skinned pretty sharp, I tell you. Them dod rotted skunks o' Injians ain't a-going to let you slide clear so easy pree-haps as you mout suppose. I seed him give a good look at your hosses, and they're kinder the sort an Injian likes. Ef it does come to a muss, jest you slip right away into the cusses; ef you goes to jawin' you're gone 'coons. I knowed a chap in old Kentuck, whar I wur raised, as had had many's the brush with them painted serpents, and he allus used to say he shot an Injian fust, and argefied the matter with him after, ef so be he wanted to. Ef ever you do get into a fight with 'em do your darndest; there ain't no mussy in them chaps you'd better believe.'

For two days nothing particular occurred. We found small herds of buffalo, but were not far enough to the west to see them in those immense droves as they are sometimes found, and we killed and cooked as much as we wanted. Each night we watched our horses, and each passed undisturbed; but Green knew Indian habits too well to be lulled into any false security by this, and strongly insisted that a vigilant watch was necessary, and particularly the morning one, as the redskins prefer making their attack just before day, when the camp generally is hushed in the profoundest repose. And this 'sentry go' Green always selected as his own.

On the third morning Green called us, holding his finger on his grizzled moustache to impress silence. 'Boys, there is something up; the horses are pricking their ears, and are fidgetty. It may be only prairie wolves, but it's most likely Indians.' He said this in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper. 'Crawl out, and get the end of your lassos, and bring in the horses. Quiet's the word; no noise, no haste, but be smart. We'll saddle up. If they try to stampede our horses they shall find us on their backs. Never mind the popies: if we win, we can pick them up when it's over; if we lose, and have to run for it, we shan't want them.'

'I've never fought Indians,' said Nemo, coolly, as a quarter of an

hour later he sat composedly in his saddle, a large six-shooter resting quietly across his thigh. 'But old Grease is right, you may bet your bottom dollar; for whether it's red humans or white ones the first shot is half the battle.'

'I hav'n't time to say much,' Green answered, 'for they'll be on us in two two's; I can hear the dull gallop of horses. Keep your mustangs moving; they can't shoot worth a cuss; and make sure of each shot if you can. If we are obliged to run, skirt the timber to the east, and make for the trading-house. Charge! give them hell!' he shouted, as nine or ten dark objects came through the gloom at full speed shouting like demons.

It was a short but sharp affair whilst it lasted, and quite unlike riding at buffalo, as we had been doing the last few days, those animals not being able to shoot back again as our opponents could. But they had failed in their surprise; and, as usual, when not having it all their own way, were soon routed.

War-whoops were answered by fierce oaths, which, though not so loud, were more determined; and the twang of the bow and the sharp whistle of the arrow were replied to by sharp whip-like cracks of the pistol.

The conflict did not probably last five minutes, though it seemed an hour to some, perhaps; but at the end of it the Indians drew off, leaving five warriors on the field.

Green had escaped unhurt, whilst Nemo had two slight wounds in the upper part of his right arm; but I had had an arrow pass through my upper lip under the nose, cutting clean to the upper jaw-bone. However, it was neither 'so deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door;' and Green, after cutting the moustache away, drew it together as well as he could, and with a strip of my handkerchief drawn across to hold it together, and brought round over my ears and tied behind my head, I managed very well till we got to the trading-house, where we rested a few days; and we were speedily, except the scars, as well as ever.

At Fort Gibson we disposed of our horses, and again taking the boat reached New Orleans in safety. Here, after spending a few days together, we separated, never, as it happened, to meet again either for business or pleasure.

CRICKET.—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' MATCHES OF 1864

CHELTENHAM v. MARLBOROUGH.

Cheltenham, 1st innings, 241; 2nd innings . . . 135. Total 376

Marlborough, 1st innings, 189; 2nd innings (2 down) 41. Total 230

Drawn: Marlborough having 8 wickets to go down.

ETON v. WINCHESTER.

Winchester, 1st innings, 76; 2nd innings . . . 210. Total 286

Eton . . . 1st innings, 116; 2nd innings (one down) 171. Total 287

Eton won by 9 wickets.

RU GBY V. MARLBOROUGH.

Rugby	1st innings	301
Marlborough,	1st innings, 106; 2nd innings, 162.	Total 268
Rugby won in one innings by 33 runs.		

HARROW V. ETON.

Harrow	1st innings	242
Eton	1st innings, 63; 2nd innings, 112.	Total 175
Harrow won in one innings by 67 runs.		

Such are the results of the Public Schools' Matches of 1864; a series of matches that, in the opinion of 'Baily,' are the very pith and backbone of the noble game; for to attain the distinction of playing in these Elevens, all the energy, skill, and perseverance of youth is exerted, in playing these matches—that cricketing promise is developed that—matured at the Universities—eventuate in the skilled amateur; and it is these matches that keep alive that exciting interest in, and admiration of cricket among the ladies and gentlemen of England, without whose patronage and support the game would very soon become a thing of the past; as it is, it is the fairest the finest, the healthiest, and the most popular pastime practised in the broad realms of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; and it is for these reasons that 'Baily' with pleasure annually records in his green-covered pages the contests between THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' ELEVENS.

Cheltenham and Marlborough were the first to meet this year. Each Eleven had received more than usual attention from their tutors; and so excellent was the form displayed by each team, that expectation of good cricket and a close contest ran high. But two days—the 7th and 8th of June—were allotted to play the match in; unfortunately this proved insufficient time to play the match out; for James Lillywhite had prepared wickets so truthful, and the hitting was so good, that at the end of the second day's play it was found that 606 runs had been scored, 32 wickets only had fallen, and that Marlborough had 8 wickets to go down, requiring an average of 'nearly' 19 runs per wicket for their side to become winners. The fielding of both sides was the best seen since the establishment of the match in 1856, the wicket-keeping of Baggally and Reid being prominently excellent; in fact, the general fielding and wicket-keeping of both teams were the features of the match; the hitting—as it ought to have been on such wickets—was free and telling; Cotton, by good cricket, made the highest Cheltonian scores, 28 and 47; Reid (the captain) made 50 and 0; Cameron, 50 and 19; Robertson, 18 and 24; and Parr, 34 and 8. It was a curious fact that Lloyd, Baggally, and Miles, the last three men in for Marlborough, contributed 90, or nearly a moiety of the runs scored from the bat in the innings, wherein Lloyd made 38, Miles 34, not out, Mornington 30, Fellowes (the captain) 22, and Baggally 18. That so excellently contested a match should have ended in 'a draw' is to be regretted; and with the hope that in 1865 'the boys' may obtain three days, play the match out, and the best Eleven win, we take our leave of the Cheltenham and Marlborough draw of 1864, and travel to the pleasant meads of Winton, where, at the College ground on the 27th and 28th of June,

Eton and Winchester played their match. It was a gay and brilliant scene; those 'Flowers of Society,' the fair dames and lovely damsels of England, graced the ground in numbers and beauty seen at no other match but the match. A little more sunshine, and this picture of English life would have been a perfect one; as it was, never was this match more brilliantly attended,

nor never did it terminate in so extraordinary a result. Winchester opened the hitting; the first moiety of their wickets fell at a fair and encouraging phase, but the other moiety, under the assaults of the Eton Captain's slow round-arm curlers, glided away for a mere nothing, and the innings finished for 76 runs. Eton's first innings was fairly and well started by 16 from the Captain's bat; this was excellently well followed up by 35 from Lubbock; the 13 of Barrington bringing up the rear triumphantly for Eton, who so far had the advantage of 40 runs, an advantage that was soon 'hit away' by Winchester in their second innings; as 52 made by Tuck, 46 by Awdry, 33, not out, by Howell, 25 by Godby, and 14 each by Deane and Bullock materially helped to make up the fine total of 210 runs for Winchester, leaving Eton to play a second innings of 171 runs to become the victors; and notwithstanding there was but little time left to achieve the victory, it *was* achieved, and that in a truly magnificent cricket form. It came on to rain the afternoon of the second day's play. Application to the authorities present for a third day to finish the match proved unsuccessful, and a subsequent proposal that the match should be 'drawn' met with no better success, so it was played out in the falling rain. The Eton Captain and Lubbock commenced the task set their Eleven of scoring 171 runs: 14 was the extent of Lubbock's contribution, whereupon 'a Lyttelton' went to the rescue; and while Mr. Prideaux hit carefully, but well, and was gradually but surely swelling the Eton score, the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton dashed into the fray forthwith, and by brilliant 'all round' hitting, quickly came up to, and passed his cautious but clever Captain in run getting, scoring so rapidly that by six o'clock there were but 40 runs wanted to win; and crushing down all opposition by his rapid and fine hitting, the Hon. S. Lyttelton had, by half-past six, brought the score up to the required 171, and, with his Captain's able aid, won the match for Eton by 9 wickets. It was a great victory grandly achieved. Mr. Prideaux had scored 54, and Mr. Lyttelton 96, neither out. A professional (good judge) present declared that 'that not out 96 of Mr. S. Lyttelton's was the quickest score he ever saw 'made;' and an old, enthusiastic, and well-known amateur pronounced the hon. gentleman to be 'the most brilliant cricketer he ever saw play in a 'Public School Eleven.' Well, indeed, may Cricketing Eton be so proud of the name of Lyttelton. May their shadows never be less, nor the light-blue team ever be without a scion of that noble house to bowl, bat, and field for the honour of Eton.

Rugby and Marlborough this year found a 'fresh field and pasture new' to play their match on, as, no other metropolitan ground being vacant on the 4th and 5th of July, they brought their Annual Match off on the Middlesex County Ground at Islington. Both Elevens had previously played trial matches, Rugby at Lord's, against a somewhat weak Eleven of the M. C. C., whom the Rugbeians thrashed by 120 runs; and Marlborough at Islington against a not very strong team of the Middlesex Club, whom the Marlborough boys (?) licked by 114 runs. The play in these matches induced public opinion to favour the Marlborough Eleven, but 'public opinion' was entirely wrong in this instance, as in the presence of the best company yet assembled on the new ground, the effective left-hand bowling of Venables, the useful opening of 53 runs put up by Vereist, the fairly played innings of 74 by Kenney, and the really splendid 'all round' hitting not out 139 scored by E. W. Lloyd, won the match hand over hand for Rugby, whose Eleven, when all was over, had an innings and 33 runs to spare. Not that the Marlborough team played bad cricket, for they did not—a slice of bad luck in an unfortunate cannon by

two fieldsmen prevented their closing Lloyd's innings when at 25 only, and they had some unfortunate runs out. Then, again, when Cross was well set, hitting in excellent and true cricket form, and had scored 77 runs, he fell a victim to a rare and brilliant bit of cricket, 'a catch in a thousand' made by Boevey at point; and although Taylor played well for his 29 and 41, Hillyard made 24, and their Eleven scored two creditable totals; yet there can be no doubt but that the 1864 match between Rugby and Marlborough was won by the best 'all round' team, and that was 'The Rugby Eleven.'

Harrow and Eton, last match on our list, but first in importance to Cricket, *the match of the season*, that piles up so intensely the hopes and fears of Young England, and so keenly interests the Paterfamilias, Materfamilias, Sisters, Cousins, &c., of the cream of English society, and that draws to Lord's Ground on 'those two glorious days of July' such an assemblage of royalty, rank, wit, learning, lovely women, and gallant men, as no other sport or pastime ever did—or ever will—draw. We cheerfully grant to racing men all they have ever written or said (and that's a vast deal) in favour of their 'Glorious Goodwood;' and to boating men all that has ever been uttered or penned in favour of their charming Henley, or their glorious University struggle on the dirty Thames; they are unique—in their way—but we confidently assert they fall lengths, many lengths, short of Old Lord's as it appeared on the 8th and 9th of July last; a more glorious scene never was witnessed than when the sun momentarily shone forth on the Friday. Down by the far end of the racket court was an open carriage, seated wherein was the future King of England, with his young and fair bride—'The Prince and Princess of Wales;' outside them some 8000 or 9000 visitors on foot formed a ring five or six deep round the ground; behind them was another ring formed by about 600 carriages (principally unhorsed), whereon were seated one half the nobility and some thousands of the gentry of England with their wives and daughters, the fairest dames and loveliest damsels in the universe. The pavilion seats were crowded with members and their friends, most of them past public school men, and several of them men famous at the bar, the pulpit, or the senate; fronting the whole length of the billiard rooms, the racket and the tennis courts, was erected a gallery capable of holding about 1500 visitors; this was 'nearly' filled by gaily-attired ladies, whilst on the centre of the old turf two picked Elevens from our leading public schools were contending for the honour of victory in the cricket field. Such was the scene on the 8th of July (repeated on the 9th) that our poor pen has so inefficiently attempted to sketch, and the like of which no other pastime has ever attracted. The issue of the match had for months previous interested both old and young public school men, and 'What's Harrow doing?' and 'How is Eton getting on?' were frequent inquiries from Harrovians and Etonians. Early in the season both Elevens were expected to be weak. Mr. Prideaux, Hon. N. Lyttelton, Hon. Spencer Lyttelton and Mr. Forsyth alone remained of the Eton Eleven of 1863, whilst Harrow only retained Messrs. Buller, Stow, and Phipps. Both Elevens were beaten by the next Twenty-twos of their respective schools, and in their early matches did not give much promise.

The Eton Eleven were the first to show an improvement, and before half June was over, were reported to be unusually strong, which their repeated successes in 'the shooting fields,' and their easy victory at Winchester, confirmed. After that Mr. Buller the Captain of the Harrow Eleven had selected for his bowlers the Hon. J. Amherst and Mr. Charles Arkwright (the younger

brother of the celebrated bowler, Mr. Henry Arkwright), his Eleven also began to show some form. They defeated the Harrow Town Club by 68 runs, and as a token of the goodness of the bowling the bowlers were unchanged throughout, and there was not 'an extra' in the match!

They continued to improve, and on the Saturday previous to their playing at Lord's they had so much the best of an unfinished match against a strong Eleven of I Zingari, that the friends of Harrow looked to the result with the greatest confidence.

At length the 8th of July arrived, and a dull cold day it was. The Elevens were early on the ground, and on mustering it was found the sides were thus formed:—

HARROW.

C. F. Buller (Captain).
Hon. J. G. Amherst.
C. Arkwright.
W. Evetts.
A. N. Hornby.
H. Montgomery.
H. G. Phipps.
W. T. Phipps.
J. M. Richardson.
F. W. Smith.
M. H. Stow.

ETON.

W. S. Prideaux (Captain).
W. Barrington.
A. Evans.
H. D. Forsyth.
Hon. N. G. Lyttelton.
Hon. S. G. Lyttelton.
E. Lubbock.
W. W. Phipps.
H. Thompson.
R. Tabor.
A. Walter.

On good wickets, the match was commendably early commenced by Harrow opening the batting, and that in so unusually good a form that it soon became obvious that the Eton bowling was not equal to it; for although the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton bowled well from the pavilion end wicket, they 'played' him, and entirely got the best of three bowlers at the other end ere a wicket fell, for 62 runs. Hornby's defence was most extraordinary for one so short, and the effective manner he played some bailers—as high as his shoulder—was wonderful. Stow and the Captain (Buller) played very finely; and the fine, full, straight bat—so dear to all the old boys—and the free style of hit by Buller, showed us Harrow batting in its best form. 'I have come miles to see the match,' exclaimed an old boy; 'and I'm glad I did, for once more have I seen the long-lost straight bat, which in these crooked times I feared had left the cricket-field for ever!' And it was a finely-played innings that 61 of Buller's—in with the score at 80, and out with it at 198—he had hit 'all round' brilliantly; but to our mind his leg hitting was the best. Stow's 54 was an exhibition of steady, good, and effective batting, that did his side essential service: his cutting was really fine. Richardson and W. Phipps also showed well; and the Harrow innings of 242 may be fairly set down as the best batting exhibition displayed by the dark-blue Eleven for many seasons past. The fielding of the Etonians was certainly slow, and their wicket-keeping not brilliant; but the quick working, bumpy ground at Lord's differs so entirely from their own smooth sward on the shooting fields that much allowance ought to be made that has not been made for the fielding, some of which was very good—to wit, that fine catch at mid-wicket by Barrington that ended Buller's career; that splendid catch—off side—at the wicket by N. Lyttelton that sent Amherst home; and those two fine—one of them splendid—catches in the slip made by the Hon.

S. Lyttelton went a long way in redeeming the mishaps that did occur. But it was in their hitting that the Eton Eleven fell so short of their rumoured form, and the high character their hitting had gained by their success over Winchester. Two good innings were played by Lubbock; and, to our mind, the 50 of the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton was the finest hitting innings in the match: his hitting 'all round' was really brilliant (and that this was his true form was afterwards proved by the 43 scored by the hon. gentleman in the supplementary match against the bowling of Traill, R. D. Walker, Drake, and others, who hit the slows boldly and well); but the other members of the Eleven appeared sorely bothered and beaten by them. The fielding of the Harrow Eleven was splendid, their superiority at that part of the game being marked; the long stopping of Buller, and his brace of catches, so fatal to Lubbock, was very fine; that catch at short-leg of little Hornby's was as brilliant as it was hot; the fielding at point of Montgomery was one of the best points of the Harrow cricket; and, although we feel confident the Eton team did not play up to their true form, and would show a better front if the match was to be played over again, still there can be no doubt but that the superior Eleven won, and Eton defeated by the best team Harrow has sent to Lord's for many a year. With regrets that Winchester could not join in these contests at Lord's, and with congratulations to all who wish well to the School Matches in the absence of that unpleasant and ungentelemanly personal chaff that last year reached so offensive a height, and which—as notified to their schoolfellows by the two Captains—'constituted so grave an offence 'against good manners and fair play,' we close our record of THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' MATCHES OF 1864.

ROWING.

If during the past month there have been no events of interest among professionals, amateur oarsmen have certainly been laudably industrious, and the July regattas at Walton, Kingston, and Barnes bid fair every year more closely to emulate the glories of Henley. The Walton regatta came off on the 2nd, and was fixed thus unusually early with the idea, no doubt, of tempting some of the university men from Henley to remain in training another week and enter for the Walton races. This plan has, however, the disadvantage of precluding crews from any rest between the two events; and as most men train hard for Henley, a few days' rest is, we think, absolutely necessary, apart from the slight indulgences which both winners and losers allow themselves in the evening, after the customary presentation of prizes on the 'Red Lion' lawn. Be this as it may, the *dolce far niente* philosophy evidently prevailed over any ideas of *labor ipse voluptas* in the minds of university men, for, with the exception of a junior sculler and a gig, none of them put in an appearance at Walton. There was, nevertheless, a capital day's sport; the Senior Fours brought out the London Rowing Club four, winners of the Stewards' Cup at Henley; and the Kingston men, now reinforced by their Captain, Woodgate, who at Henley confined himself to sculling. A West London Crew also entered, but as their stroke slipped his button at the start, they were out of the race from the first. The London men got a trifle the best start, but Kingston stuck to them, and for 200 yards the Londoners could not increase their lead of half a length, and Kingston spurting, came up level, when a slight foul occurred, for which the Londoners were perhaps the

most to blame, though it was evidently quite unintentional. On getting to work again Kingston had a lead of a few feet, but Fenner putting on a spurt, the L. R. C. drew gradually away, Woodgate from time to time decreasing the gap by a splendid effort, and at the finish London won by about a length clear. A foul was claimed by Kingston, but as it had in no way affected the result, the umpire refused to alter the judge's decision. The Junior Fours were a rather easy win for the Twickenham Club, who had their opponents safe after half a mile. For the Senior Sculls four were entered, and Ryan having disposed of Jervis, and Cecil of Pitt, without great muscular exertion, in the trial heats, these two met for the final. Cecil took the lead by about half a length, but could not increase this until they had gone half a mile, when he seemed on the point of taking Ryan's water; the latter, however, spurted, and Cecil had to take his former position. They rowed in this way nearly the whole distance, Cecil half a length in advance, but Ryan in the best water and out of the stream, until within a few yards of the finish, when Ryan making a final effort, and Cecil swerving to the right, the former won by three feet. This was decidedly the race of the day, and winner and loser alike deserve unqualified praise for their plucky performance. It even excelled in interest the spin between Woodgate and Michell at Henley, as, though this was equally close at the finish, the Walton race was infinitely more interesting during its progress, being anybody's race all the way. For the Junior Sculls, Houseman, of the W. L. R. C., had a good race with Innes in the trial heat, and in the final a mere paddle. May and Fenner, two of the L. R. C. four, walked in for the pairs, as did Talbot and Brown for the gig race. The day's proceedings, as usual, commenced with punting matches, and closed with the ridiculous exhibitions known as scratch races, which brought down the curtain on a splendid day's sport.

The Wingfield Sculls, won last season by Parker of Oxford, brought out this year three candidates; Woodgate of the Kingston Club, ex-champion, who, it will be remembered, was unable last year to defend his title against Parker, the winner of the trial heat; Ryan of the L. R. C., and Cecil, W. L. R. C. Michell, who rowed Woodgate well for the Diamond Sculls, and who was second to Parker for the Wingfield, was unable to enter, filial obedience to his Alma Mater interfering with his training. Of the trio, Woodgate was of course the favourite, 2 and 3 to 1 being laid on him; but there was plenty of speculation as to the relative merits of the other two, Ryan, from his having defeated Cecil at Walton, being the favourite, though many good judges thought the tables would be turned this journey. For the first time since the establishment of this prize in 1830, a steamer accompanied the race, which was well filled with rowing celebrities, and the water was dotted with small craft containing several lights of other days whom we were glad to observe anything but faded, Mr. Julius, among others, pulling with a vigour many of his juniors might well envy. Woodgate having won the station, was a better favourite than ever; and on going to station was loudly applauded, Cecil in the middle and Ryan on the Surrey side being also warmly cheered by their partisans. Woodgate was shown up by Kelley in a Kingston eight, Cecil by Mr. Bryant with a West London crew. Ryan had no cutter, but was to be steered by Mr. H. H. Playford with a flag from the steamboat, an arrangement by which he lost innumerable lengths, for partly from the steamer not being in so good a position as the cutters for judging the course, and partly from Ryan not watching the flag sufficiently, he was all over the river while the other two went straight from start to finish. At the start

Ryan got off very well, Cecil moderately, and Woodgate last. Cecil got soonest into swing, and at Simmonds' was half a length ahead, the others level. Woodgate soon after came up to Cecil, and by slow degrees got half a length ahead, Ryan slightly astern and in a bad course. Woodgate gradually improved, and was clear at the Crab Tree, gaining a length in the cross over. Below the soap-works, Ryan fouled Cecil, which gave Woodgate two or three lengths' advantage, and on their getting clear Ryan was away first. Cecil, however, drew up to him, and was only half a length astern at the bridge, and opposite the Doves went right by him. Woodgate was by this time well ahead, and Cecil, thinking winning hopeless, confined his attention to keeping ahead of Ryan, which he did without much trouble; and this order was maintained to the finish, Woodgate winning easily and Cecil a long distance ahead of Ryan. The winner was no doubt the best man, though the foul spoilt what would have been a fine race, and next year we expect to see Cecil do wonders. Ryan was overtrained and stale, and no wonder, considering that he has been hard at it since about a month before Henley. Had he been well and properly shown up, his magnificent strength must have given him a great chance, but in style the West London man is greatly his superior with the tide. The race at Walton, on which so much stress was laid by the Ryanites, was against stream, and though it was a great performance, after the severe race in the fours, to beat Cecil on the post after rowing a stern wager all the way, Cecil's long stroke must, we think, always tell in a tideway against the shorter though livelier one of Ryan. Anyhow, we hope never to see a race again in which two men are shown up and third not, as the absence of a cutter is throwing away a great chance, besides making a foul almost inevitable, as in the present instance.

The Regatta at Kingston presented a splendid programme, but several of the trial heats resulted in walks over, owing to the racing being fixed to commence at 12 o'clock, rather an early hour for competitors from a distance. For the Senior Fours the London and Kingston had entered, also a scratch four stroked by J. Forster, of University College, Oxford, whose brilliant rowing in fours and eights at Henley, last year, will be long remembered. The scratch lot, however, did not come to the post, and the issue was confined to the old rivals, London and Kingston. The Londoners were the same as at Henley and Walton, and they looked as if a month's debauchery would almost do them good, being decidedly overdone by training ever since May. The Kingston men, laudably anxious to wipe out their Henley and Walton defeats, had made another change, Woodgate, who was stroke at Walton, now rowing No. 2, and his place being supplied by R. Wells, as the card indeed stated, but whom all rowing men present must have recognized as one of the best University oarsmen of the last few years. All Kingston went up to the starting-post to see this race, and the banks were lined with excited partisans of the Kingston and London men. The latter were favourites at 6 to 4 and more. Indeed, Kingston seemed little disposed to back their men even at this tempting price, while the Londoners considered their crew invincible, and were ready to back their opinion. Mr. Forster acted as umpire, and while giving the word to go, No. 2 in the London boat, anxious to get the start, pulled a moment too soon, and when the word was given, and the rest of the crew pulled, they were very unsteady. The Kingston men thus got a slight start, and rowing with plenty of dash and powder, gradually improved their position, until passing the island they were half a length clear. The Londoners put on some fine spurts, but certainly lacked the life they showed at Henley,

and the Kingston won all the way, coming in two lengths ahead. The Junior Fours had six entries, but only five came to the post, and were divided into two lots. One heat was won by the L. R. C., beating a Grosvenor Club crew with great ease; the other by the Twickenham Club, beating the Kingston and Ariel by two lengths. The race for second place was, however, very exciting, for, after various changes, the Kingston only won by three feet. For the grand heat, the Twickenham were favourites, as Morley and Willis, stroke and No. 3 in the L. R. C. boat, had rowed two hard races in the trial and grand heat for gigs; but the result proved the superiority of the London men, though it was an open race until past the island, and even after that the Twickenham looked several times as if they were going by. The rowing of Morley was capital, and in the trial heat of the gig race he won after rowing a stern wager to within 100 yards of the finish. The Senior Sculls were looked forward to with great interest, as Michell, second to Woodgate at Henley, had to meet Cecil, second to Woodgate for the championship. Pitt, W. L. R. C., also started, but was never in the race. Cecil had the best of the start, and kept half a length ahead to the top of the island, where he bored Michell on to the weeds and a foul was the result, for which Cecil was no doubt to blame. Michell, however, said, 'Let us start again and make a 'race for the ladies,' or something of the kind, and they accordingly did so, Michell getting off first and being never afterwards collared. Cecil was, we think, beaten by a better man; but, like the London Four, he was decidedly weak from overtraining, a fault, on the wrong side, for which so many Londoners seem to have a *penchant*. The pairs were an easy journey for May and Neville, who, in spite of their gruelling in the London Senior Four, beat a Kingston pair very easily at the finish. Junior Sculls also went to Putney, Fenner, stroke of the L. R. C. four, making his first appearance in public as a sculler, and winning after a good race. The gigs (junior) were won by the Excelsior Club, and the senior by Brown and Talbot, as at Walton. Of course there were the inevitable scratch Eights to wind up, which were remarkable only for causing more quarrelling than usual, with an interval of about forty minutes between each exhibition of *skill* (?), which, as there were four of these dreadful performances, involved a slight waste of time, and it was 9 o'clock before the third race had started. It seems a great pity these ludicrous and childish affairs cannot be abolished, or, at any rate, confined to one race and to junior oarsmen: as it is, there was more rowing and less rowing in the scratch races at Kingston than all the other events of a fine day's sport put together. With these slight drawbacks, about which we perhaps feel needlessly sensitive, Kingston Regatta was a delightful day's amusement; the day was fine throughout, and the heat gave excellent excuse for ample indulgence in those various mixtures of ice, powdered sugar, burrage, and other compounds with which the big gigs of hospitable friends were laden. In our progress home in a big gig, as aforesaid, we came across the illuminations at the Duke of Buccleuch's, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Prince of Wales, or some 'other man,' alive and—dancing.

King's Lynn Regatta came off on the 30th June, but, as might be expected, the chief event of the day, Amateur Fours, did not produce a race. Last year the Committee accepted the entry of the Cambridge Town Club, a society of amphibious blacksmiths and semi-aquatic nondescripts, and the same crew whose performances at Bedford last August may be unfavourably remembered. Amateurs, without being extra mealy-mouthed, may be excused for declining to contend against such gentry; and the Cambridge University men no doubt think

King's Lynn, as somebody said of Ireland, a nice place to be out of. We hope provincial regatta committees will settle the point as to what the term gentleman amateur means, as it is a pity so magnificent a course as the Eau Brink Cut at King's Lynn, and other fine pieces of water, should be left alone because decent people are afraid of having to row against roughs. Men are willing enough to make a regatta in the country an excuse for giving themselves a few days' holiday, but they don't appreciate the advantage of taking a long journey to get slanged, as a London bargee can do that with half the trouble.

There was a capital race, on the 16th, between the Corsair and Excelsior Clubs. The latter having beaten the Thames Club easily, were strong favourites, though represented by a different crew, and presumed judges laid 7 to 4 on the Greenwich men. It was a good race for some time, both steering indifferently; but after a mile the Corsairs drew away, and served by the wretched steering of the other boat, won easily. On the following Saturday the Corsairs had to meet the Ariel Club; but instead of keeping their winning crew, they changed within the week, while the Ariels had been practising together, and were rowing beautifully. The race requires little comment, as, when once in swing, the Ariels, though a light lot, had all through the best of it, and won very easily at the finish, the Corsairs, though individually by far the finer men, having had no time to get together. Amateurs seem unaccountably to forget this; and without practice together, all the strength of Sayers and muscle of Leotard will be of no use. On the 23rd, also, the London Rowing Club had an eight-oared race, which was won, after a splendid race, by Fenner's crew beating Lister by a length; Owen third, tailed off.

During the summer there have been several fine swimming races. That between Beckwith and Mather was the most generally interesting, Beckwith having been prominent in the swimming world for many years. Mather is many years his junior and a fine active young fellow. The race was, as usual, from the Doves at Hammersmith to Putney. The men took the water together, and for 100 yards neither gained, but at the bridge Mather was two feet in advance. Soon after this point one of the little boats which had crowded round the men most shamefully all the way, knocked against Beckwith, stopping him for several seconds, Mather in the mean time getting well away. The race was of course at an end, and Beckwith gave up near the point. Another fine race for the Championship of the Ilex Swimming Club took place at Barnes, Birch, last season's winner, again proving himself best man. His victory last year was considered rather a fluke, as his most formidable antagonists were then out of practice: he has, however, now proved the correctness of public form, and is likely to hold his position for some time. A cup of 15 guineas value was offered for amateurs to be swum for on the 22nd of July, and about ninety entered. Of these nearly half were disqualified, as being more or less professionals, and about thirty came to the post or rather plank, from which they were started. The course was down, a mile in to Putney. The cup was won rather easily by Hayes, a provincial; Birch, the winner of the Ilex Club Race, and Freeman second in that event, making a dead heat for second place, thus showing the Ilex Club to be in good form; and as it is a club formed entirely of rowing men, the fraternity may well feel proud of the performance.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—July Jottings.

JULY is essentially a hot month, and certainly its solstice has communicated itself to the upper classes of the Turf, if we are to judge by the correspondence which has been given to the world during the past fortnight. It is far from our desire to revive disputes that have been settled, or stir up angry feelings which have subsided; but we cannot help remarking that the Battle of Worcester has been so treated by the leading political and essaying papers of the day, as to give conclusive proof that the Turf has assumed a far greater degree of importance in the eyes of the thinking portion of the community than it ever did before. And it would seem the enormous amount of capital invested in it, and the growing love of the public for it, has not escaped the attention of the conductors of those newspapers which have for their aim the education of the masses. Formerly, for instance, a sporting leader in 'The Daily News' would have been regarded as great a curiosity as if it had appeared in 'The Record' or 'The Dial;' and yet, whenever an opportunity presents itself, a prominent racing topic is handled with as much ability as a currency question, or the extension of the franchise. 'The Morning Star,' it might be imagined, would never recognise the existence of the Jockey Club as an institution, and would give far greater prominence to the May Meetings in the Strand than to those in Surrey and Berkshire. And yet they must keep pace with the times, and read homilies to Admiral Rous and the Lord of Croome as they would do to Sir George Grey and Mr. Bernal Osborne. These are unmistakeable symptoms of the extension of the love of racing, which should not be overlooked by those who are called on to administer its laws. What is required in the present day is essentially a strong government, one whose decrees should never furnish subjects for burlesque, or themes for the comic periodicals, but have the same weight and authority, and be freed from the same suspicion of partiality or undue influence, as is attached to the ministerial measures in another place. That the present division in the Turf Cabinet, and the disturbed state of racing politics, have at last awakened the serious attention of some of the most influential members of the Club, is no secret to those who are behind the scenes; and measures, it is said, will ere long be taken to purify the air, and restore the old order of things, when authority was respected, because it never attempted to interfere with the liberty of the subject, or stifle public discussion of events in which everyone was interested. Never were the ill effects of Lord Winchelsea's motion against a public writer in October, 1862, more apparent than during the past month, when the disputes between Lord Bateman, Admiral Rous, and Lord Coventry were fanned by the Press into a flame, which speedily became a conflagration which no efforts could extinguish. And it is some consolation to the Fourth Estate to reflect that if the noble Earl succeeded in his motion against one of their order, a fearful retaliation awaited him in being driven by the force of public opinion, promoted by the writer in question, from the Stewardship of Goodwood, to which, in an unguarded moment, he had been nominated. The mistake has been seen; and we only hope it will be corrected, as a panacea for the ill-feeling which exists between parties, with whom an intimate alliance ought to exist. It is all very well for those who hate the Press and its contributors, and who would like to return to the good old Attorney-General days of Lord Eldon, who was wont to apply for criminal informations against newspapers, as a Sessions Barrister does for a wine licence, for a suburban tea-garden, to resolve to get rid of this and that writer. The

idea is absurd, for a substitute might spring up who, either in entire ignorance, or from a malicious spirit, from the certainty that his identity could not be ascertained, might create tenfold the amount of mischief his predecessor was alleged to have done. For instance, he might give out that a nobleman, who has been paying sixty per cent. for the renewal of his bills for years, had landed such a stake as would enable him to pay off the principal and interest at once. Or he might set the banker and tailor of another long-winded customer upon him by congratulating him upon having thrown in for a rattler. One stray line in a fashionable journal might mar the fortunes of the most rising man of the age. These mistakes are remedied by those who are *au courant* to what is going on in London Society, and who never refuse to listen to any hint when tendered in a proper spirit, while a new man, one who knew not Joseph, might set the Thames on fire without the possibility of assistance being rendered. We have been led into this train of reflections by witnessing the injurious consequences which have resulted to the Turf by the endeavour to crush writers who only claim to exercise the same spirit of independence in dealing with racing matters, as their contemporaries do in handling political subjects; and we hope the authorities will see, ere too late, the error of their ways, and amend them.

Newcastle was the scene of the first racing robbery of the month, and, like as at Liverpool, the favourites went down one by one, like skittles when bowled at by a professional player with a flat in hand. The natives howled lustily, and their wail was taken up by the local and Sporting Press; but 'the milkers' were indifferent to their cries, for they had evidently determined to make hay while the sun shone, and to plunder while the opportunity was afforded them; as they put forth no denial of the charges that were brought against them, and backing Caller Ou with their earrings, they may be said to have had the public with both barrels. Liverpool cannot keep its place in the face of the opposition from the Southern Confederates at Abingdon and Stamford, and how Mr. Topham is to retrieve his fortunes we know not, and all we can tender him is our best wishes for his success. Lord Sefton being absent, his omnibus box in the Stand was empty, and it is some years since there was a party at Knowsley. Lords Stamford and Bateman represented the House of Lords in the inclosure, and Her Majesty's faithful Commons were in an equally small minority. A light division of Metropolitan legs endured the hard times for two days, but at the expiration of that period they were compelled to take wing for Stamford, where 'fresh fields and pastures new' awaited them. By the obstinacy of the owner of Stanton, the Cup was saved the disgrace of being walked over for, and the Holywell horse certainly ran well enough to prove that his master was right when he determined to refuse what is classically called 'listening to reason.'

Chelmsford has always been a favourite meet with the Newmarket trainers, and this year they supported Mr. Clarke and his local staff to the utmost of their power, and he returned the compliment in the same way, remunerating Goodwin and Cotton, and preventing them going empty-handed away. Ipswich we are glad to see looking up, and, to employ a meteorological simile, the glass is looking up. Worcester has much to answer for; and since 1621, when the Parliamentary forces attacked and defeated the army of Charles the Second, there has not been such excitement known around the Pitchcroft as there was on the eve of the second day. Racing riots are happily few and far between; and in our own recollection we can only call to mind two, at very distant periods, viz., that connected with Acrobat at Doncaster, and the Fille de l'Air scene at Epsom. But even then the authorities were respected; no

violence was threatened them, popular feeling being only directed to one or two particular individuals, against whom the mob entertained an ill feeling. At Worcester, however, the stronghold of the Lord of Croome, who was to the 'Faithful City' what the Duke of Richmond is to Chichester, matters took a far more serious turn, as the populace got up a revolution, as quickly as in Paris, and set the authorities at nought. This is much to be regretted, for in reality the owner of Prosperity could hardly fail to back up the objection of his trainer, when the Judge put it into his mouth; although as his animal could not by any possibility have won, we think he would have shown a more liberal policy in not pressing it. Still, because he does not waive his objection, that is no reason why he and his friends should have been hooted and yelled at, as if they were a parcel of miscreants; and to one of them, at least, it was a poor recognition of thirty years' service devoted to the Turf, at the sacrifice of many comforts and friendships. To give an instance of the irritability and ferocity of the mob, we may state that when they surrounded the Drag which Mr. Craven was driving, they cried out to him to put Prosperity in as leader of the team; and had not the Junior Steward of the Jockey Club been behind some good cattle, and knew how to work them, some serious mischief would certainly have occurred. The whole of the correspondence which followed was also a mistake; and we are sorry that any public allusion should have been made to the outrage being committed by the Birmingham roughs, as they are an awkward class of persons to encounter, and might be disposed to be troublesome in November. Of course Worcester itself was anxious to be freed from the opprobrium of so disgraceful an outrage on their Patron Saint and his friends, but we confess we think the explanation might have been more delicately worded. As it is the 'Battle of Worcester' has become one of the most stirring and momentous events in the annals of the Turf for the last half-century, and by the Citizens will be ranked with the other great battle to which we have referred, as well as with that between Spring and Langan, which took place close by.

Newmarket July was more than usually interesting from the antagonism of the two cracks in the July and Chesterfield; and the Federals and Confederates were not warmer in their partisanship than the friends of each. Danebury had 'The Duke's Motto' on its standard, while the Russley crest was 'Liddington.' To the last the former party were sanguine in the extreme, and imbibed their followers with such a belief in him, that more money was dropped on him than on any other horses during the year. Fortunately, Mr. Merry was in a humour to bet, and the Ring cried peccavi before he and his Commissioners had finished their 'Pencillings by the Way.' At first the aspect of affairs was ominous for Russley, as The Duke had evidently got the speed of Liddington, which advantage was aggravated by the latter crossing his legs, and nearly falling on his head. In recovering him, Adams let his head go, and striking him with his whip, he swerved across the course, and it looked any odds on The Duke. The moment, however, Adams got his colt's head straight, he tackled his opponent, on whom Judd dared not move, for fear of his taking him out, and fairly beat him on his merits by a neck. The result was almost as astounding as Caller Ou's St. Leger, for many were making their way off the Heath to catch the train under the belief The Duke had won. As may be imagined, Judd came in for all the abuse that is usually showered on the jockey that rides second in a great race, because he did not make sufficient use of the horse. John Day, however, stuck up for him nobly, as he rode exactly to his orders, and if in this instance they were wrong, he took upon himself all the blame. Generally, the fault of young jockeys is that they

make too much use of their horses ; so the charge against Judd—an excellent and well-disposed lad—had at least the merit of novelty in it. For the Chesterfield both parties had their pets at their corner in due time ; and if Mat Dawson was sanguine on the Tuesday he was doubly so now. To satisfy the croakers, the cap and jacket was taken from Judd and donned by Fordham ; and again the betting was awful, the Ducal party sticking to his Grace with the same tenacity as before. Mr. Merry having the July as well as his winnings on it, went 'double or quits,' and before they had gone five hundred yards he was out of his misery, as Liddington chopped every horse down the instant he got on his legs, and won in a canter by three lengths. This double defeat, both on the long and the short course, made The Duke's followers still more savage, and there was plenty of weeping and gnashing of teeth. Unable to assail his jockey, they gave out he was 'got at,' and every excuse was made for him except the right one—that he met a better horse. In justice, however, to John Day, we should state his horse was sore from the effects of his first race, otherwise he would never have struck his colours so early. But on whatever course they may again meet, the result, we imagine, will not be disturbed. Newmarket at night is never a very lively place to remain in, and unless one is partial to taking part in the Council of the Board of Green Cloth, it is difficult to kill time. The Lord of Fairfield, unable to get up either a cricket match or a foot-race, with which to amuse the natives, turned his attention to politics and racing morality. Judging from the knowledge of foreign affairs displayed in some of the debates during these evening sittings, as well as the acquaintance with the Ministerial strength, it was clear that neither the Premier nor Mr. Whitmore were aware so much native talent was shut out of St. Stephen's. The discussion about 'The Duke' naturally led on to that of 'The Duchies ;' and it was said, we know not with what degree of truth, that a new comer, hearing the name Duchies mentioned so frequently, took it to be a mare engaged in the St. Leger, and inquired in what stable she was in, that he might know the odds he should bet against her. The question of the *morale* of the Turf the Members were of course more at home in, but the proposed Reform Bill of Mr. Jackson, which contained a stringent clause against milking, was hardly received with the gravity of demeanour which it warranted. And it was sententiously urged that the dairymen should be heard by counsel before the Committee of the Room ere the measure became the law of the land. But should matters go on as they have done within the last month the evil sought to be remedied will have cured itself, and owners made honest by the sheer force of necessity. Stamford, to which the members of the Southern Circuit moved on, always strikes us as 'a modern antique' brightened up for the occasion ; and amid the splendid trees and mossy dells which line a great portion of the course, we almost expect to see a group of dryads disporting themselves, and frightening the herdsmen away. But the age of fairies, nymphs, and sylvan hunters has passed away, although that of 'satyrs' may remain. And our dream of the past in our wanderings on the first day were rather rudely dispelled by Markwell, who, as a starter, has the advantage of being as tall as a ladder and visible as a lighthouse, informing us the first race was a walk over. From the want of rain the course was as hard as the Strand, and the telegraphs were soon filled. The quality of the horses, however, could not be compared with that of the company, who were separated from the *profanum vulgus* by a floor exactly like the layer of steaks in a pigeon-pie. The sport was as good as one usually sees here, but needs no reproducing. If The Viceroy had not had

such a capital Prime Minister in Sam Rogers he never would have passed the money-bill he was entrusted with by his owner. Count Batthyany's starting powers do not seem to improve by age, as he was slipped by Mr. Wood and Captain Sharpe, who made a dead heat for the Welter Cup, and added an impromptu race to the card. The Cups, especially the Clifden, were so far superior to the ordinary run of those prizes, that, in justice to Mr. Hancock, they should have been placed in a position where they could have been better seen, instead of being confined the whole time to the second story, led to very races. Birdfinder, from the first, was regarded as a good thing for the short fly, and his owner was good-natured enough to take the public hedging about him. Lord St. Vincent cannot be said to be like Paddy O'Rafferty, 'born to good luck,' as, although he has been wanting a Cup for some time, and paid dearly for the material to get one, he lost the gold one here merely by Grimshaw's stirrup-leather breaking when within a few strides of home, which let Young Rapid up before him. In The Two-Year Old Stakes John Day was unfortunate not to know how good The Duke's filly was, for any odds could have been had about her; and she won as cleverly as any young one has done this season. And the Duke very properly insisted on the objection against her being gone into at once, so that they might run again if it was requisite. But the Stewards stood on the starter; and it would indeed have been hard upon his Grace, after having run second so repeatedly, if he could not keep the first place now he had got it.

Winchester is growing into importance; and the Admiral, who visited it for the first time, expressed himself delighted with the course and its arrangements. Harry Goater, the great sporting disciple of Banting, had a grand field day with Manrico, defeating Aurelian both in the Handicap and the Queen's Plate, to the no small annoyance of the followers of Findon, who, believing that the first race was a fluke, piled it on for the second journey still heavier, and caught it over the face and eyes so that they had not forgotten it at Southampton the following day. For the Two Year Old Stakes many were supposed to be qualifying for the Nursery at Goodwood; and one unhappy wight, who brought out an animal with a double bridle on, got fined several pounds in weight, the circumstance having been, with the most patriotic intentions, of course, reported to the Admiral, who could not help noticing it. Southampton is wonderfully popular with the natives; but the Committee must not close their purse-strings so tight, or they will be without horses; and the withholding of the added money for the South Hampshire Stakes, for which the Clerk of the Course was in no way responsible, was a very questionable act of policy. For Ascot next year, much will be done; and the racing will be such as we can enjoy, and not the fatiguing business it has become of late. Among the most important improvements in the list will be the addition of a thousand to the Prince of Wales' Stake, and the creation of a new Stake for four-year olds, with the same sum added, to be run over three miles of ground. This is proceeding in the right direction; and we should like to hear of Doncaster following suit; as then numbers of horses would be kept for these Stakes, instead of being run off their legs as three-year olds.

The great event of the month in the hunting world was, as may be imagined, the sale of Lord Henry Bentinck's hunters at Lincoln. With many obstacles to contend against in the shape of the fixture, which was the same day as the opening of the Horse Show at Islington, the want of a special train on the morning from London, which necessitated a start the previous day, it was nevertheless the most successful affair of the kind ever known. Hunting men

who were absent turned up their eyes when they read the account of the prices some of the animals fetched. And those who were on the ground could scarcely credit their ears at the sums the eloquent charmers from the Corner were extracting. But the truth was, a perfect mania seemed to prevail to have some relic of so famous a collection; just as we see connoisseurs gathered together at Christie's, when some well-known savan's treasures of art are about to be disposed of. The arrangements, which were planned by Lord Henry himself, indicated the possession of the same master-mind for which Lord George was so conspicuous. The inclosure was formed in a small field at the back of the stables—which are about a mile and a quarter out of Lincoln—and was hurdled in, giving ample space for the horses to show their action and display themselves. Messrs. Tattersall's stall was of ample dimensions for themselves, their secretary, and the chroniclers of the day. Drags and carriages lined one side of the railing, and waggons and carts the other. On the box of the former sat Mr. Chaplin, the purchaser of the hounds. Around him M. F. H.'s crowded like bees. Yorkshire was well represented by Mr. George Lane Fox, Mr. James Hall, Lord Middleton, Lord Galway, and Mr. Ernest Duncombe. Captain White sat for Essex, and Lord Macclesfield for Oxfordshire. Hertfordshire was typified by Lord Dacre, as was Oxfordshire by Mr. T. Drake. Lord Melville was the contribution of Scotland, as Lord Doneraile of the Sister Isle. Of ex-Masters, Lords Chesterfield and Rosslyn were the most conspicuous; and Sir Frederick Johnstone headed the Meltonians. Lord Henry was here, there, and everywhere, entertaining his private friends at a cottage close by, and making not the slightest secret about his horse's qualifications; and telling his friends what to try for and what to avoid. Since Colonel Cotton's and Lord Stamford's sale, never were there such a good lot of horses got together; although from the work they had done and the firing and nerving some of them had been subjected to, they would only have suited private gentlemen. Hence the name of Mr. Rice never found its way into the return list; and Mr. Newcombe Mason, we believe, was only a godfather. The right which Lord Henry reserved to himself to bid for a certain number up to a certain price, was recognised as perfectly legitimate; but he failed in realising it to the fullest extent. The condition of the lots was first rate, many of their legs being as clean as a foal's. And Letherdale might well have been proud of them. We have not space at our disposal, nor is it necessary, to sketch each individual animal which went up; but a few of them are deserving of more ephemeral notice than the columns of a newspaper can give them. Of the young horses, Sarpedon was the most popular, for he was a beautifully-shaped animal, and as full of quality as an egg is full of meat. Waterman also took amazingly with the critics; and, as may be imagined from his name, he is a fine brook jumper. On one occasion we heard Lord Henry jumped a drain eighteen feet wide on him, which enabled him to see the finish of the run by himself. Bloodhound was generally understood to be Lord Henry's special favourite, and he got him back for 300 guineas, which was very cheap, for he was the exact model of a thirteen-stone man's horse; and he could jump anything he ever met with in a country. Poll, Lunatic, Comet, and Manifesto, which Mr. Chaplin secured, were exactly suited to him; and it is not often one in his position can put his hand upon four such ready-made horses, although the last-named was a little long in the tooth. The Toad was a rare goer in dirt, and as he stood 16·2, with a few years off his register, he could have fetched a very large price. B O was one of the lions of the afternoon; and Sir Thomas Wichcote, who had heard how highly he was

thought of in Northumberland, perhaps the roughest country in England, came expressly to buy him; but after a short and severe contest with Captain Tinklar, he was obliged to give in. And the ex-hunter of Mr. Bernal Osborne, whose initials form his name, will henceforth experimentalise and draw conclusions between Hampshire and Lincolnshire. Mermaid was so pretty a mare, Mr. Anderson would not let anybody else have her. And Dumping, an extraordinarily safe conveyancer and Goddard's pet, was booked to Newcombe Mason for a friend. Oberon was very handsome, but his fore legs had been fired; still Lord Henry stuck to him. Lord Macclesfield's purchase, The Duke, was almost a public character, so well known had he become from carrying the Duke of Rutland, and he was really a nice horse. Galy, a pure white, and Abduction, a fine showy chesnut, were also much commended. Of the hacks, the best looking was White Stockings, who, although as old as a man, was described as a perfect treasure to ride. The brood mares ought to have made more from their make and shape and breeding. But still the sale was a wonderful one, when the total receipts reached over 13,000 guineas. Lord Henry was of course highly pleased with the issue of the venture, and cordially thanked the authors of it. Some horses he thought would have realised more than they were knocked down for, while others so much exceeded his estimate, that he laughingly said a new wing was required for the Lincoln Lunatic Asylum, the present building not being large enough to hold the lunatics who gave such sums.

And so ended this all-important event, which, like the Quorn Sale of last year, was the historical item of the season. The rumour of Lord Doneraile being invited to hunt the country is incorrect, as, until the exact amount of the subscription is ascertained, the matter will not be considered; but we have reason to know of several candidates who are willing to go to the poll.

The Agricultural Horse Show, or, rather, the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, having had such ample justice done to it by our Special Commissioner, we may dismiss very briefly. Never before were such a good collection of entire horses brought together at one time, and never had they been so well cared for, or such space and opportunity afforded for developing their points and properties. Never were Judges so conscientious in their desire to discharge their duties with impartiality; and never was a decision so ruthlessly assailed. That they must expect to have their awards criticised sharply is what they only expected, and were prepared to abide. But never until now were personal interests attributed to them, or such a bad compliment paid them as to suppose that pecuniary considerations could induce them to forfeit their reputation as men of honour. To none but those who could be induced to act thus could such ideas occur; and two of the Judges to whom allusions were made very properly treated their assailants with the contempt they inspired. The disappointed exhibitors did not seem able to comprehend the combination of qualifications the winner of the first prize was called on to possess, and which went to disqualify Nutbourne and Caractacus. It is satisfactory, however, to think ere the Show was over, public opinion, ever fickle, veered round towards Citadel; and at Newmarket afterwards the award of the Judges was confirmed. And in two years hence we fully anticipate finding Citadel as much improved and filled out as Nutbourne has done since he took his degree at Leeds. The Newcastle Show of the Royal Agricultural Society also went off well; and the same discrepancy of opinion existed between the merits of Laughing Stock and Gamester as between Citadel and Nutbourne. It is singular that a contest of this nature should have been reduced to two half-

brothers; and by the Judges giving it to the younger one it was clear they gave the preference to action and quality, over size. From what we recollect of Laughing Stock, the best-named horse for many a year, being by Stockwell out of Gaiety, and for which appellation he was indebted to the Countess of Uxbridge, he was a tall shelly-looking colt, but a capital goer; so he must have filled up and improved very much since taken out of training. And it is something for Hooton's Millionaire to think that two Stockwells should have carried off the chief prizes at the chief Shows, and that another of his progeny should have won the Derby. The Fox-hound arrangements are spoken of in the very highest terms, Mr. Parrington's kennel system being introduced with the same happy effects as at Yarm and Redcar. Lord Hastings' lot took the first prize, and richly deserved it. Bred from the Belvoir blood, they did credit to Tom Morgan's judgment, and for condition they could not be excelled. Major Bell and The Morpeth ran second and third, and it was a near thing between them, but for quality they could not come near Lord Hastings' sample, which were right away from the rest. Our other Stud news is rather limited in extent, but we must not forget to chronicle under its head the marriage of Miss Ransom, daughter of the veteran Ransom at Hampton Court Paddocks, which took place on the 13th ult. Popular as the bride was with the *habitués* of the Sale, as well as with those whose business took them to the Royal establishment, she could hardly have anticipated such a manifestation in her behalf, as was tendered on the occasion of her change of name and state. Her Majesty, as a recognition of the services of her father, sent her a magnificent tea and coffee service of silver gilt; and other Noblemen and Gentlemen connected with the Turf were not unmindful of her on the happy day. And that 'a bright future is before her is the wish of that portion of the Sporting World with which she has been brought into contact. At another large establishment not far distant, a scene of a different description has been enacted, Death, instead of marriage, having invaded Middle Park Farm, and causing it to be hung with the cypress instead of the myrtle. The victim was Lawson, the stud-groom of Mr. Blenkiron, who, while tending a mare of the Duke of St. Albans, was kicked in the abdomen so severely that he died almost immediately. A more faithful servant, or one better acquainted with his duties, never existed; and no one would have dreamed when he was seen bringing up the yearlings in June that it was the last time he would be so called upon. Before coming to Mr. Blenkiron he lived for fourteen years with Mr. Pedley. Having left a wife and ten children without any provision, a Subscription has been got up for them at Tattersall's by Mr. Edmund Tattersall, to which the Duke of St. Albans, who was very much shocked at the accident, contributed 100*l.* the instant he was appealed to; and Sir Lydston Newman, Mr. Merry, and other frequenters of the Stud Farm have also contributed their quota, so that the widow may be put in the way of earning a livelihood in a respectable manner. Buckstone, we hear, is on his way home from Hong-Kong, the climate having enfeebled his system to an extent which renders him useless as a sire in that country. But change of air will doubtless restore him, and make 'Buckey' himself again. Claret, we learn, will be imported from Ireland to Rawcliffe; and at Newcastle Races in one afternoon no less than fifteen subscriptions were taken to him. Ivan, also, it is reported, will follow suit in the same direction, Ethelbert and Mountain Deer went cheap enough at Hamburg, where they were put up, Baron Maltrahn getting the former for 1,500 louis-d'ors, and Baron Biebrierow, Mountain Deer for 500 louis-d'ors. Carnival is the latest addition to the Fairfield Stud, Mr. Jackson

having hired him for three years. The performance of Longdown in the Lavant ought to call more attention to Rattle, a horse who may be said to be buried alive at Petersfield, as Autocrat is at Lymington, and who every now and then gets a racehorse.

In Gloucestershire Sir William Codrington will be much missed, for he was a keen fox-hunter, a stanch preserver, and a man beloved by high and low. In racing, perhaps, scarcely any man has been so unfortunate, but he preserved his honour intact to the last, and left a name behind his children may well desire to imitate. Yorkshire is up in arms about its great Vulpecide. And it was certainly with much horror and disgust that we read in that excellent sporting paper 'The Yorkshire Gazette,' a paragraph headed 'Wholesale and Disgraceful Poisoning of Foxes in the Neighbourhood of York;' and we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that in so near a district to that good old city, noted for its sporting propensities, such atrocities should have been committed, so suicidal to its interests, and so detrimental to the feelings of the neighbouring gentry, the supporters of the town. We are glad to find that there is to be a meeting of the members of the Hunt to inquire into the matter, and we hope that every tradesman—nay, indeed, every inhabitant in the place, will join by individual exertion to unravel this mystery, and hold up to scorn and execration the perpetrators of such abominable practices, and let them not be satisfied by finding out the parties, but the causes of such vulpecidism. The same thing having happened at Bóynton, at the other extremity of Lord Middleton's Hunt, does seem extraordinary, and as if in the management of the hunt some grievous offence must have been given, yet after the highly prized testimonial presented to Mr. Ben Morgan, the Huntsman, by the *gamekeepers* within the hunt, at the last earth-stoppers' dinner at Malton, we cannot suppose he can have been the cause. It is possibly lucky that these foxes have been found on the property of gentlemen of great wealth, who can well afford to offer handsome rewards for the perpetrators of such deeds. What would 100*l.* or even 500*l.* be to such men to give rather than the disgrace be wrongfully fathered? We hope the meeting above referred to will not disperse till everything is sifted, and that every effort will be made by Lord Middleton to ascertain the cause of such treatment so annoying to himself.

Since the above remarks were penned, and which were omitted last month for want of room in our vehicle, we have seen a letter from Lord Middleton to the 'Yorkshire Gazette,' which has considerably augmented the excitement in the district. For his Lordship states he has made every possible inquiry into the matter without success, and that Mr. Darley, Mr. Whittall, and Mr. Agar have all denied, in the most positive terms, having given instructions to their keepers to destroy foxes either by poison or any other means. But from Mr. Walker, of Sand Hutton, he has received a most equivocal reply; as that individual says until the writers in the 'York Herald' and other papers apologise to him for their insinuations, he will give no explanation, nor answer any questions. As may be imagined, this endeavour to shunt the question has only led to one inference; and unless he wishes the odium of vulpecidism to attach to him, he will come out like a straightforward sportsman and gentleman, and scatter the charge to the winds.

Hornsey Wood, with a burning sun overhead, and Mr. Frank Heathcote reduced to his shirt-sleeves, held its July Meeting on the 16th. What with one gallant Captain not appreciating 'a sell,' and another disliking a 'soft' half-sovereign, a good deal of noise came from human beings, as well as from

gun-barrels; and the 'new match' getting wind at the same time, it kept the company alive between the acts. The shooting was pretty good, considering how the glare of the sun must have interfered with it; but if some 'firsts' were missed, a great many 'seconds' came in very handy, demonstrating clearly how both breech and muzzle-loaders will kill when held straight. Captain Ricardo arrived with the flush of the Gun Club victory on his countenance, and a sore shoulder; but the confidence inspired by the former made him forget the latter, and he won in great style, killing his birds first-rately. Still we think Mr. Heathcote would have been glad had a little extra weight been on for 'the Thursday performance;' but as such a double event had not been contemplated, there was no rule to meet it. The ties, however, were numerous enough to please 'the Rous of the trigger,' and the excitement was great as they were being shot off. Mr. Rowland Hill, who was second, did his part well; and Sir George Jenkinson deserved the third for his accuracy, although he was helped a little by a bird unexpectedly giving up the ghost, when thought quite alive and kicking. Lord Andover, who shoots (and very well) in 'specs,' every one 'spected' would get a prize, but fortune deserted him. Some people don't like pigeon-shooting, and think it savours of cruelty and cockneyism, yet no one can deny but that a deal of fun is obtained at Hornsey. The Ring have time to chaff, and make their facetious remarks; and when some one offers 'a sovereign he goes,' he is probably met with, 'He 'don't, only one paddle and no rudder,' (alluding to Barber's short tails!) and unlike whist and partridge-shooting, every one can talk without disturbing 'the game.' It has also its advantages over racing, for although 'the strings are on,' no 'pull' takes place without every one being aware; and last, not least, it brings men of several grades in society together on friendly terms, which Mr. Heathcote means should continue, as he tries his utmost to secure it.

Among the books which have been recently produced, either in reference to Sporting subjects, or penned by those who are connected with the Sporting World, may be mentioned a volume of Poems, entitled 'Pictures of the Past,' by William Bradfield, son of Mr. Bradfield, the well-known Clerk of the Course of Nottingham. The subjects are chiefly founded on the Legends connected with the various monuments of antiquity to be met with in every part of Nottinghamshire. Mr. Bradfield holds, we believe, a situation in the General Post Office; and his connection with 'the world of letters' seems to have exercised as favourable an influence over his mind as Mr. Trollope and Mr. Yates have derived from a similar association. From the title of his volume, it may be inferred that the tone of mind of the Author is of a pensive character, and harmonises with the scene he wishes to portray. His thorough knowledge of antiquities is visible throughout his work, and his powers of versification are easy and refined. On the whole, it is a performance upon which he may be congratulated, and to the libraries of the families in the county, and those who are interested in the localities to which he refers, this little neat green volume will be a pleasing addition. 'Sackville Chase' has gone through another edition since we first noticed it, so highly are the sketches of the infatuated Earl and his designing mistress relished by the public. The scene on the Ditch at Newmarket during a trial of a great favourite is really well hit off, and the manners and customs of the touts have a *vraisemblance* in their portrayal which could only have resulted from a close study of their actual character. We fear, however, few of those whom we meet at Newmarket, or see hanging about the White Bear, in Piccadilly, have

at their disposal the same means of restoring an earldom and sixty thousand per annum to a wronged heir, as Agony Jack found himself blessed with. At the same time, without wishing to be censorious, we have also grave doubts if any nobleman could be found in the present state of society to lose thirty-eight thousand pounds at one sitting at *écarté* with a lady of questionable reputation, without manifesting some surprise at not having a single turn in his favour. Yet Mr. Collins makes him write a cheque for it, before leaving the house, as he would have done at the Trafalgar, at Greenwich, for his dinner. The conversation between the Earl and his trainer lets us into the secret of how persons so situated talk over matters of business. Among the living characters who figure in the work, are the Earl of Coventry, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, and Mr. Ten Broeck, and if the reader is amused with the manner in which their respective peculiarities are hit off, the aim of the author will have been accomplished; for if a man laughs, we presume he is happy, and to make persons so, should be the end of every writer of fiction. What 'The Man in Chains' will turn out, we cannot venture now to predict; but from the examples we have drawn from 'Sackville Chase,' we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

Mr. Corbet's welcome little volume of 'Tales and Traits of Sporting Life,' has come out at a most seasonable period, and will be read by fresh hands with as much zest and keen enjoyment as the papers contained in it were perused on their first appearance in print by older ones.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHITEWALL.—Mr. John Scott never made a midnight ascent in a balloon to our knowledge.

INQUIRITOR.—It is not the practice of the 'Record' newspaper to give the dates and fixtures of deposits on fights being made good; and it is extremely doubtful if the editor has acted as stakeholder.

GALLAS.—You are right; French should have ridden Fille de l'Air in the Oaks, and not Edwards.

A TAX PAYER.—Mr. Justice Johnson will not receive a retiring pension when he retires from the bench of the northern assize.

ECCLESIASTICUS.—We never heard that Mr. Frederick Swindell instituted the prosecution of the suit against the authors of the 'Essays and Reviews,' as we always understood him to be an ardent friend of Civil and Religious Liberty.

STOCKBRIDGE.—Danebury was so called from having been the original place of interment of the Danes, when they first came to this country. It is asserted, however, that other 'corpses' have been discovered there within the last few years, but we cannot vouch for the fact.

HYDE-PARK CORNER.—Nothing is known for certain of the real pedigree of the ubiquitous Beck; and by the red waistcoat division he is supposed to have been won at a raffle, and to have received his name from his being at 'the Beck and call of everybody who wanted a catalogue at a sale.'

A FOLLOWER OF BANTING.—How could you have been so deceived as to suppose it to be requisite for Members of the Jockey Club to waste? The idea was possibly derived from some of them having been known to get rid of their substance.

MOMUS.—It is some years since Joey Jones acted as clerk to the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, and religious tenets had nothing whatever to do with their separation, which we heard at the time was occasioned by Joey absenting himself from evening service to take the chair at a Linnet Lecture in Drury Lane.

CANTAB.—You may be right in your belief that Sam Rogers was the godson of the author of 'Pleasures of Memory,' for the well-known jockey has been riding longer than 'the memory of man can tell.' But in the many conversations we have had with him, he never alluded to the circumstance.

AN ORNITHOLOGIST.—We have made application to Mr. Frank Buckland for you, and he assures us the contributors to the 'Field' do not exclusively confine themselves to eating 'field-fares' during the winter. Your informant must have been an inveterate punster.

WICKET.—We have hardly patience to answer your question. Commoners as well as Peers can play at 'Lord's.'

Many other questions we have received must stand over until next month from the late hour at which they reached us.—*Ed. Daily's Magazine.*





S. S. Mayall.

Joseph Brown.

Westminster

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

THE Earl of Westmorland is a nobleman of recent addition to the Turf; and yet in the space of little more than four years he has contrived to acquire for himself a degree of popularity such as falls to the lot of few of his order; the good feeling towards him being not confined to his personal acquaintance, but to the entire racing community. Circumstances have hitherto prevented us giving his portrait; but at a time when the green and silver jacket is so formidable we imagine it will be peculiarly acceptable.

Francis William Henry Fane, Earl of Westmorland and Baron Burghersh, was born on the 19th November, 1825, and is the son of the eleventh Earl of Westmorland, who for so many years held the post of Ambassador at the Court of Vienna. His Lordship on starting in life entered the Scotch Fusilier Guards, in which corps he served in the Crimea, acting as aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, then Commander in Chief of the English forces in that country. During the short campaign with the Russians, Lord Burghersh, as he was then styled, distinguished himself by his bravery, displaying those features of courage which may be said to be hereditary in most of the aristocratic families of England. For his services in the field he was rewarded with promotion. A Companion of the Bath, made a Knight of the Legion of Honour of France, and received from the Sultan the order of the Medjidjee. In addition to these distinctions, hardly earned, he was selected to bring home despatches from the seat of war: and shortly afterwards succeeding to the title, he quitted the service, and was married on the 16th of July, 1857, to Lady Adelaide Curzon, second daughter of Earl Howe, and sister to the Duchess of Beaufort.

Lord Westmorland made his *début* on the Turf in 1862 with Oakapple, a two-year old by Chevalier d'Industrie out of Oakleaf, which he bought, with two or three others, from Mr. W. Blake,

of Worthing; and as that gentleman trained with W. Goater at Findon, he allowed his horses to remain there, and the association between them has ever since been of the most agreeable and profitable character. With Oakapple, who won the first time he started at Winchester, Lord Westmorland may date that career of luck which, up to within a few hours of our penning this brief sketch, has never left him. Knowing the advantage of having two strings to his bow, his Lordship also joined the Woodyeates Division; and, although of course he must have participated in some of their good things, the greatest number of races he has won must be placed to the credit of Findon. Usher, Truant, Merry Hart, Schism, Aurelian, Marigold, and Birch Broom are the names with which the public are most familiar; and with them, in his turn, he has won more races than any man on the Turf in the present day. At the same time, it should be understood that until the City and Suburban this year, which he won with Merry Hart, and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, which he carried off with Marigold, his Lordship's successes have been confined to matches, and what are called by trainers 'short cuts.' Still in this age of heavy betting, when a man can win ten thousand on a sweepstakes of five sovereigns each with twenty added, and four runners, these 'little fish' may be rendered as sweet as the big ones. As a matchmaker, Lord Westmorland very early took a high degree, having in his second year won twelve matches in succession out of thirteen which he made with his friends, and even the Admiral has no pull over him. Of course, every year Lord Westmorland goes on racing; and he is so passionately attached to the Turf, he is not likely to give it up until he is under it. He will acquire greater experience; and although he missed the present Derby with Birch Broom, there is plenty of time before him yet to repair the mistake; and no nobleman's success at Epsom would be more genuinely welcomed.

Of the personal qualities of Lord Westmorland it is needless to speak, for they have been as much recognized in the capitals of Europe as on the English Turf, and none of our noblesse are understood to stand higher with the Emperor of the French. At Fontainebleau last November, where his Lordship was a guest, it will be recollected, he was seized with an illness of a most dangerous character; so much so, that at Lord Stamford's sale at Newmarket the intelligence of his demise was hourly expected. It was then that the public interest was manifested in his behalf to an extent that betrayed the estimation he was held in by his acquaintances, and a gloom was cast over the sale which could not be overcome. All who had ever anything to do with him, felt they were about to lose a personal friend, and the congratulations on his recovery were as hearty as the regrets were cordial, at the prostrate condition in which he had been thrown. The attack, coming on him at a time when he was so much excited by losing the Cambridgeshire with Merry Hart, under such extraordinary circumstances, must have found him less disposed to resist it. But a vigorous constitution, aided by

the Emperor's private physicians, enabled him to triumph over his malady, and keep the green and white braided jacket in our cards. Frank by name as well as by nature, Lord Westmorland is little likely to lose that reputation for bonhomie, honour, and genuine sportmanship which, during the three years he has been on the Turf, he has given evidence of possessing in an eminent degree.

PAUL PENDRIL.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR some minutes the rush of the mouflon into the very jaws of death remained to the hunters a complete mystery, which, in that land of solitude, they were at a loss to explain. However, the appearance, on the edge of the ravine, of a man and a mastiff, soon solved the enigma. This proved to be a noted braconnier, who, utterly ignoring the law which prohibited the use of arms to all but the French soldiery, had continued, as heretofore, to enjoy the charms of the chase; not so much for his own livelihood as for the sake of the adventure and glorious sport which he found in this mountain land. He was called 'Brando,' after the beautiful stalactite cave of that name, near which, when an infant, he was found wrapped up in an old fishing net. The young lady who discovered him, and afterwards provided for his maintenance, was the daughter of an Irish gentleman, who, in the stormy days of Corsica, had joined Pascal Paoli, and was killed in the action fought with the French at Ponte Nuovo on the 9th May, 1769. According to her own statement, her object in visiting the island so many years after her father's death, was to erect a suitable tomb to his memory, a filial act, which was certainly not left unaccomplished; but to this very day, old as the story is, and long as it is since it was first told, there are people still living at Bastia who believe that the fair-haired daughter of Erin stood in nearer relationship to that infant than Pharaoh's daughter to the foundling of the Nile. However that may be, Brando was brought up at her expense, and at her death received a sufficient sum of money to enable him to purchase a cottage and ten hectares of land near the Bois de Cervello, on the northern slope of Monte Rosso.

From the point on which he now stood, gazing at Pendril and his party, he was probably not more than four leagues distant from his home; so that for abundance of game and the enjoyment of wild sport he could not have been better placed. At first he did not seem to comprehend of whom, or of what, the party consisted; but after a careful and minute survey, in which he could neither detect a cocked hat nor a red ribbon at the button-hole, he came forward without hesitation, and, pointing to the mouflon, inquired if the remainder of the flock had gone down the ravine or across it to the gorge of the Restonica.

The question was asked simply for the purpose of introduction ; for, in reality, he needed no information as to the direction the mouflon had taken. His long-legged, gaunt companion, a rare specimen of the fierce Molossian breed, was already on the line, climbing the upper crags of the ravine, and indicating the rugged route by which the herd had quitted the valley.

‘As I thought,’ said his master, keeping his eye upon him ; ‘they are off for the gorges below the Lac de la Garia ; they were bred in that district ; and when they are disturbed they never fail to return to it, however far they may have strayed away.’

Then he gave a long, low whistle, which soon brought the mastiff to his heels again.

‘Young and old there were twenty of them in that herd a month ago ; but the monks of St. Martino have a keen appreciation of all that is good, and for every mouflon they get from me I carry away a skinful of Vico wine from the monastery. Besides,’ added he, with a comical expression of the eye, ‘I get *indulgentia plenaria et sempiterna* at small cost into the bargain.’

‘Have you met with no sport to-day ?’ inquired Pendril.

‘Ay, plenty of sport for the last six hours ; but not the kind of sport that is likely to please the good monks of St. Martino, or to fill their larder. Two gendarmes lay all night in the Bois de Cerello, within a bow-shot of my hut, and since daylight have been in hot pursuit of me.’

‘And have they abandoned the chase now ?’ asked Piero, who regarded the braconnier with a somewhat hostile expression.

‘I hope not,’ said he ; ‘for as yet I have only had them at arm’s length ; but if they will come into close quarters, they’ll find I carry sharper horns than the mouflon, and they may probably not care to hunt me for the future. I left them struggling through the heavy ground near the Lac de Pinosa, and now, I think, they are likely to lose all scent of me.’

The fine, hardy, fearless mountaineer, as he said this, absolutely chuckled with delight. Brando stood six feet two inches high ; and, at that moment, no one who believed in Lavater, and was at all acquainted with the peculiar type of the Milesian countenance, especially if a row were pending, could doubt that he was a veritable sprig of the old shillelagh. Dressed as he was in a brown, shaggy goat-skin jacket, and in cap and breeches made from the skins of the chevreuril, with a long six-foot fowling-piece in his hand, he might easily have been mistaken for Robinson Crusoe : but in outward appearance only did he bear any resemblance to Defoe’s sober hero ; for a more devil-may-care son of St. Patrick never trailed his coat at Donnybrook fair.

If he loved anything on earth better than the chase, it was the pastime of being chased by ‘French hounds,’ as he always called the gendarmes when sent in pursuit of him. And what dances he led them with that long, steady stride of his, that seemed to cover the ground with the freedom of a race-horse ! how their curses fol-

lowed him faster than their legs could carry them! and how impotent both were to do him harm! for, in spite of all, he killed his mouflon, drank his Vico wine, and told his tales at the monastery till the monks would roar again, and long for the life of freedom which he so much enjoyed.

Throughout that mountain region Brando was a great favourite: the poor farmers shared the produce of his sport, whenever a mouflon or a boar was killed within reach of their huts; the goat-herds adored him for the success with which he pursued their worst enemy; and the monks loved him, not so much for the good cheer he brought as for his own good company. No wonder, then, that the inverted boar-skin, the borracha of the Spaniards, hung in full-blown dignity from the rafters of his hut, inflated with wine; no wonder that the brotherhood compared it to the widow's cruse that failed not; for, drain it as he would, Brando could never exhaust the rich perennial stream which the monks by a simple miracle took care to supply.

'Had it not been for that devil's-tail behind me,' said the braconnier, 'I should have culled the abbot's tithe from that flock before it left its feeding ground; it will now be sunrise before they settle again in their new pasture.'

'But surely you can be at no loss to find other herds on these hills,' said Pendril, anxious to discover his own chance of doing so in the same neighbourhood.

'None whatever,' said Brando, without the slightest reserve; 'but this herd had been resting and feeding here for the last fortnight, and that always tells in their favour as well as yours. On the chain of hills between the Lac de la Garia and the Lac de Nino, the main feeders of the Tavignano, and further on towards Monte Artica, there is a herd of mouflon in almost every gorge; but they are so harried by the goat-herds that they are neither so fat nor so accessible as the mouflon of this district.'

Nothing could be more explicit, or more pleasantly given, than the information afforded by the braconnier; and it was quite clear he at least entertained no jealousy towards the strange hunters, although it would only have been natural if he had felt as Earl Douglas did, when

'The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take.'

When he had fully satisfied himself as to the exact position of the hunters' camp, and described that of his cabin to them, he made Pendril and Tennyson promise they would bring Wildfire and devote a day to the chase of an old mouflon which for three seasons he had hunted in vain.

This animal frequented the wild range of hills at the head of the Grosso River, a country so bare and so open that all attempts to approach him within rifle-shot had hitherto failed. The great

width of his horns, and the unusual length of his legs, made him conspicuous even in a herd of twenty mouflon; and, as he had been constantly singled out as the object of pursuit, and had been severely hit on one or two occasions, he had become so shy that he almost defied capture. The peasants of that district, many of whom still carried 'a fire-piece,' in spite of the French government, were astonished at Brando's failure; because, as the one-eyed man is king amongst the blind, this redoubtable chasseur was regarded by them as a kind of forest chief, who slew his mouflon when and where he pleased, and owned allegiance to no human power. So they firmly believed the great mouflon of the Grosso bore a charmed life, and was not to be captured by hound or man. But Brando had never seen the like of Wildfire before; and now, as he scanned his deep chest and wiry frame, and ran his eye with evident admiration over his long, muscular thighs and airy fore-hand, he came to the conclusion that the mouflon of the Grosso, weighted as he was with such a mass of horn, was no match for the hound before him; and he knew, from that moment, the days of the beast were numbered.

Before Will and Piero had finished their work of cleaning the mouflon and preparing it for transmission to the tent, a couple of large vultures sailed heavily up the ravine, eager to pounce upon the offal as soon as the hunters had left.

'I never saw those birds fail to appear,' said Brando, 'in less than ten minutes after a mouflon was slain; but whether they scent the carcase in the air, or see it as it lies on the ground, I cannot pretend to say. I am rather inclined to believe, however, that it is on the eye they depend rather than on the other organ.'

'The common gull has precisely the same power,' said Tennyson: 'throw a biscuit overboard from a Channel steamer, and, although at the moment the naked eye may fail to detect a gull within its range, yet in a very few minutes one is certain to make its appearance, and pounce on the prize.'

'A vulture without feathers—*Bipes, implume!*—ay, and another in his rear!' cried Pendril, as, warned by a low growl from Wildfire, he looked up and saw the two gendarmes not fifty yards off approaching them with hasty steps.

For an instant it seemed as if Brando had no intention whatever of avoiding the shock now so imminent; but discretion getting the better of his pride, he turned quietly to Pendril, and said, 'Fix an early day for the Grosso; the goatherds will bring me word. Addio!' Then striding forward as if he was still on the track of the mouflon, and never once deigning to look behind him, he soon gained the crags, and in a few moments was fairly out of sight.

The gendarmes, who through the livelong night had watched the braconnier's cottage until every star had gone out in the sky, and the beams of morning lighted the dark vale of the Cervello, were livid with rage when they saw Brando stride away and escape from their fangs at the very moment they hoped to secure him red-handed on his prey.

They had already had a six hours' struggle over the roughest ground in Corsica, and were leg-weary, fagged, and dispirited; so further pursuit was hopeless.

'Your passports and your porte-d'armes, gentlemen,' said the first who spoke, touching his hat, and addressing Pendril and Tennyson simultaneously.

'Certainly—we have both,' replied the latter; and after some little delay, purposely created, in order to give Brando a good start (a needless precaution, seeing the gendarmes were both done to a turn), the documents were produced. When the contents had been examined, and the description of the bearers carefully compared with the originals before them, the disappointment of the two officials may be better imagined than described: the pangs of Tantalus, soused to the chin in the waters of the Eridanus, could scarcely have been more acute than those of the gendarmes baulked of their expected prize.

Yet the bitterness was as short-lived and as transient as the gloom of an April day: that buoyancy of spirits for which the French are so remarkable, and which rarely permits that people to nurse their trouble and to grovel like barbel in the depths of a shady hole, soon came to their aid. A nip or two of brandy and a few cigars, excellent as they are in Corsica, soon brought them springing to the surface, and in ten minutes they were absolutely recounting and laughing at the miseries they had undergone in pursuit of Brando with as much glee and humour as if they themselves had not been the chief sufferers thereby.

'The chase of the mouflon may be very exciting, gentlemen, but it's a trifle to the sport of hunting a man.'

'Call you this fellow a man?' said the other. 'His face may be like one, but his heart and legs are those of a veritable mouflon.'

Pendril and Tennyson exchanged significant glances, as much as to say, 'They might as well collar a wild boar at bay;' but they made no remark, seeing the barometer was rising and the storm signal already hauled down.

Piero now came forward, and claimed acquaintanceship with the gendarmes; and by stating he was private servant and piqueur to General de Leseleuc, he managed so to interest them in the object of the hunters that in a very short time the existence of Brando was almost effaced from their memory. Being perpetually on the look-out for offenders against the law, and especially for the braconnier class, their beat lay principally in those districts most famous for game. They were, consequently, good authorities on the subject; and Pendril, having unlocked their hearts by the welcome gift of a few more cigars, received in return a stock of information which afterwards proved most serviceable in his mountain excursions.

The quartering and decapitation of the mouflon having been artistically performed, its conveyance to the tents was the next matter for consideration. The two vultures still wheeled ominously overhead, and above them, in the direction of Monte Rotondo, a

pair of noble eagles were soaring in the sky, evidently keeping a bright look-out on the movements of the grosser birds below.

Will, knowing that in the Scotch Highlands a mere bit of ribbon or gauze bound to the antlers of a deer is sufficient to scare the eagle and the raven from devouring its carcase, proposed spreading his handkerchief over the mouflon, and then, weighting it down with a heavy stone at each corner, to leave it so covered until they returned homewards. But Piero assured them that Corsican vultures were not so easily scared from their prey, and that if they did not themselves carry away the carcase the vultures would do so for them in an incredibly short space of time.

‘What! eat a whole mouflon?’ said Pendril.

‘Ay!’ said Piero; ‘and handkerchief as well, if it is at all besmeared with the animal’s blood.’

‘Bad as the python that swallowed the blanket—mistaking it, doubtless, for the sheep on whose back it grew.’

‘It was only last year that the General and Captain de Grenier were shooting near the Lac de Nino, at the head of yonder gorge,’ said Piero, pointing to a black ridge far in the westward horizon. ‘They soon found a fine herd, from which the General and the Captain killed a mouflon apiece. “Lash them together by the horns, Piero,” said the General; “we shall return by this route in a few hours, and then they can be cleaned and carried home.” But by the time we returned to the spot there was nothing to be seen of the mouflon but their horns and trotters: even my handkerchief was gone. A few yards below, two vultures, gorged to the very throat, attempted to fly away, but their wings being unequal to the task, I brained the foul birds before they could rise from the ground. Others had probably shared in the feast; but, at all events, between them they made a clean platter of it before we returned.’

‘Then it will never do to leave the game here, Will; for I fully intend the General to have a haunch of my first mouflon,’ said Pendril.

Piero, on hearing that announcement, immediately held a brief consultation with the gendarmes, who soon settled the matter, and undertook to convey the mouflon between them as far as the tents, by which arrangement it was no longer necessary that Will or Piero should be detached from the party.

The hunters now turned upwards, and after a long ascent reached the brink of a hollow glen lying between Pinosa and Monte Rotondo, and called by Piero the Valley of the Vecchio. But as that torrent descends from a basin situated on the north-east side of the mountain, and within a couple of furlongs of its actual summit, the correctness of his geonomy may fairly be doubted: at all events, this valley had no visible outlet at its upper end: it appeared to be what the French call an *impasse*, or *cul-de-sac*, having a mass of almost perpendicular white crags rising like a wall at the head of the gorge, and defying further progress in that direction. It was a perfect amphitheatre of

the wildest description : in fact, a picture of desolation painted by Nature's own hand in her earliest and grandest style.

So engrossed by it were Pendril and Tennyson, bursting as it did suddenly on their sight, that they could have gazed on it till sunset. Will, however, whose estimation of fine scenery depended entirely on the amount of fine cover it displayed, had taken his master's glass, and was examining with a keen scrutiny every rock, fissure, and inequality on the far side of this vast chasm. Now and then his eye would catch a figure so like a mouflon at rest that every instant he expected to see a toss of the head or some other movement indicative of life in the object before him. But Will's vision was at fault, and not his imagination, for in that quality of mind he was notably deficient ; and further experience taught him that, from the similarity of colour between the rocks and the wild animals, it was almost impossible, while the latter were motionless, to distinguish between the one and the other. This, he might have known, was one among the countless provisions of an all-wise Creator for the security of his creatures, and which, in their wild state, is instinctively adopted by them from the pied ptarmigan of the hill-tops to the yellow sand-grouse of the desert, and from the hare on her ferny form to the tawny tiger of an Indian jungle.

Will handed the glass to Piero in despair, but Nature proved too strong even for him ; he swept the glen in vain, notwithstanding at that moment no less than a dozen mouflon were lying chiefly on the very summit of the grey boulders, but which, although within the scope of his vision, were now, by their colour and position, fairly undiscernible even by his practised eye.

The discovery of the game was a mere matter of accident : a pair of ravens sat on the point of a crag at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards below the spot on which the hunters stood ; they were holding hoarse and dismal converse with each other, and appeared to be less suspicious of danger than those birds are in general. Piero, who construed their language into curses, at once associated the discordant sounds with some evil that was to befall the party, and turning to Tennyson begged permission to try a shot with his rifle at one of the ill-boding birds ; ' for,' said he, ' if I kill one of them, the other will carry off the curse on his own head, and relieve us.'

Tennyson, half inclined to join in the old distrust of a raven's croak, handed him the weapon with the intimation that he had better give them both barrels. Piero immediately placed himself flat on his chest, took a steady aim, touched the trigger, and the imprecations of one raven at least had ceased for ever ; then, resting on his bended knee, as the other soared away in flight he took a snap shot, tipped the pinion, and brought the bird toppling to the ground.

Heaven's artillery never burst upon that solitary glen with more startling effect, for the tongues of a thousand echoes were at once untied by the double shot ! At first, the sound seemed to rebound like a shuttlecock from rock to rock, and then rolling rapidly on, as

if the whole valley were in wild commotion, to die away like distant thunder in the cliffs below.

Not more instantly did the warriors of Clan-Alpine start into life at the signal of their chief than the herd of mouflon at that terrific sound! The surprise, too, of Snowdon's knight could scarcely have been greater than that of the hunters when they saw the affrighted animals spring, as it were, into existence out of the very rocks themselves.

A herd of fourteen mouflon, counting old and young, of which there seemed to be an equal proportion, rushed precipitously towards an open spot, and there, massing together as a flock of Cheviots might have done under like circumstances, they made straight for the crags. Up these they managed to ascend apparently with great ease; yet the leaps they took, sometimes in a perpendicular, but generally in a slanting direction, were perfectly astounding. They doubled up their legs under them as they sprang in the air, exactly as in former days a famous horse called Cats'-meat was wont to do under poor Webb of Hethe, when, with a flying fox from Gravenell Wood, he crossed the Bicester Vale like a centaur, and shook his tail in the teeth of Drake's best men. There were giants in those days in that country! But the pace at which the enemy travels has stopped even them: some it has brought to a stand-still, some to an arm-chair in the corner, and, *væ victis*, some to their mother earth—gone to ground, sir; ay! and gone for ever.

But *revenons à nos moutons*: up went the mouflon in single file over the face of that precipice until they gained a safer ground, when, breaking into a gallop, they all disappeared in wild flight over the distant hills.

'Better luck another day,' said Pendril, as he noted in his memory the exact spot at which the mouflon broke cover when they quitted the ravine. 'We shall catch them here again, if I am not mistaken, and then be better prepared for them.'

'I hope so,' said Tennyson, with perhaps the slightest shade of disappointment just flitting across his face. 'I, at all events, must live on hope for the present.'

'And good food, too,' replied Pendril. 'Give me the pleasures of hope before those of memory, in spite of what the banker-poet says in favour of the latter. A pleasant prospect is the salt that seasons a man's life—the cake he has not eaten—the guinea in his pocket—the uncorked bottle of twenty port—and, if you look yet further ahead, who shall impose a limit to the extent and realization of a good Hope?'

So they turned for the tents.

THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

CHAPTER X.

'SEND your son to Eton, and make him a gentleman at once.' Sage advice enough to the superabundant Plutocrat, and sufficiently facile of practice in the first part; but altogether failing to make the desired consequence imperative. It is the case of the cat in the fable of La Fontaine: a peacock snob will always betray the jack-daw nature, or, in mellifluous Saxon, 'you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' Bulwer Lytton has shown this in 'England and the English;' and those who are disposed to accept the gratuitous advice of the first words of this chapter as a pleasing certainty, will find, that in the little world of Eton the Dons there rule it in the same undisturbed autocracy, and in virtue of the same social rights, as in the larger world of their future life. The offshoot follows the bearing of the parent stock, and that which the boy sees before him in his earliest hour, will he believe, in his helpless ignorance, to be 'the right' in every particular. The 'Jupiter tonans' of his infancy cannot be imagined to be capable of error; and both in manner, maxims, and habits, the truly begotten brings with him direct and conclusive evidence of his paternity. The very first time that a new boy sits at table, either at his dame's or his tutor's, his status is immediately judged and decided upon. It is the 'pietra di paragone;' and if he clutch the knife low down with the unhappy forefinger placed far forward on the blade, and the prongs of the fork protrude from out the clutch of the left hand that gripes the smothered handle, whilst he feeds heavily, with a porcine moisture about the mouth, the covert from whence he has broken away is sufficiently indicated. He is judged, and placed according to his social merits, and from which judgment there is no appeal. It is all powerful as the dictum of Admiral Rous, without the danger of a wrangle.

These passing remarks have been engendered by the recollection of a family of mercantile importance then staying at the Hôtel de Flandre, at Brussels, well laden with the salt wherewith the beings of this world are salted, and whose representative *imposse* was a fellow Etonian. The elder—in Punchinello terms the 'Paterfamilias'—was an austere and almost frigid personage. He was tall, portly, stiff, powdered, and brimmed over,—*luisant*, as the French would say, with the pride of purse. He had the words marked plainly in his face as if they had been graven by a chisel, 'I am rich. I can do what I like. Fall down, ye of less gold, and worship me.' He was one who, in his view of things general, deemed that wealth ought to be gifted with an exemption from the pressure of ordinary law, and that poverty should be treated as a crime more heinous than that of murder. With what satisfaction, as a Poor-Law Commissioner, would he have doled out the minimum

of relief with the maximum of disgust—have calculated to a nicety the quantity of food which would enable the pauper villain to hold life barely—just so much and nothing more—and would have summarily taken away from the starving mother the sparing mite of animal food, grudgingly allowed by the dietary, the instant that she had ceased to suckle her child. Nevertheless, the pride of purse could not work out the pride of place—that pride he had, and to spare; but place he had none beyond the region of Gog and Magog, and the barrier of the Temple. This biting sore of the soul was unknown to those who now called him ‘milor,’ and who had a double largess each time that they addressed him by that titillating appellative, especially if, in an addenda, were heard the words, ‘mon-seigneur,’ or ‘son excellence.’ And as, amidst the emblazonment of his assumed heraldry in a spacious mantle of pretence, covering the panel of his carriage-door, a couple of crows with gilded claws, looking each away from the other, as if they had not the pluck to fight it out, lent an Imperial significance, the *commissionnaires* and *laquais de place* bethought themselves whether they might not add the distinction of ‘Altesse.’ It would have been well paid for.

His belongings were numerous. The wife was portly likewise, ‘well conditioned,’ as Bubble Howard might have it, in the flesh, with a profusion of gold chains and other expensive ornaments, increased every day by fresh purchases from the Rue de la Madeleine and the Montagne de la Cour. The object of her life appeared to be to buy without want or discretion, merely to furnish daily proof of having a boundless means to acquire; and in this mischievous taste she indulged her lengthened tribe of daughters, from the one with a full-toned voice, like the larger bruin in the nursery tale of ‘Who stole my Milk?’ down to the little growler who could scarcely squeak out its ursine interrogation. In attendance on these young bruins was a hapless governess, quiet, ladylike, and with that suavity of manner which superior education and a constant association with the well-bred never fail to impart. Hapless indeed, when innate gentility and refinement of mind are not only brought into contact with, but are subjected, by bond, to the tyranny of a common nature, rude by impulse, and with a blunt instinct that hardly deserves the name of intelligence. The contrast between this meek and gentle lady and her pupils was painful, from the immediate inference which it entailed, although if she had been appointed to her situation, in order that that which was singularly inferior should mould itself by constant association into a faint resemblance of the visibly superior, neither the judgment nor the choice had been incorrect. We always read with a sad compassion the harrowing words of Charlotte Brontë: ‘None but those who have been in the position of a governess can ever realize the dark side of “re-spectable” human nature, under no great temptation to crime; but daily giving way to selfishness and ill-temper, till its conduct towards those dependent on it sometimes amounts to a tyranny of which one would rather be the victim than the inflicter.’ “Love

“the governess, my dear!” said the lady (?) to her little child, who had lisped out “I love ’ou, Miss Brontë.” “Love the governess!” she said again in astonishment.* Yea, verily, what a crime! Alas! that we should have so often sinned before the fact of the high and mighty Lady Twoshoes, in the days of our iniquity, when ‘we sat in the roses to hear the bird’s song,’ by affectionating the sweet instructress, and repudiating the blowzy little Twoshoes.

The table d’hôte of the Hôtel de Flandre, in the Place Royale, is well known for its *cuisine* throughout Europe. At the time we now speak of it was the resort of the principal strangers then residing at Brussels. Princes, counts, and barons of the empire, with a haberdashery at their button-holes, mingled with the unadorned Britons, who looked with all their eyes at the stars and marks of distinction with which they were unused to have immediate relation. But the suavity of the foreigner, and his eagerness to make himself agreeable, were regarded with a suspicious eye by the undemonstrative islander, who stood upon his rude dignity, and was always on the look out for squalls; but of their probable nature, whether white or black, he had not the slightest conception. To do justice to those of the softer sex, they were far more gracious and accessible, and accepted kindly the several courtesies which were everywhere and at all times lavished upon them. Bruin père insisted that his august family should be packed together, *en suite*, at the table d’hôte, and after some trouble there they sat, side by side, not unlike one of the monumental representations of a Plantagenet baron of the middle ages and his spouse, with their sculptured progeny right and left, in a gradual scale of diminution, from the rotund canon to the duodecimal pica.

Nothing is more distasteful than to witness a well-appointed dinner being illegitimately devoured by gross and ignorant *feeders*. That is the proper name to characterize those crapulent beings who guttle, instead of partaking scientifically of the classical repast of a *cordon bleu*. The Bruins had everything of the costliest, but misappropriated in a manner that brought tears into the eyes of the *chef* in attendance. Clos Vergeot was drunk with potage à la Reine; Cabinet Rüdesheimer—vin de la Commete—was made to do duty with filets de chevreuil en sauce poivrade; the tart and delicate raciness of the Rhenish vintage being utterly annihilated by the strong flavour of the highly-spiced sauce. Muscadin was ordered when les rissoles de volaille aux truffes were handed round; bierre de Mars was called for with les petits pois à la Françoise; and again with la gelée au marasquin and la Charlotte aux abricôts; and champagne washed down the fromage de Gruyère with salad à la Mayonnaise. Coffee was diluted with milk, and, to top the infinite of insult, a chasse café of the finest cognac was watered by all, except by Bruin ipse, who seemed at last to relish the unadulterated bouquet as a *gratias age*. ‘Voyez donc—just look at that caravan of wild ‘beasts;’—how they gobble up their five francs’ worth—bolting the

* Mrs. Gaskell, ‘Life of Charlotte Brontë.’

'delicate dishes, as if for a wager, and swilling Burgundy like 'swipes,—ces fichus casse-dents d'Anglais.' And Baptiste ground his teeth in rage and utter contempt.

The bold Briton is often a *gourmand*—a coarse attribute belonging to the ill-conditioned—whereas to be a *gourmet* is a mark of 'well-conditioned propriety,' and the distinction between the two is that of a kitchen-scullion and a master of arts. The first feeds bountifully in order to satisfy a coarse craving, and gorges himself to repletion. He impatiently overcharges his palate—a hard palate—to which the nervous papillæ of the tongue have not time to convey that relish of taste with which the lingual ducts ought to be delicately charged; and he gulps down with the voracity of a pike the imperfectly savoured *morceau de bonne bouche*. With him it is 'dapes avido convellere dente.' But the gentle *gourmet*—he of the soft palate—not infuriated by appetite, and tasting with calm enjoyment the choice delicacies that in regular succession follow each other, and enhance by a purposed and well-timed diversity the exquisite daintiness of their respective flavour—that man understands and can fully appreciate the value of a *couvert à deux* at the 'Trois Frères Provençaux.' And after all in bonnie England we are not altogether behindhand; for what can be more agreeable, socially and gastronomically, than a fish dinner at Greenwich, on the Sunday evening betwixt the Derby and Ascot? Even the most ponderous and bilious of statesmen relax and make merry over the alternate victories and defeats of the past—the majority of 18 and the minority of 9—at this piscine saturnalia. It may be remembered in the police reports some ten-years since, or more, that an old woman, a mudlark, brought to the magisterial office of our Eton friend, old Secker—for he never had been young—on the morning following a ministerial banquet at Blackwall, a shocking bad hat with the name of 'John Russell' written inside. It had dropped accidentally out of the train. Honest soul! she expected, not vainly, we trust, to have a reward for restoring to its owner this positive evidence of a nodding hilarity. She concluded 'that Johnny had a wee 'bit wet the eye on the previous evening.' We will hope that the other eye has not been wet since on foreign accounts, and we hasten to laud his prudence of having calculated upon the probable consequences of a prandial bout at the forum piscarium, and of having left his Sunday hat at home in charge of 'the missis.'

Off, then, to Greenwich. Where shall we dine? At the 'Ship,' *par excellence*, and let us go by water. The jar of the train, on the worst railroad in England, disturbs the system; besides it is pleasant to go the whole animal, and to look with an eye of a kind fellow-feeling upon others, who, like ourselves, are out for a holiday lark. And how many are to be of the party? A quiet three. We well remember, when in the nursery, reading the fable of the man and his two wives—this must have been before Anno Domini 1.—when one wife plucked out the white, and the other the black hairs, from his unfortunate head. It struck our innocent mind, directly and

pertinently, that with a third he might have consoled himself, whilst the other two were battling for mastery, and so by taking his honest turn he would have enjoyed himself at his ease. 'Fra due che litigano il terzo gode,' says the shrewd Goldoni. That early impression has always caused a partiality for an amicable trio, and we will endeavour to do honour to the lesson that we got so well by heart. For the nonce, then, let us call ourselves 'Baily'—major, minor, and minimus—past the 'fourth form' at Eton, and in the 'remove' towards higher latitudes. Let us live and rejoice in that precious expectation.

Here we are. No, we will not order a dinner *à la carte*, but leave it to the discretion of Alphonse—only let it be 'de luxe.' In the mean time we can scan our surroundings. Grateful, indeed, is that silver rustling of silk, and what a love of a bonnet—a light straw, with the palest green ribbon, and a rose in the hair slightly on one side *tant coquet*, and almond-shaped eyes, that can look out on the sly from under the long eyelashes. Talk of beautiful eyes—everything depends upon the eyelash, and its value is equivalent to that of a fan in the hands of the Spanish donna. Look at a light, or any coloured eye, with a short lash—how vacant and unprofitable, giving an expression which the French call *blême*, to the countenance. Byron knew well what he was saying

' By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge ;—

and the fringe should be in the slightest degree waved at the end. The straight, perfectly straight lash gives a sharp look, a shade ferocious ; whereas the gentle undulation at the extremity tones down and liquefies the expression until it makes the eye more than speak, and conveys the entirety of Eloisa's letter to Abelard at a single glance. And she knows it—*la petite chou-chou!* What a young ruffian is at her side, with an all out doors air, and his head stuck into his shoulders—a first-born and last in tail male to a certainty, from the attention that the majestic maternal pays him. And here we recollect the appropriate remark of the author of 'Market Harborough': 'It is sometimes hard upon the young Phœbe to have perpetually by her side, the shapeless Mother Bunch into the fac simile of which she must eventually grow. . . . The exuberant proportions of the one, suggestive of good humour, good living, and motherly content, are but the full, flowing outlines of perfect symmetry in the other.' Ay, ay, but by all means let us have the exuberant proportions suggestive of good humour, in preference to the shrunken anatomy of a sixty-year old—when in the extended hand, proffering a palm-full of bones, and in the shrivelled parchment of skin, cracking from an absence of genial moisture, you have Holbein's 'Dance of Death,' ossified, creaking, and rattling before your very eyes. Opposite to Phœbe is a gentlemanly young fellow upon whom she would look kindlier, if she so dared, than on the little ruffian aforesaid, but 'she is wide awake and cautious.' Listen to an old campaigner—to

the tale of a grandfather, O young *imberbes* of 'Baily;' and when you are in opposition to the government of the hour, and occupy the situation of a Disraeli or Sir Stafford, sit in front of the little one away from the pretender, keeping the maternal well on the flank. You are then master of the position, and with the willing aid of Phœbe you can fight the good fight. The Confederates against the Federals at any odds. However, great is our satisfaction that the iron band of social prejudice has been broken, and that, like our Parisian brethren, we are enabled to bring fair and pure beings with us into places of public resort, to which hitherto they have been strangers, and where their presence banishes intemperance, chastens the lip, and enlarges those sympathies that Providence has ordained they should both inspire and command.

In the corner of the bow window, yonder, is a widower of the 'Jubilate Deo' sort, and he has brought with him one of Jephthah's mourning damsels to assist in the unobtrusive decency of domestic grief, and to sing to him soothly, in Ausonian tones, the aria, in the Cenerentola, 'Una volta c'era un Re ch'a star' solo s'annojo.' Let it not be forgotten that in the days of the patriarchs the wanderers of Israel commemorated their appointed observances of joy and grief by eating; and now sitting ourselves down by the pineapple-punch waters of Babylon, and handling our knives and forks instead of our harps, we will mourn for our dear departed sister even by eating unto her memory whitebait and water *souchée*. If I forget thee, O Greenwich! or thy prandial fairies of delight, O Isis! may my lips forget the flavour of Johannisberg! Happy is the man that cometh forth full of them; he shall not be ashamed to speak even with Gladstone in the gate.

Ah! what means that clamorous revelry over the way at the Trafalgar? It is the advent of the Sabbatarian Septuagint, and its members are come to celebrate the expulsion of charity from out the land, and to take on board a fresh cargo of virus for the ensuing year. And they are a roughish lot in the tongue, and not *suave* to look at. However, soap and water are at hand for external purification; but the application of the internal scrubbing-brush with a view to cleanse the several spirits, preparatory to giving their goods to the poor and their bodies to be burned, according to the precept of the Apostie of Tarsus, would defy the labours of Beelzebub himself, and all his lower-boy fags. Yes, seventy, in all the ramifications of Sabbatarianism, cocks and hens, even unto the unborn imp, and he hearkeneth, from within, unto his parent, from without, who is on his legs, and saith that he rejoiceth not in iniquity of word, but rejoiceth in the truth of a guinea per page—disbelieveth all things, blackguardeth all things, drinketh all things, and eateth all things, even unto a *souchée* of flounders, and Roulades of whiting à la Pergord. But here is Alphonse with the dinner.

Pian, piano!—only two spoonfuls of crab soup à la Stanley, lest it clog the palate; and now for a *souchée* of soles and trout from Loch Leven, that would have tempted even Mary of Guise herself.

See there, those delicate little creatures, floating about in the clear *souchée*, with the tender parsley leaves stretched out, and displaying their most minute fibres! How the mind is calmed by the sight of such transparent excellency! evil passions are mollified, *souchée'd*. The soul is elevated, 'bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;' yea, in the very truth, as Milton has it,—

'Such delight till then, as seem'd, "in fish" we never tasted,'

And we are at peace with all men. Zitti,—in all emotions, whether sensual or spiritual, silence enhances the ecstatic enjoyment. Never mind, for the moment, whether The General was ill-ridden for the Derby, or whether the Eton fielding was weaker than that of Harrow—à *l'ouvrage*. Take a glass of sherry, dry and golden; none of your titular East Indian, brunified by sugar candy, and parboiled at Bristol into impotence. The twang of the garracha goat skin, say you? All bosh; it is vain to palm off that story upon one who has been on the spot. So let us have a particle of brown bread and butter; and oh, for the Devonshire dairy slightly salined! Adieu, *souchée*,—peace be to thee and thine. Here is the famous chartreuse de soles à l'Alexandra, otherwise Thames slips daintily fried to the colour of a new sovereign; when brown they are overdone and spoilt. These are all right; the delicious and exquisite naiads of the stream. They are river solettes, innocent and virginal, that have never gone down to the great waters to see the wonders of the deep, and are free from every taint of impurity. The ten thousand virgins of Cologne were not worth a single dish of them. What refined flavour;—

'With savoury odour blown, grateful to appetite.'

Milton again: he must have been to a certainty at a fish dinner or he never could have expressed himself with such propriety. Some iced punch. If there be a brew more difficult than another, it is that of punch, for the purpose of being iced. A bit of sugar in excess, or a squeeze of lemon that might have been spared, suffices to mar the delicate concoction, and never can be remedied. Strong festival, with many happy returns of the day punch is altogether different. Strength is the chief requisite in that case; but this is of another kind, and requires careful handling. It never fails in the Ship,—

'And who would lack it
When on board that gallant packet?'

Salmon cutlets à l'Indienne. This is the *ne plus ultra* of perfect gustation. The sauce artistically piquante penetrates the palate which seizes with a keen relish every particle of luscious flavour, and you partake at once, truly and substantially, of the merits of this renowned dish. Iced champagne, *bien frappée* as it may be, is not better than iced water. It should be Steinberger or Marcobrunner—the more powerful of the Rhenish vintages, to cleanse the lingual ducts and restore them to their primitive purity. A moment,

Alphonse,—just a taste 'once more of the infantine solettes à l'Alexandra,—c'est ça. What superlative daintiness! A glass of sherry, one of punch; and here come stewed eels à la Dauphinoise, the test of a *cordons bleus*. The full-sized Thames eel does not lie sodden in the dish, and lumpy, according to the English mode of cooking; but there it is in all the fair rotundity of its natural proportions, plunged in a pool of dark sauce, creamy with the very essence of savouriness. It cuts as white as blanched linen—a miracle of culinary prowess, to which all honour is due, and then it makes way for the renowned whitebait.

Charming pescatelle! who, and what are you? Whether you may be the *Clupea alba*, generic of yourselves, or the diminutive progeny of the larger shad, it boots not. We believe you to be the pleasurable gift of a providential mercy to Cockneydom, as a set-off against the smoke, filth, and dirt of continuous toil and eternal money-getting. And we eat you, in proof of our regard, with a trifling addition of cayenne and lemon. Can there be a more genuine testimony of attachment, than that of absorbing you into our system? But how, if the Pythagorean canons should be really true? and the Rugbæan essayists say that any fallacy may seem true with ocular testimony and assured evidence, and, on the other hand, that nothing supernatural can be true without that same testimony of matter. Be that as it may; let them deny both miracles and Providence; nevertheless, we see, we believe, we accept, and we partake of you as a true miracle of perfection. 'Yet if, as holiest men have 'deemed there be,' a metempsychosis, 'how sweet it were in concert 'to adore' and eat these essences of 'all who taught the right!' and the essayists who taught the wrong too. Eschew, O ye of incipient Greenwichism, the devilled whitebait! Like the work of the sceptics it consists of the odds and ends of the multitudinous dinners of the coffee-room, and is a *rechauffé* of condemned impurities, à la Bunsen and Williams.

Let us pause, major, minor, and minimus, and take wine together in memory of auld lang syne and precatory of a happy future. There is but one thing wanting at this stage of our esculent pilgrimage—a glass of Assmanhauser—the red Rhenish, and not too old. Burgundy is heady and quarrelsome, Côte Roti is better, but Assmanhauser unites the full flavour of each with a bouquet and raciness of quality that, if once partaken of at a fish dinner, no one would say that such banquet was complete without it. The *Suprême de volaille* and sweetbreads à la Toulouse are almost *de trop*, as are the tart à la Financière, and the boudin de Nesselrode glacé. A little Gruyère, the freshest of mustard and cress, and a white lettuce, with the cherry tail of a lobster, some rose-water, and then for our claret of '47, and a quiet chat. A biscuit, but no fruit with such splendid wine. Let us look around. Repletion is not becoming to the fairer sex. The heat is oppressive, notwithstanding the air from the river, and the effluvia from so many dinners unpleasant. Have a care, Phœbe, my *mignonne*, with the pale-

green ribbon and the jaunty rose—iced champagne is cooling and agreeable for the moment, but you are not aware of the quantity which your feverish thirst may tempt you to imbibe of that seductive beverage. The animal by your side is brimming over with a fish furor of affection, and has got his quantum as well as your lady maternal. I knew that would be the case. They are getting near-sighted and careless; and now make your race, for you have it all your own way. Your fellow is steady, and ready to obey orders, and to come away locked together from the distance to the winning-post, with the other brute a bad third.

Epicurus, in a hall of less dimensions than this, and abutting upon a garden hardly larger than the railed one outside, taught that 'Moderation and Prudence are the first of virtues,' therefore we will order coffee. He also said 'that Virtue has no value or worth but 'for the consequence that she is inseparably allied to enjoyment.' That High Church dignitary in the corner, charged to the throat with stewed eels and good liquor, is getting rather white in the gills at this public teaching of our Samian philosopher, and forgets the wise caution of Horace not to quarrel over the Thracian wine cup. Let him alone, and take a glass of Maraschino, *reddens laudes Domino*, and away. What is here?—An extinct Sabbatarian. Poor fellow! It is only too true—Man that is born of woman—and he could not be born conveniently of anything else—will occasionally come to grief. Lay him gently down—so—in the soft gutter. Punch to punch—whitebait to whitebait. R. I. P.

'The wind is high on Helle's wave,'

or we have not got our sea legs, for we could have sworn that the old hostelry of the 'Ship' was moving down the river to

'Walk the water as a thing of life.'

Never mind—to the fore, little 'Sylphide' of the Thames.

'And here we go up, up, up.
And then we go down, down, down,'
And now we go round, round, round,'

even unto the landing-place at Hungerford. Ta! ta! Baily major and minor. 'Friends meet to part, love laughs at faith,' but not at our cozy little crib at the 'St. James,'

'Where we met her round the corner,
Down in Piccadilly,'

into which we tumble, and in a moment are lost to externalities. A charming day, most profitably spent.

According to the laws of the table d'hôte, Bruin and his litter ascended gradually towards the head of the table. He had mastered a few words of French, was proud of his acquirement, and discoursed stutteringly with the President, an officer belonging to the Rhenish Confederation of Napoleon, and in exile for fidelity to his chief.

'The first and most ancient liveryman—bourgeois de Bruxelles 'you say, Mooser!'

'Oui, Monsieur, made likewise Chevalier of the Order of 'St. Louis by Louis XV.'

'Ah! I understand, la Chevalier Sir Manneken of St. Louis, and 'a Chamberlain of his Majesty of Bavaria.'

'Dear me!' said his wife, 'why did you not bring a letter from 'Alderman Wood or Waithman? Sir William Curtis would have 'written one directly.'

'Lor, sir!' said Chawbacon John, behind the chair, 'why 'tis 'only a statty; and——'

'Hold your tongue!' snarled the superb cit; and not long afterwards the worshipful family, two by two, headed by the *laquais de place*, wended their way down the Montagne de la Cour towards the Rue du Chêne. We followed in the wake, near the pretty governess, and all ripe for a lark.

It was the festival day of a *Kermesse*. Manneken was dressed *en Marquis*, with his decorations and chamberlain's key, and the recess was profusely decked out with flowers. As the head of the marching column came suddenly upon him round the corner of the narrow street, in and among the crowd of true believers, the peculiar nature of the personal functions was not palpable, and Bruin, with his wife on his arm, approached solemnly. The stout texture of the silk coat, which stuck out stiffly, prevented the disclosure of the precise fact, notwithstanding the sound of the tiny cascade until, determined to penetrate the mystery, Bruin elevated the coat-flap with his stout cane, and the little man, performing his continuous act of duty, was made patent. 'G—— d——!' The rage of Dives was appalling. He aimed a blow with his stick first at the Manneken, which knocked his cocked-hat off, then at the *laquais de place*, and kicked down a Béguine who was soliciting alms for the souls of those in purgatory. 'Where are the gendarmes—à bas le chien d'Anglais!' and the beery Belgians, incensed at the insult to their popular Manneken, pursued the retreating party to their hotel, bestowing on them all the filth of their ample manual of blasphemies. Bruin was fined by the authorities, and, moreover, had to pay for the iron railing which has since that day protected the first burgess of Brussels from similar indignities.

We picked up the poor Béguine, and taking her into the alcoved garden that is always found at the back of a Belgian cabaret, persuaded her to swallow, not unwillingly, a glass of cognac.

'Merci, my kind sir. I feel better. How brutal was that milor. 'But, nevertheless, it was the Bon Dieu who caused this miracle.'

'What! the Manneken?'

'Yes; indeed. *Tenez*, monsieur. Listen to the holy truth. 'There was a rich seigneur and his lady; just like that English 'beast and his old woman; these, however, were both noble and 'handsome, and, although they lived happily together, they had not 'the satisfaction of having an heir to their vast possessions. This

‘ was the source of constant sorrow. At last a bishop came to preach and convert the heathen of the district; and the humble servant of the Church took up his abode with the seigneur, so that in a short time he became quite as one of the household. He ate well, slept well, prayed well, and gave no signs of departure. He had cast his lines in pleasant places, and he remained. How kind and affectionate are these devout men in their dealings with their neighbour. The seigneur confided to him his secret sorrow, and the bishop, after enjoining penance and a gift to the Church, promised that the very next day, whilst saying mass, he would offer up a special prayer of fructification, made on purpose. He was as good as his word; and it was efficacious, of course, or else of what use would be the prayers of a bishop above those of other men? In a short time the noble dame sent for a monthly nurse, and great was the joy of that ilk when a child was born. It proved a fine boy, and was taken with great pomp to Nivelles to be christened in the convent founded by St. Gertrude. At that period St. Gudule was the lady abbess, and being informed of the approaching visit of the seigneur, and of its object, she made sumptuous preparations for his reception, and he was received in becoming state.

‘ St. Gudule was still handsome, and of a grand and imposing aspect. She herself plunged the young heir in the font, and became its godmother. The seigneur in good time returned to his château, but he was no longer the same person, for he became sullen, ill-tempered, and never noticed his child. The mother judged this to be an unpardonable offence, as she considered her offspring to be the most beautiful of infants. No baby before had ever been so perfect: all her servants swore to this truth, drank schnapps in its honour, and continually prayed for its well-being. *Hélas!* a sacrilegious passion was consuming the very vitals of the seigneur, and—who would believe it?—the object of his unholy love was St. Gudule herself. Miserable sinner!’ (And the Béguine crossed herself again in vexation of spirit.) ‘ Sprinkle me with the myrrhed wine of hyssop, O mother of all saints, so that it refresh the weariness of my soul-trouble!’

‘ Just so. Here it is, handy, my worthy Béguine, and not quite so bitter as hyssop.’

‘ Ah! the laws of our order permit a medicinal restorative when the flesh is weak and afflicted—that English butcher nearly killed me. How soothing, my dear gentleman, is this distillation of strong waters: it softens pain and upholds the orthodox credulity of a waverer in the belief of miracles. For this praiseworthy effect, however, it should be purely genuine; and the See of Rome does not tolerate adultery even in liquor, but pours the vial of its wrath upon the wicked concoctor of spurious drinks. This, on my word, is rare stuff, and fit for a bishop—ay, even for the Archbishop of Malines, who likes a thimbleful in a quiet way. To continue. The seigneur went raving mad with love; he moped by day—had no sleep by night, disturbing his lady, to whom he said that he

' had pains in his stomach—wrote amorous verses in High Dutch, and howled them out aloud in the woods. Dear me! is it not odd, monsieur, that in this wicked world, where men go about like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour, when a big goney falls in love he straightway scribbles doggrel to his mistress? then a bigger fool puts it into print; another sets the bad rhymes to music; and at last the biggest ass of all buys the trash. Unable to resist any longer, the seigneur, demented and incontinent, got on his horse and galloped to Nivelles. St. Gudule received him graciously; but the moment that they were alone he fell on his knees, and confessed the secret longing of his soul in extravagant terms. The pious abbess was not quite so much shocked as she might have been. Somehow or another, saint and sinner have the same soft place, that always can be touched, according to the dexterity of the practitioner, and under the austere garb of the cloister the lighter fancies frolic, as elsewhere, lacking only an opportunity of safe indulgence. It is the predetermined law of nature that water should not run backward, but flow onward, ever onward, until it become one with the ocean of its desire. Humanity, dear sir, obeys the same primeval ordinance.'

' My good Béguine, you are worthy of the groves of Academus, and preach a more sensible doctrine, by far, than did your silly countryman Peter the Hermit.'

' Oh, dear gentleman! truth is said to be found at the bottom of a well, and it may not be unknown sometimes in the inmost recess of a convent cell that is not always solitary. St. Gudule chided the seigneur with one eye and consoled him with the other, and with gentle and winning words endeavoured to make him sensible of his error, the more so as she said she was the spouse of the Church, and could not break her vows. (Luther was not in being at that time to sanctify bigamy.) In vain; the seigneur waxed fiercer and fiercer in his advances, and in the rage of his passion he had the audacity to take the spouse of the Church in his arms, and to kiss her then and there. Ah, Dieu! St. Gudule ran screaming into the chapel, calling upon all the saints of the calendar to protect her; but the seigneur making stout running from the very start, caught her on the post just as she had reached the last pillar in front of the altar; then the saints having compassion on her, lo, and behold! the shaft of the pillar opened in the nick of time, and receiving the holy abbess within it, closed and preserved her from further harm. At that moment a voice issued forth—"Your varlet son shall bear the punishment of your heinous crime in kissing me, for ever and ever!" And, my good sir, I have seen the pillar itself in the Church of St. Gertrude at Nivelles, with my own eyes: there was the very crack down the middle where she jumped in and left a bit of her dress as a relic and a flaming proof for all ages of her miraculous salvation. Do you doubt? Holy Virgin, have pity and convert this unbelieving sinner! And yet, after all, there are worse sins than that

‘ of kissing a pretty woman, and she need not have made such a fuss about it; only you see she was married to the spiritual Church and her practical servants, or else——’

‘ It would have been all fair. Yes, that’s a Catholic truth, as well as the miracle, which I believe faithfully; for who could gainsay the testimony of your eyes—and those bright ones, too. Just another sip.’

‘ Ah, brave and handsome gentleman! what a pity that you are a heretic: you are far too good and amiable to be damned. In a word, the child of the seigneur became stunted, and being equally distorted in his disposition, was the most wicked of imps. The Spirit of Darkness grew impatient, and retribution was not long in coming. One day, when the little dwarf went with his playmates to the Bois de Cambes, they came to the cell of a venerable hermit.

“ We will play a trick or two to old Greybeard,” said the little daredevil.

“ No, no!” cried his frightened companions; and they ran away.

“ I will, though,” rejoined the young reprobate; and he went to the door, and committed an improper nuisance.

‘ Then the old anchorite, putting out his head, said to him—

“ By all means, my little fellow. Don’t incommode yourself. “ Go on—go on.”

‘ Night came, and the child still remained in perpetual action. The father became alarmed, and set out the next morning in search of his lost darling. At last he found him; he embraced him, but the child remained motionless, and in continuous and streaming obedience to the order of the hermit. Then, being sensible of some dreadful visitation, he fell on his knees, and sought succour of his patron saint, whom he reminded of the many offerings he had made him, and asked now for a little something in honest exchange. But the hermit came forth, and cried out with a loud voice, “ Remember St. Gudule! The chastisement for thy devilry in the flesh is come, and therefore thy son shall do that which he is now doing for ever and ever!” In sorrow and mourning the young sinner was brought home, and placed under cover opposite the palace of the seigneur, in order that he might always see him. He petrified by degrees, and finally became stone. There he is—look; on—on—on, and again going without end. Who can dispute the evidence of positive sense, and the judgment of never-ceasing doom? Every blessing be with you, kind and good Samaritan; it is not too late to mend and believe. May holy St. Gudule protect and preserve you from heresy and hardness of heart!’ And the Béguine, a little flushed and excited, was going on her way.

‘ Stay a moment; here is a trifle for those in limbo. What satisfaction you must find, my good lady, in passing your long day, far from a wicked world, in petitions of pardon for the bygone ras-calities of others, even for this imp of a Manneken.’

‘ Ah, *mon cher monsieur* !’—with a look maudlingly affectionate—
‘ it was not always so.’ And a tear bore witness to the sincerity
of the assertion.

‘ How then ?’

‘ It was a false villain, a perjured rascal, who loved and betrayed
me. And he said I was charming and pretty in those happy days
‘ when we went gipsying, a long time ago,’ sobbed out the poor
Béguine.

‘ No doubt—handsome even now in your sad garments of peni-
tence. Take comfort : there is a drop yet left at the bottom.’

‘ Thanks. But, youth—dear youth—sweet youth ! the only
‘ period of existence worth living for is gone, vanished away, never
‘ to return—never ! Oh, those cursed vows ! those shaven sons of
‘ Belial, and priest-ridden spirits of malice ! What right had old
‘ worn-out crones to blast my young and fresh life, to dry up its
‘ warm springs of pleasure, given by a kind Providence for en-
‘ joyment, and to condemn me to the torment of perpetual regret ?
‘ And he was so bonny and well-favoured ; and with such soft and
‘ silvery words “ he stole poor Blanche’s heart away.” And she
‘ believed, oh, how truly ! And then——. But, just Heaven,
‘ there will be a fiery furnace for him—ay ! and seven times heated
‘ for those serpent fiends who forged the infernal chains of that ac-
‘ cursed vow. Anathema ! Maranatha ! x-cr-r-r-r-r !——’

And as the memory of departed youth and betrayed affection surged
up upon the strong waters of truth, the deceit and hypocrisy of con-
ventual Béguinage went overboard, down—down—down, fathom
after fathom, to the lowest depths, by the deep nine.

NOTES ON MODERN CRICKET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘ THE CRICKET FIELD.’

WE have now had another season of many matches, and, unfortu-
nately, of long scores too, and I don’t like long scores. I like
science more than swiping, and enjoy ‘ fielding,’ but not leather
hunting ; and since no man ever yet has discovered the way to hit a
good ball safely, when I see the ball travelling over the field, I know
the chances are that it has not been pitched quite as it ought to have
been. When I say I enjoy fielding, I include also a scientific
placing of the men, so as to support the bowler, and to take every
catch into which he can betray the batsman ; but when I also see
• men so widely scattered that they seem hardly to belong to the same
parochial district, it seems to me the bowler must have made up his
mind to be hit, or he would not give up the advantage of the near
catches.

While inquiring why we had such loose cricket, I was told the
game was altogether different since I was young, though I only gave
my bat away four years ago, having carried it out with forty runs in
the very last match ; but Mr. E. Grace, for he was some time my

partner, did punish me so with the running, that I sprang a sinew in one leg, as old fellows are very apt to do, and felt worse still about the windy quarter, and nature generally cried enough, and I was seriously advised to subside into a looker on. 'For,' said Felix, 'I used to find after forty-five, that the restorative powers were slow to act, and after being thoroughly winded I did not fetch my breath again quite so soon, and what was worse, there was a general disturbance of all my interior economy.'

Now having played cricket, man and boy, for forty years, and played before Broadbridge and Lillywhite had quite displaced the old bowling, and having seen that the best batsmen, and also the best bowlers—witness the bowlers aforesaid, as well as Cobbett—were those who learnt with the underhand bowling first, and came gradually to the overhand bowling afterwards, I do think I may claim to know a little of the practice, as my many friends have by this time acknowledged that I know the history and the science of the game. I say, therefore, that one match at Lord's this year showed me that the game was not different: it showed the same men who made a tedious and most uncricket-like number of runs at one time actually came down to my old-fashioned notions and old-fashioned scores when they encountered something like the old-fashioned play. I allude to *M. C. C. v. Oxford*, at Lord's. On that occasion we had something like the field, as placed by Cobbett and Hillyer, over again. Cheltenham had just before remarked, when I said I could not place a field out in the modern fashion, 'Ah, sir, if we had some of the old, true bowling, ball after ball upon the spot, the field would soon be set to rights too.' And so it seemed. Grundy and Wootton, both fresh and lively, were bent on showing that the four hundred and more runs made off them at Oxford should not be done again. They put every batsman on the defensive, stuck them up, man after man, over after over, just long enough to let each try and prove he could make nothing of it, and then sent each back to the Pavilion, to give (as usual, for who does not?) some particular reason how and why he came to be out. Here, then, we had only two men on the one side, no cover field anywhere near the public-house, and no long-field on near the sheepfold, and no long-field off down against the pile for cricket bats. The score was about sixty each innings.

'Yes; but at the Oval scores with any bowling would be long.' Would they? Well, we have, even at the Oval, seen true bowling, while the bowlers continued true, do nearly the same thing. And on this point some one said to old Clarke, 'You'll be hit about pretty well at Kennington; that ground won't suit you.' 'My bowling, certainly, is easy to hit, if not well pitched,' was the reply; 'but all ground alike suits bowling that depends upon the pitch.' And the result justified the vaunt.

Still, as to the long scores at the Oval there are two peculiar causes, not common to all grounds. The one cause is, that the ground slopes away from the centre. This adds such effect to every

hit, that the bowler must be confident indeed of going unpunished before he can place his slips, point, and cover close up in the way for catches, and so look like cricket proper; and we see little fun in a ground that makes the ball almost run of itself.

The second reason is, that the ground is not only so true (which it ought to be) as to produce no undesigned and chance turns and twists in the bowling, but the ground is so closely shaven (instead of eaten down by sheep) that there is no turf for the ball in its rotation to take hold of—nothing, in short, to serve as a fulcrum, and to develop all the cutting, shooting, or abruptly-rising capacities of the spin. Thus the ground makes the bowling mechanical; it gives no variety, and enables the batsman to calculate on the uniformity of the rise, and to make guess hits, playing according to the pitch instead of watching the ball.

But as regards all grounds, there is a reason for increased scores. Batting is practised out of all proportion to the practice of bowling. And this is the direct result of our present most unnatural system of bowling. Yes, our bowling is unnatural—positively against nature. Nature has given us muscles to use in one way, and we try to use them in another; and it is only by a twist and whirl of the whole body, and only by an extension of leverage wholly inconsistent with accuracy and straightness, that the arm of one man in a hundred can give any speed to a ball. Now, movements and exercises of the limbs not natural, it is very certain, are not pleasant, and there is little encouragement to persevere in any exercise when you see little hope of progress or of attaining excellence in it. In old Lillywhite nature had been very accommodating. Lillywhite's throwing, and Lillywhite's bowling were so nearly the same thing, 'that in Sussex,' said Mr. Bennett, 'it used to be a joke to ask Lillywhite to stand 'long-field on an occasion, to see how he would bowl up the ball 'after a hard hit.' His fast bowling was very high. Caldecourt, the most practised umpire of twenty years since, said, 'In a country 'match, when an umpire lets Lilly bowl with his hand as he likes to 'use it, Lilly bowls a hundred times better than any man in England.' And we believe it is only when nature has been to some extent as kind to other men, by peculiar conformation—it is only as the exception and not as the rule—that any man can command the ball with round-arm delivery. This is the reason that 'the gentlemen'—men who play for pleasure—so generally leave the bowling to be done by 'the professionals,' men who play for profit. Indeed, you must make a business of cricket, and not a pastime only, to excel in round-arm bowling. The bowling, therefore, being confined to a small number of nature's favourites—and we strongly suspect that even they go the wrong way about it, otherwise (like the bowlers aforesaid) they would learn good underhand delivery first—it follows that these few bowlers are overworked, and their bowling spoilt. Bowlers may sometimes be irremediably spoilt by over-work. There were few better bowlers at one time than H. H. Stephenson, but after a hard season at Oxford, he said he lost all sensitiveness in his

fingers' ends, and could no longer drop the ball, in delivery, at the right moment.

But though not irremediably injured, all bowlers lose the spin and precision of their bowling by over-work. A very good bowler should be very careful of himself, not to play too many matches—one a week is quite enough—and not to fatigue himself or otherwise by his bowling in a match. We have known a bowler spoilt for the time by a severe throw to stop at the wicket, also by having to strain and reach, or violently to run after a ball, but more especially by a long innings. Lillywhite could do far more with the bat than men were aware of; and in the last innings of the match, when his bowling was done, and his side were in difficulties, he has astonished people with the stand he would make at the wicket. Yet he persisted in putting himself in last; and one, who knew him best, said that he really believed that he avoided making runs, or, at all events, took less pains than others, for fear of spoiling his bowling.

But as to playing too many matches, that spoils all bowlers. The difference between bowling quite true and about an inch wide of the stumps, with good batsmen against you, makes all the difference between a chance of a wicket and the giving the very ball that good players like to hit—and such little inaccuracy is a trifle to a tired bowler.

But if a man can contrive to bowl true, the spin he gives in his delivery alone makes bowling difficult or effective, and this spin requires the utmost energy and freshness of the muscles; it wants vigour down to the fingers' ends. This accuracy, and this spin, make all the difference between the best bowlers and those of the ordinary parish kind; and the All England Eleven are brought down to this degree of excellence, or rather of monotony and tameness, before they get through half the season. As to Wilsher, Grundy, Tarrant, Wootton, nearly every great match, county match, or All England match, must have one or more of them; so, no wonder that they are soon used up and their scores are long. Add to this, as to long scores, the game is become too professional, or too much a matter of routine and business, and too little a matter of mind and manœuvre, and of every kind of dodge and keen judgment, and too little a study of play on the part of the fieldsmen. For now you rarely see a man move till the ball is hit: and very little credit attaches to judicious fielding, however much men may applaud mere activity. No doubt the inaccuracy of the bowling greatly foils the good fieldsmen, still there is no reason men should be indifferent to the advantage of placing themselves according to the play of every batsman who comes in; for no two play quite alike.

Early in the season some of the Australian Eleven were missed, but it gave an opportunity to some 'colts' to come forward, and in these days players must expect but a short life and a merry one: a professional is now deemed old at five-and-thirty, though 'the players' 'above forty to the players under forty' used to be the match, and we were very slow in superseding Lillywhite, Pilch, Wenman, or

Box. When the bowling is very good, and a small score is expected, and little running to do when in, and little fielding when out, George Parr may still, by his judicious and careful play, do good service; but young men like Jupp and Humphrey have usually a better claim to be chosen in a good Eleven. So, besides Lockyer, the three Cambridge men, Hayward, Carpenter and Terrant, were the only men worth waiting for—not, of course, forgetting Mr. E. Grace.

Mr. Grace in Australia was rather unlucky. He landed with a bad hand, and otherwise felt the effect of the sea voyage on the bilious system, perhaps as affecting the eye. Then, his fame had gone before him, far more than that of any other of the Eleven. There was quite a crowd around while he was practising, and he always went to the wicket under the disadvantage of a man of whom too much was expected, to let him play a quiet game. Luck did not favour him at first start, and from all these causes combined, no wonder if, on grounds very unfit for a brilliant game, he did not show quite up to his own high mark. We have seen him since his return: his form of hitting, when hitting is to be done, is as free and fine as can be: there is an energy and concentration of quickness and power, which leaves nothing to be desired as regards a hitting game. Still his facilities are apt to betray him: a fast game is not a winning one, and he will soon learn, as we all have had to learn in some period of our play, that a slow game pays better after all.

‘It is not,’ said one of the very best batsmen of the day, Carpenter, ‘that we can’t play a fast game and make brilliant hits like the Oxford and Cambridge gentlemen, if we please to stand up for swiping, and look out for hits first and defence afterwards, if at all; but dearly-bought experience has convinced us that that is not the game for an average, considering the variety of grounds on which we have to play.’ Still we like invention; we like to see a man try what he can do without being a slave to rules; but, for all that, there are demonstrably some things impossible in the very nature of bats and balls; and therefore we must be allowed to sound the note of warning when things are attempted beyond the powers of mortal man to do with safety, without expecting more than his share of luck. However, Mr. Grace has done his fair share in every match this season, though what he did last season, perhaps, neither he nor any other man, for many a year, will ever do again—to wit, make an average of thirty-nine an innings in twelve first-class matches—sometimes against All England Elevens, and sometimes against extra numbers with professional bowlers given!

As a speculation the Australian Eleven did very well; but not nearly as well as they deserved. *On dit* they cleared about 500*l.* a man—*on dit* they were victimised right and left. They were charged so highly for the use of grounds that the owners virtually divided the profits of the Eleven: out of the thousands that crowded the ground at one large city, there was a difference of about 2000*l.* between the calculations of some of the Eleven and the returns after

the matches. Add to this, their expenses were enormous—800*l.* was spent to build a grand stand, and the cost of advertisements to spread the news and give *éclat* to the Eleven far and wide over the colonies was also very expensive. However, considering that nearly half the Eleven would, if they had remained at home, have commenced this season with fewer pence, after the profitless season of winter, than they could now show in pounds, they have every cause to be thankful: and we hear that Carpenter and Hayward have an offer to tempt them to take out another Australian Eleven at the close of next season.

I have now two observations to make as to points, both in bowling and in batting, in which men would show a great improvement if they would but be persuaded to go a more sensible way about it.

1. The slow bowling (underhand) of the present day is the wrong sort altogether. Save and except Mr. Goodridge, who has quite the right delivery, I do not know one who tries in the line in which effective slow bowling has ever been known to prove effective. Clarke truly said that no low underhand delivery, depending on extent of twist, would succeed. His own bowling twisted but little, and he used at Lord's to bowl from the Pavilion end in order that he might have the slope against him; otherwise, he said, his bowling would turn too much, and the hitter might get before it and hit to the leg.

Clarke's bowling was delivered from the hip, with a little chuck or fling from the hand. Mr. Budd's bowling, against which I have often played, was the same; as also was Lambert's, and Warsop's of Nottingham; and of Warsop, Clarke spoke very highly, as also that of old Tom Walker, of the far-famed Hambledon Club, a player described to us by Tom Barker. If these bowlers were all at least as good as Mr. Budd, we can testify that he would bowl through a match with scarcely a ball pitched, so that it could not hit the wicket, and with full command of the length. But modern slows have not even accuracy to recommend them, to say nothing of any other source of difficulty. The twist seems everything, and yet the greater the twist the fewer balls would hit the wicket.

Now the great difficulty of slows, besides being (as they ought all to be) 'in the blind spot,' consists in the elevation, that is, in the curve and all the known difficulties of a dropping ball. For, till the ball culminates, and begins to descend you cannot judge its length, and after it has so culminated, you have very little time for decision. The difficulty is to give a good elevation, and at the same time sufficient force; otherwise, the batsman could walk half across the ground to meet it, and do what he likes with it, like a full toss; and the only delivery which will combine pace with elevation is a high delivery, and something like a round arm delivery, insuring a spin at the same time. Spin is necessary to make the ball *rise abruptly*, which was the characteristic of Lord Frederic Beauclerk's bowling.

Clarke told me his bowling depended on the pitch. I replied: 'It depends, also, not a little on the curves. Fast bowling goes

'nearly in a straight line to the pitch, and comes up comparatively straight from the pitch; but you give a man curved lines to deal with—and upright curves too—no one can cut a curved rise correctly, nor hit correctly to leg either.' Clarke caught at this explanation: he had never thought of it before. 'Slows' without elevation, and 'slows' too slow—as also 'slows' spin, and extreme accuracy is the way to bowl a match away.

2. The second observation I have to make relates to a manly style and elegance in batting. Watch Hayward at the wicket, or Mr. Fellowes: they just touch the block-hole with the bat to ascertain the line of the wicket, and then each stands up to his full height in a commanding attitude like a man. R. Daft, Anderson, and Carpenter do the same, as also Mr. Grace, and surely no one can pretend to say that any men in England have a better defence, or are down more quickly upon a shooting ball than are these men generally. But look at others—nineteen out of twenty at least—there they stand with bended knees, half a foot shorter than Nature made them, and without half the reach, the command, or the strength that they ought to have. Some men stand at guard with a long, flat, horizontal back, like cows. Some stick out behind so indecently, we wonder they are not ashamed that any ladies should see them; and almost all are cramped and all up in a heap—in a word, if you want to see a man looking at a deplorable disadvantage to any non-cricketing observer, only see him *in* at cricket.

Need we say that ease and elegance are one—that the limbs must look easy to play easy, and that you never can use your arms and legs to advantage unless you let them move with all the freedom and composure which characterize all the ordinary gestures and movements of life. *Verbum sat*. We commend this observation to the members of the M. C. C., and entreat them, by degrees, to introduce the custom, if not the written law, to put no man into an M. C. C. match who disgraces the Club by attitudes not to be exaggerated even by 'Punch.'

STAG HUNTING IN LOWER BRITTANY.

AMONG the many estimable country gentlemen who are wont to wile away their time on a wet day by studying literature in the pages of 'Baily' (not the ancient lexicographer of that name, but the modern Turf and Forest caterer of Cornhill), a few, perhaps, may be found who would not object to the history of a day's sport in a French forest. Lest, however, a fit of the gout may be the result of such a digression from their ordinary diet, I beg to premise, *in limine*, that they must not expect from a charcoal country the same substantial fare that Collins so well describes, or that Fenwick Bissett so bountifully provides for his guests in the glorious forests of the wild Exmoor.

Elysian fields are they: though—with joy I say it—as yet there is

little of the ghost about the latter gentleman; and if his horses were gifted as Balaam's ass was, I believe they would bear me out in this broad assertion.

So much for the drag; now for the chase. During the whole summer, but especially during the last few weeks, the peasants of Landeri, on the north side of the Forest of Pencoet, in Morbihan, have been suffering from the depredations of a red deer, remarkable for his shifty habits and the enormous span of his antlers, by which he was readily known throughout the whole of that mountain land. He was supposed to consume a bushel of corn per night, which was certainly within the mark; for the havoc he made in many a golden wheat-field was traceable by avenues of bare straw, the ears of which he had cropped off in his nightly raids. Consequently, when every device had been practised in vain for his destruction, and traps, pitfalls, guns, and even a pack of wolves that had been seen to hunt him had failed to effect it, a deputation from the peasantry waited on the Mayor of Landeri to pray that a public *chasse* might be organized for the capture of this *grand cerf*.

So the mayor gave his consent, but he did it in this way: he wrote to the Baron Keryfan, and begged him to bring his pack of hounds to the Forest of Pencoet on the 12th August; and then he invited every man that could carry a gun in that and the neighbouring communes to join in the chase. The rendezvous was in the Valley of Kergoat, on the banks of a brawling brook that flashed like liquid silver over its granite bed: a wilder spot and a wilder scene were never witnessed even by the hunters of that *genêt* land.

Peasants in every variety of quaint costume, such as they donned in the days of Anne of Brittany, mingled freely, but not intrusively, among a few fine, veritable specimens of the *ancien noblesse*, still to be found in those fastnesses; then the *piqueurs*, with their endless horns, and the pack of noble hounds that accompanied them, made me express my deep regret to the baron that no artist was present to perpetuate that glorious scene. With such materials Grant or Landseer would have added fresh and imperishable laurels to their already well-decked brows: but to describe it with a pen is impossible.

At 8 o'clock A.M. the joyful tidings arrived that the stag had been safely harboured by a *piqueur*, who vouched for his identity by the broad slot imprinted on the soil. Immediately a handsome 'cap' rewarded his success; and, as soon as the band of bloodthirsty peasants could be posted in guerilla fashion at certain points on the edge of the cover, three couple of fine deep-flewed hounds were uncoupled, trotted off, and at once laid on his line.

In twenty minutes from that time the tufters had turned him out of his lair. Ye gods! how shall I tell of the *fanfare* of trumpets that accompanied that find? or how narrate the peal of melody that burst on the ear as twenty couples of hounds threw their tenor tongues simultaneously on the forester's track?

He quailed not, however, before the crash, but, tossing his antlers high in the air, away he went as proudly as a tambour-major at the

head of his band. He little dreamt, however, that the foe was in front as well as in rear, till the crack of a gun and the whistle of a bullet suddenly warned him of his danger. Luckily for me the brave beast escaped that and other bullets, as he had frequently done before; but if the impotent curses that followed him had carried weight, enough were hurled at him to sink a seventy-four. But away he went, light as a lark, and away went the pack, now clear of the footmen, and settling to the scent in downright earnest.

The country over which the chase was flying was very similar to our Hampshire downs; so, as I ride only a pound or two over ten stone, and had a quick, thorough-bred Arab between my knees, I had a capital opportunity of observing the hounds, and the style in which they did their work. In this respect I am bound to say they surprised me greatly: there was none of that tailing so common in stag-hunting: no hounds behind throwing their tongues and making believe that *they* were the leaders of the chase: but, on the contrary, now the pace was becoming serious, there was little or no music to be heard from the body of the pack. They swung like fox-hounds over the scent, ran hard and true, and carried a capital head throughout the run. I never saw better work in my life—never.

An hour over the open is no joke for horses in any country; and I believe, if it had not been for a cover in front of us, that not two out of the twenty horsemen would have gone for ten minutes longer.

Here, however, the deer hung a while, and either underwent a Protean process, or raked up a younger stag: the latter proved to be the fact, but the dodge availed him nothing. The baron blew his horn, and, with an obedience which I never saw equalled in a hunting-field before, every hound stopped in chase and flew to the sound. Again the great deer was once more on his legs, and again he broke cover apparently as fresh and as strong as ever.

For three mortal hours that gallant beast went as straight as a crow could fly, and then took soil in a large fish-pond belonging to a monastery, the name of which I had no time to inquire. This let in Henri Larochejacquelin, Keryfan, and myself, the sole survivors of the morning's meet. After a cast round the pond, which was overhung with old willows and drooping oak trees, Keryfan spied the deer, sunk up to his eyes in water; a rope was soon obtained, a lasso formed, and in a throw or two Keryfan had him securely. The rope, passed over the fork of an oak, brought him quickly to the bank; and in another moment a *couteau de chasse* drank his life's blood.

The deer, which must have been rare venison, fed as it was on corn and wild thyme, was given by Keryfan to the monks (who were in at the death, as monks usually are), and, doubtless, many a hearty grace was said over such dainty food. The antlers, which carried ten points, Keryfan presented to me, saying, at the same time, 'Cut down every stick on your estate, Frank, before you turn ' that little Arab into money: he travels like oil, and you'll never ' own a better horse.'

FRANK FEATHERSTONE.

A COLLEGE FINGERPOST.

PART V.

'WHERE ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Have we any truer proverb than this, or one which bears a closer relationship to the acts and habits of mankind generally? Probably not. I forget what Latin author remarks that 'A knowledge of the future would 'have been by no means useful to old Priam.' It is wisely ordained that the future, even from hour to hour and day to day, is a sealed book to us; it is essential to our happiness and well-being, in both a moral and social point of view, that we cannot foresee what is to happen. To me it is ever a pleasing and consolatory task, as well as a most instructive one, to look back upon the wisdom of the philosophers of old; upon their intimate knowledge of human nature; their correctness of sentiment; their logical reasoning and admirable simplicity of expression, all acquired under necessarily difficult circumstances, living, as they did, in an age of comparative darkness and uncivilized barbarity. Hence their little sayings and casual remarks occasionally take deep root in one's memory, and not unfrequently, when properly applied, act as incentives, or checks, as the case may be, upon one's thoughts, words, and deeds. Philosophers don't thrive in the present day: the race is all but extinct. 'Pro-verbial philosophy' one has heard of, and some few have read; but, as a rule, men know it not, even by name. Moralists there are; but they are 'few and far between;' they, like mushrooms, spring up at certain seasons only, peculiarly favourable to themselves. The crop, at best, is very scanty, for the seed sown is found to be tampered with; sometimes with rottenness at the core; and so men tread it under foot, and consequently cause the toil of the moralist to become 'flat, 'stale, and unprofitable.' Theirs is not a paying game; their seed, like wheat at the time I am writing, is 'a drug' in the market; not, 'pari ratione,' because of the abundance thereof, but still equally unremunerative, because of the doubtful measure by which it is meted, and of the speculative selfishness which forms the bag in which it is introduced into the market of public opinion. Turf morality has long ceased to exist. Prophets we have in abundance, and, strange to say, they almost all appear to find 'honour in their 'own country.' They also, like fungi, spring from 'the Turf,' and are esteemed, if not by the mouth, yet by the eye, a great delicacy. Their substance, which often consists solely of a few lines in a sporting paper by way of pointing out 'future events,' is most eagerly devoured by the eye of man. We have the many-eyed 'Argus,' 'Augur,' 'Observer,' 'Hotspur,' 'Judex,' and a shoal of smaller fry: but yet all their fancies; certainties, barring health; guarantees; tips; and secrets worth knowing, could not have impressed my mind with anything like the slightest indication of what was coming off on the morning after my day at 'The Pigeons.' All the touts in the world could not have had an idea that I was

about to be 'put through the mill,' and to have a trial, giving away lumps of weight to older nags than myself. They might have been skulking about at the foot of every staircase in 'quad,' and as they saw me emerge with my 'clothing' on, *en route* for the spot where the trial was to come off, they would have been in as great ignorance as to what was really about to take place; as to how I was also to be sweated; handled; pulled up; then increased in my work; next unjustly confined to my stall; as they were, I rejoice to say, deluded, nonplussed, and anticipated (by the consummate tact and industry of Edwin Parr) in reference to the gallant horse Lord Clifden, during his preparation for the Sellinger. Yet I was in a somewhat similar predicament to that of the Telscombe touts in the instance above—similar, merely because I had not the remotest conception of what was about to take place, yet dissimilar, because I had never attempted to arrive at 'a certainty' of the issue of anything so fickle, uncertain, and unseen as I knew my interview with the Dean (for whatever cause he wanted me) must of course be! And what was the consequence? No innocent man ever went before a judge with more calm self-possession, with more unsuspecting hope, and less nervousness or fear, than I had as I strolled across 'quad' to the deanery on that luckless day. How true sang my old favourite Horace, a philosopher indeed!—

'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.'

I feel it quite necessary here to state that body and mind being out of order on the previous evening (the brandy being *in*, and the senses consequently *out*), I had entirely forgotten, on the morning succeeding my encounter with the college porter, which I mentioned in the last paper, so entirely, that although I noticed him—'the 'pampered menial'—making his way in his best livery, not more than twenty yards before me, to the deanery, the thought never struck me that he was to be one of my prosecutors. I recollect well, even to this day, how weak, dejected, and poorly I felt—how, in a manner, I felt exceedingly sorry for myself, although fear of what was to come had nothing to do with my state of feeling, for, in truth, I had not had time or inclination to think. Even my last dream of knocking out the Dean's eye with a spur had not made a lasting impression upon me. The fact was, I was inwardly mourning and sighing over the state of my head and body; and, simply because there was no one to sympathize with me, I made a virtue of necessity, and was deeply sympathizing with myself. Of what great worth would pity just then have been considered by me—surely as a pearl of price! What did I long for so much as the outpourings of a kindly heart! Commiseration only is by the world stigmatized as something cold and paltry. Perhaps it is so deservedly; but, recollect, I was but young at the time, with a heart not as yet become rusty through frequent rubbing up against the iron-like hardness and indifference of the world; and with a mind not alto-

gether rendered incapable of impression, through its contact with conventional sternness, and the absorbing love of self. For some genial outstretched hand and compassionate look I felt that I then could have gladly returned all the tenderness and grateful love of an appreciating heart. I repeat, I was sorry for myself: I was lonely, sad, and prostrate in body, and (as I have seen a distressed hunter do) I felt to be 'looking about all ways.'

Nothing is more remote from my wishes than to put anything in the way of the readers of 'Baily' which may be considered as in any sense bordering upon sentimental morality, selfish reasoning, or personal twaddle; though I will ask my readers whether feelings and promptings exactly similar to those which I have described have not been experienced over and over again, at different times, and under divers circumstances, by the majority of them, whether male or female?

Men, I, for one, truly believe, cannot endure sickness, comparative sickness—nay, even moderate pain, right patiently: they are restless, and lack resignation. Public opinion, or, rather, general experience, bears me out in this particular; which at the same time tells us, with a persuasiveness while it speaks, that kindness, attention, and compassion are far more highly appreciated, in proportion, by men than by women, though far more actually needed by the weaker sex.

I have seen men who have, in gratitude, even kissed the hand of that woman, who, by her kindly offices, has alleviated their sufferings in sickness. This is far from strange; but the woman shall be one whom, in their health, they would not even have allowed to have entered the same room with themselves, much less have given marks even of their affection towards her. With wounded soldiers more especially—both officers and men—this appreciation of kindness is remarkably general.

Men, as a rule, appear to be quite satisfied within themselves that almost universal sympathy is their actual due. No one should be unkind; every one ought to take to heart their feelings, their sorrows, and troubles, from whatever cause arising; every one should console and caress them, for it is hard that *they* should be either 'sick' or 'sorry.' Finding none of this goodness at the hands of others, their disappointment becomes intolerable; they fret and fume, and their murmurs occasionally lead on to wrath. Are men naturally and peculiarly selfish? and are such ideas prompted, for the most part, and such notions fostered altogether, by self? Do women give way to similar feelings, and indulge equally spiritless thoughts? I say they do not. The previous question I will not attempt to answer, but simply say,

'Si quid novisti rectius illis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.'

'Ur-r, ur-r-r!' fell from the Dean's lips upon my ears as I entered the close, stuffy, well-carpeted study, where I was immensely asto-

nished to find quite a little 'gathering.' This discovery rather caused me to 'shake myself together,' and momentarily to consider what all I saw meant.

'Sit down, Mr. Broadley,' said he, lowering his gold spectacles on to his nose; 'sit down, sir.' And down I went, almost involuntarily.

I had by this time easily recognized Archibald Allmark, senior tutor, and my own tutor. The other two were strange to me, though I thought I had seen one of them before at some time or other. The Dean filled an old carved-oak easy chair, of ample dimensions, and looked as gruff as Ursa Major. Allmark, whose countenance was of the pensive, melancholy cast, with a partly vacant, partly meaning stare, and whom some people, when they looked at him, would take to be an idiot, others a clever man, whose nose betokened 'how oft to his lips the pewter did go,' eyed me, as I thought, with half a smile, half a sneer. My own tutor appeared in deep thought.

'Is Mr. Pipkin coming?' asked the Dean of the senior tutor.

'We sent him word, sir; but he has a lecture on, I think.'

A minute or two after a ring is heard, and in walks Mr. P., a dapper little man, remarkably shy, who spoke very gently, and sucked his lips frequently. He appeared almost to be too nervous to take a seat in such august company. However, by dint of persuasion he brought himself to anchor on the window-seat, apart from the rest of us.

'Ur-r, ur-r-r, ur-r-r-r! Where were you yesterday, Mr. Broadley?' growled the Dean, as I was inwardly ejaculating, 'What a confounded headache I've got!'

'I was out hunting, sir.'

'Oh! you were, were you? Had you any lectures, sir?'

'Oh no, sir!' I cheerfully and triumphantly replied; 'it was a Saint's Day, and there were none in college.' I brightened up, thinking that the 'cutting' of lectures must be the supposed grievance which I had to answer for. 'I've got the old fellow in a fix now; I've done him,' thought I.

'You came into college drunk, sir, last evening, and assaulted the porter. Is this true?'

Rising from his seat before I had time to answer, he rang the bell.

'Tell Thomas to come in.'

As a flash of lightning reveals some dark spot to the benighted traveller, and brings out its hideousness with startling effect, so did my crime now all at once lay itself before my mind with a twofold sense of its heinousness, and cause me the most sudden bewilderment.

'I'm very sorry to say, sir, that I believe I did so. I recollect doing so now, but——'

'You don't deny it, then, sir? I'm glad you are truthful. Your admission will free us from much of this painful investigation. Thomas, we shall not want you now. Mr. Broadley admits the assault. You may go.'

The worthy porter, who had been standing like an innocent victim, appeared quite disappointed at this sudden termination to his suit, and raising his hand to the side of his head rubbed it, as it were, involuntarily. What a beast he was!

‘Oh! were you hurt much?’ asked the Dean, re-opening the inquiry.

‘Why, sir, I couldn’t speak when I got to the lodge; I was insensible, I suppose, for ten minutes or more after he hit me, sir; the blood fled all over my clothes. I never recollect anything for some time after, sir, till I came to myself; and haven’t eat nothing since, sir.’

‘But you walked out of the quadrangle to the porter’s lodge, I suppose?’ inquired my tutor, whom I will now call Penley.

‘Oh yes, sir; but I was insensible!’

‘Ur-r, ur-r-r! You may go.’

‘I’ve a large plaster on now, sir,’ added he, as he opened the door.

‘I assure you, sir, I had very great provocation,’ I put in, taking courage.

‘Provocation, sir, for a man in a state of drunkenness! it can’t be! How could you tell what provocation was? Had you any provocation also to cause you to ride in a most malicious and reckless manner against a Senior Fellow of your own college, thereby endangering his valuable life and your own? Why, sir, you might have deprived this house of one of its greatest ornaments, and the University of one of her ripest scholars. Your offence is really of the gravest and most unpardonable nature; and I shall animadvert upon it with the utmost severity.’ And here the fat little man puffed considerably from warmth of temper and over-exertion of speech.

‘I really am not aware to whom you are alluding, sir; there must be some mistake.’

Although his words had had a crushing effect upon me, still I felt my ‘dander’ beginning to rise at such an unjust accusation, and so replied, as above, with decided emphasis.

‘Not know!’ continued he, waxing warmer and warmer; ‘your malice is only equalled by your unseemly behaviour and impertinence. Not know the fellows of this college, sir! I really——’ turning round to the hitherto silent stranger,—‘I really——’

‘Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Dean; it is, I think, quite unnecessary for me to repeat the circumstances of the case, or,’ flinging a withering look at me,—‘to re-assure you of the premeditated audacity which could have prompted Mr. Broadley’s act of violence. I think you are satisfied.’

‘Certainly! I trust you are not injured internally, Mr. Thurley, though you say you were a good deal shaken, and required a warm bath before you retired last night, and were obliged to have recourse to stimulants before you reached home? Were your bruises of a severe character?’

‘Well, sir, they might have been worse.’

‘I think, Mr. Dean,’ ventured Penley, my tutor, ‘we should hear what Mr. Broadley’s version of the matter is. He has not denied the assault, under very disgraceful circumstances, on the porter; but the riding maliciously against Mr. Plodder, with a view to do him bodily violence, requires some light thrown upon it. It is such a very strange thing for an undergraduate, or, in fact, anyone else, to do wilfully and systematically.’

‘It was done so, however; and others in the field besides myself, the sufferer, were witnesses of it,’ drawled Plodder; ‘I never saw or experienced anything of the kind before; and as I am ordered continual horse exercise for the benefit of my health, I feel strongly on the subject; for a repetition of such conduct may occur, if this dastardly act is passed over without condign punishment. My health, and even existence, would be in constant peril,—to say nothing of the precedent set to members of the university.’

A short period was granted me to offer an explanation, which I did with candour and honesty, and which might have gone for something, had I not, with characteristic truthfulness, attributed the accident to Plodder’s injudicious riding and fool-hardiness; to his want of judgment and reckless impetuosity. *Ergo*, the impression made was not a favourable one, and I felt that I was simply a martyr to ‘give a dog a bad name, &c.’ Little Pipkin, who up to this time had not opened his mouth, then ventured his remark; ‘I am inclined to think, sir, that this was purely an accident in the hunting field, and that Mr. Plodder is under a wrong impression, as we all are liable occasionally to be; at any rate it was only an act of indiscretion on the young man’s part: I hope there was no malice, and I cannot see any motive for any, as Mr. Plodder was personally unknown to Mr. Broadley. The assault on the porter, and the intoxication are very grave offences, indeed.’

‘We’ll leave the matter entirely in your hands, sir,’ wound up the senior tutor; ‘I am sure your adjudication will quite satisfy us.’

‘Ur-r, ur-r-r! Go into the next room, sir.’

I obeyed, and in about ten minutes (which seemed an hour) was again summoned to appear. I felt choked with grief and remorse at my hard fate, for I knew that my explanation had been of no avail. Tears filled my eyes; this was the first really bitter pill I had been called upon to swallow. The Dean then delivered himself.

‘I will put a stop to your hunting for this term at least. You will go every day at one o’clock to your tutor’s rooms, and there remain for one hour, and do whatever task he thinks fit to appoint you; and you are “gated” at five o’clock throughout the term, commencing to-morrow. If you transgress these rules once only, you will be sent down for two terms. I shall enter your name in my book of delinquents, and recollect that you are a marked man. I will this once spare your parents the pain of knowing the disgrace and malpractices of their son. I should certainly now have done so, but your tutor has interfered in your behalf. Let this clemency on the

'part of your college authorities be an inducement to you, for the future, to behave yourself more like a Christian gentleman. You may go, sir.'

Was I, as a youth, treated like a Christian gentleman? Well, 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum.' The Dean is sleeping with his fathers. One good word I can say for him. He was no respecter of persons:—his impartiality was as proverbial as his self-opinionated and obstinate preconceptions were disastrous to those placed under his judicial charge.

All is not trouble, and vanity, and vexation in this world. I emphatically make this assertion. There are many bright sunny spots on its rugged surface, and many are the calms which succeed the storms. The delights of this life, though they do not last long, still, like the sunshine in early spring, exercise a genial warmth, and a kind and exhilarating influence over our minds. And even trifles perhaps in themselves, and, to the calculating eye of man, groundless, and insignificant, are, at certain times, and under certain circumstances, enabled to affect the individual heart most materially; and have the power to bid the careworn face and downcast eye look up cheerfully, and smile an inward happiness. Such, I recollect, was the case with me. In my hurry to reach the Dean's residence at the appointed time, I had not even taken the trouble to inquire for my letters,—a trouble always self-imposed and enjoyed. On my return, weary with the ordeal I had undergone, and heavy-laden with the burden of my first real sorrow, it was my good luck to find upon my breakfast-table, among others, one from her whom I so devotedly loved. Who goes up, at the impressive age of eighteen, to college, and leaves not some love behind him? Who? I pity the youth who does, because I think his heart cannot have much tenderness in its composition. I congratulate him slightly on the other hand; because love-making is a most tedious business; it takes up too much time, too much of our thoughts, and often renders us miserable, because we are perpetually going back in imagination to the loved one, and so neglect weightier matters, and more important duties. Enough! Another word: nothing interferes so much with our studies. My heart felt light again, and throwing off my cap and gown, with a thousand welcomes at the moment, I commenced to read that messenger of comfort—the letter.

I'm not going to be 'spoony'—I'm getting too old for that, but I repeat that letter was from one who was loved as one's own experience only can know,—loved as the close of one's existence only can terminate. To her extreme beauty, goodness of heart, and unspeakable worth, let me here pay but a passing tribute. That demon, money, severed us, but if she is happy, in that happiness I'm happy too. Her letter solaced me! Next day I duly attended at one o'clock, and began to feel my actual position. My tutor was kind and generous in the extreme. He gave up to me one of his rooms, and advised me to spend my hour upon Thucydides; as he 'intended to lecture next term on that interesting book.'

'I'll go and call on Davy,' I said to myself when I had finished

'luncheon, and tell him my grievances. Bolton seemed to think 'him such a capital fellow to get one out of difficulties.'

Davy thought it was a bad job; and, further, that it was a deuced hard case; 'and by Jove, then, you can't dine with me to-day. I 'wanted you to come to our Hall to meet a man from your own 'county, Shropshire,—Mostyn of Merton: do you know him? He 'says your grandfather was high sheriff when his grand-dad represented 'the county. No! Well, you must meet him. Stay and have 'some beer and a pipe, and puff away your cares,' added he.

Our pipes being lighted, 'Now, Broadley,' resumed he, 'let me 'give you some advice,—whatever you do—*don't break your gate.*'

'Don't do what?'

'Why, man, you say you are "gated"—obliged to be in college 'every afternoon at five during term,—(and mind, you can't go out 'after!) Well, then, always be in before that time, and never cut 'your tutor at one, for your Dean is one of the most cantankerous 'old bears in existence. He actually asked me last term, when I 'was smoking a weed in cap and gown through your "quad," on my 'way to Oriel, if I belonged to your college. He knew well enough 'I had nothing to do with it, and on my telling him I did not belong 'to it, he replied, like an old she cat, "I thought not, sir; smoking 'in academics is not the part of a gentleman." Are there no 'gentlemen except at your college? Wasn't it a "facer" for me? 'I was inclined to pull out my cigar case and offer him a pickwick. 'Well, it's getting time you were off. Tuesday's "meet" is 'Tubney, with the old Berkshire. Bolton and I are going. What 'a nuisance it is you can't come! Finish the tankard.'

Holloaing down the staircase, as I was leaving, he continued—'By 'the way, old fellow, I'll come up after Hall, and bring Mostyn, 'and "wine" with you, just to keep up your spirits.'

'All right.'

'Just in time, sir,' said the porter, as I hopped in at—Coll.'s gate and felt myself a prisoner.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE Isle of Wight has deservedly a charm for yachtsmen of which no other part of the country can boast; and after the London season, it is not surprising to find them early in the field—of water, at Cowes and Ryde, when, in addition to meeting our friends, we have the finest sport possible. The gala week at Cowes of the Royal Yacht Squadron commenced on the 2nd with the Cutter race for the Prince of Wales' Cup, 100 guineas, round the Warner and Calshot Lights, thence to Egypt and back, twice round. Mr. Chamberlayne's famous Arrow, the Alerte, Terpsichore, and Phosphorus appeared at stations, Mr. Lethbridge's Lady Bird being withdrawn. The wind was fresh at the start, and the Alerte kept well up to the Arrow, which had soon taken the lead, but did not improve her position very fast, as the breeze died away from time to time, giving tantalizing puffs. In the second round the Alerte's topsail-yard was carried away, and Mr. Chamberlayne's grand old craft came in alone. The Prince of Wales was on board the Fairy to see his prize sailed for, and was no doubt pleased with the sight, though Boreas justified his cognomen of

rude, by absenting himself so much on the occasion, that it was at one time feared the match would not be over by the specified time, nine o'clock. On the next day the Arrow started for the open cutter match, meeting the Mosquito, Volante, Surf, Alerte, Vindex, Astarte, and Marina. The Arrow again showed the way; but a calm spoilt the day's sport, the boats giving up one by one, as the race became more and more a drifting match, and the Mosquito drew up to the leader. Nine o'clock gun, however, came booming out before the race was over, and it was postponed until Friday. A similar case occurred a few years back between the same vessels, when the Mosquito won on the second day. This time, however, the tables were turned, as on Friday the Arrow won by a long way, Mr. Harrison's Surf getting second prize by time allowance from the Volante. The Queen's Cup, on the 4th, for schooners and yawls, brought out a splendid fleet: Lord Londesborough's Albertine, Captain Thellusson's Aline, the Earl of Rosse's Titania, Mr. Villebois' beautiful yawl the Ursuline, the Vestal (Sir B. Chichester), Mr. Jones's Viking, and the Comte du Monceau's Intrepid. All received time from the Aline. On getting away, with very little wind, Lord Londesborough's craft soon led, the Aline second, and this pair were never headed, though, as the wind chopped about and died away, the Intrepid and Viking (allowing for time) came very close. At the finish Aline just headed Lord Londesborough's vessel; but the latter won by time, with sixteen minutes to spare, after a very close tussle. It was gratifying to see this handsome prize fall to the share of Lord Londesborough, who has ever been a staunch patron of true sport. The week was brought to a worthy conclusion with a 100*l.* prize for cutters, yawls, and schooners under 200 tons, Ackers's scale, between Mr. Maudsley's Volante, the Mosquito, Albertine, Vestal, Alerte, Viking, Mr. Duncan's Vindex, the Flying Fish, and Amulet. These, excepting the two last, are well known. The Flying Fish is a new craft from Hythe, the Amulet from Poole. There was a capital breeze, and the cutters had it pretty much their own way. The Volante led nearly all day, and, after several changes, the Albertine came in second, Vindex third, five minutes astern of the leader, and having more than that to receive for tonnage. Mr. Duncan took the prize. This capital race brought the Cowes week to a close; and, what with good entries, fine weather, and plenty of craft to sail for plenty of prizes, it was altogether a delightful *r union*.

The Ryde week, under the management of the Royal Victoria Y. C., opened most auspiciously with a fresh south-west breeze on Tuesday morning, when the sailing commenced with the Tradesmen's Plate for yachts belonging to the Club. Thirteen entered, but the interest was centred in the Aline, Albertine, Mr. Broadwood's Galatea, Marina, Emily, and Amulet, most of which had been racing more or less during the Cowes week. All got well off except the Alerte; but before long the Aline, Albertine, and Galatea went to the fore, and finished in the order named, though Lord Londesborough took the lead past the Middle Buoy for a short time. The race in the run home was becoming more and more interesting, the Aline leading the Albertine by less than the time allowance, when the latter's jib-boom went, which put her out of the race. Captain Thellusson thus turned the tables upon the Albertine for the Cowes defeat. On Wednesday no racing took place, and the time was spent in repairing and getting ready for the Ladies' Plate on the following day. This was for vessels of the R. V. Y. C., any rig, half Ackers's scale. Mr. Morice's Marina, the Albertine, and Volante entered. During the first part of the match there was scarcely any wind, and the Volante took the lead, Albertine second, and at the most exciting part of the race the latter's

jib-boom came short off, delaying her considerably. A little jib was set as soon as possible instead of the balloon, and under these disadvantages she succeeded in passing the *Volante*, but was passed again. Coming home with a fine free wind well on her quarter, the *Albertine* had of course the advantage, and came in well ahead, winning easily. Friday's race was for cutters and yawls, half Ackers's scale. The entries included *Vindex*, *Volante*, *Mosquito*, Lord Burghley's yawl the *Osprey*, *Astarte*, *Banshee*, *Thought*, *Osprey* (F. Stanley, Esq.) cutter, and *Emmet*. The *Thought* did not start. The race at first lay between the *Banshee*, *Mosquito*, *Osprey* (cutter), and *Emmet*; but the two latter were soon passed by *Volante* and *Astarte*. Rounding the West Middle Buoy the *Mosquito* took the lead, and the *Banshee* soon after getting disabled bore up for the Roads. After this no change of importance occurred, and the splendid *Mosquito* added another to her list of laurels. For the Schooner Race, *Aline*, *Albertine*, and *Galatea* again met in friendly contest; also *Vestal*, Mr. Dunbar's *Madcap*, *Blue Bell*, and *Medea*. Running down to the Nab the *Aline* led, *Albertine* second. In rounding, Mr. Dunbar's vessel took second place, but was passed again in the beat up, the *Vestal* coming up and taking second place for a time. Starting for the second round, Lord Londesborough's craft again came second, and this order was maintained to the close. On the following Tuesday the *Thellusson Cup* produced an entry of eighteen vessels for the Ocean Match to Torquay. Double Ackers's scale, time allowed at start. Such a race is far too lengthy for description. Suffice it to say, that after an infinity of changes, calms, and other horrors incidental to yachting, Mr. Edwards' *Blue Bell* arrived first, doing the distance in something under the twenty-four hours. She was, however, disqualified from having anchored during a calm, and Mr. Morice's *Marina* won the Cup. This brought to a close one of the most successful regattas the Royal Victoria Yacht Club has ever had, the weather being fine, and the wind certainly better than during the Cowes week.

The Thames National Regatta, though exhibiting a sad falling off from the greatness of a few years ago, when it extended over two and three days, is still the chief *réunion* for professional oarsmen, as Henley is for the amateurs. The entries this year were somewhat meagre, and the programme, owing to a scarcity of funds, was reduced. The *Champion Fours* produced six entries; but as two of these withdrew, the race was left to the *Pride of the Thames* (Hammerton's), the *Manchester*, the *Tyne* (Taylor's), and the *Richmond* crews. The latter were mere apprentices, and soon out of the race. After a deal of nonsense at the start, which sorely annoyed Mr. Woodgate, the umpire, they got well away; Mat Taylor poaching just a little, and putting on a very quick stroke, took the lead at a tremendous pace; *Manchester* second, but, being badly steered, Hammerton took second place. The *Tyne* men had a length to spare at the Point, but evidently distressed; and now the Londoners' strength began to tell, as, gradually drawing up, they passed Taylor with a fine spurt, and were soon well ahead. The Taylors were evidently 'baked,' as the *Manchester* men, between Cowan's and the bridge, passed them without an effort, but could not get up to the Londoners, who won easily. The best rowing was undoubtedly in the *Manchester* boat, which went as one man, but being badly steered, they lost what chance they might have had of winning the *rool*, though the Londoners, we think, were bound to beat them. For the *Sculls*, Kelley had a very easy journey, especially as Cole, who, the spectators fancied, was going to give the ex-champion some work, ran into a steamer, and was, of course, out of the race. In the grand heat, J. Sadler, of Putney, surprised everybody by beating Hoare and Eagers, and coming in a

good second to Kelley, which augured well for his forthcoming race with Royal. The Pairs were also a surprise; Hammerton and Tagg, the Taylors, and Winship and Maffin, being entered, no one thought much about Kilsby and Cook, a pair of juveniles from the Feathers. The latter, however, being fresh, took the lead from a bad station, and steering well at the start, were never headed, though their chance was nearly spoilt by a barge which they shaved unpleasantly clean. Winship came second, after a foul with Tagg, which the latter claimed, but it was very properly not allowed, the claimants being, if anything, the most in fault. The Coat and Badge was won by T. Wise, after various displays of skill, or the want of it, by his competitors, one of whom amused us by tumbling out of his boat. *Chacun à son goût*, and Putney is not the best spot on the silvery Thames to select for practising swimming with one's clothes on. The prizes were distributed with the customary comments, and, we fancied, less grumbling than usual among the recipients, who generally appear to consider themselves deeply injured. The annual race for Doggett's Coat came off on the 1st August, and was more interesting than usual; D. Coombes, son of the late famous Robert Coombes, and Frank Kilsby, being among the competitors. Kilsby was justly made favourite, and the race was generally considered to lie between these two, as it proved, though Coombes, the winner, is certainly at present an inferior sculler to Kilsby, who got second place. This race, being conducted upon the old-fashioned and fortunately exploded doctrines of fouling and other barbarisms being allowed, Coombes's cutter was permitted to run foul of Kilsby, so that he was nearly capsized, besides washing him afterwards all the way up. The result was a very unsatisfactory race; and however anxious the authorities may be to see the instructions of Thomas Doggett, comedian, carried out in their integrity, it is annoying to see a race won in so unsportsmanlike a manner. The steamboats have made below bridge racing a fluke; and the odds are certainly against the best man winning if, in addition to the swell of steamers, he is to have the wash of a cutter specially 'retained for the offence.' A more satisfactory display was expected on the 22nd, between Sadler of Putney and Royal of Lambeth. The former is a landsman and a novice, whom we have mentioned as rowing a good stern wager to Kelley at the Regatta; the latter is an old hand, who has performed several times with varying success. The match was looked forward to as a close one; but after the Regatta, folks inclined to Sadler, and laid 2 to 1 upon him, a display of confidence which was fully deserved, as he won easily after half a mile. Several men are talked of as a match for the winner, but nothing is done at present. The match between Finnis and Haywood, in old-fashioned boats, resulted in an easy win for the former, who, though rather 'long in the tooth' for a racing man, showed that he had some of the powder left of his younger days, when he rowed the finest sculler's race ever seen, Tom White winning at Mortlake by half a length, after a neck and neck pull all the way.

The dispute between Cooper and the Tyne Regatta Committee is decided, *meglio tardi che mai*, in favour of the former, as, indeed, was anticipated by all who looked dispassionately at the matter.

Amateurs have recently had no dearth of sport to complain of. Barnes Regatta this year more than kept up its prestige, and the prizes were as handsome as usual. The Senior Fours between Kingston and London was a splendid race, London going away first and leading until half the distance, when Kingston rowed them down and won easily at the finish. The London style was no doubt the best, but the men lacked the powder of the Kingstons. Junior Fours brought together four boats, and the winners turned

up in the North London crew, who rowed well together, having been looked after by Mr. Bone, an amateur ex-champion; the River Lea men, who rowed roughly and were wretchedly steered, being second, and so pluckily did they spurt at the finish, that the winners only landed by the third of a length. Junior Sculls also fell to the North London Club, Stinton, a very promising sculler, winning after a good race. The Senior Sculls produced the best race of the day, in the heat between Michell and Cecil. This pair met at Kingston, when a foul occurred, and their second meeting was looked forward to with much interest. The difference of style was remarkable, Cecil rowing very long, Michell shorter but livelier. The race was magnificent, with a variety of changes up to the last fifty yards, when Michell went away, but Cecil spurting, the former only won by three feet! The Pairs were an easy victory for May and Fenner, L.R.C., who, rowing in splendid style, beat a Kingston pair with great ease. The Gig race produced a foul, a protest, and other disagreeables, but with this exception the Regatta was *couleur de rose*.

The Regatta at Tewkesbury on the 9th was a complete success, no less than three crews from London being tempted down there by the capital sport offered. The chief race was for fours, won after a good race by the West London Club, beating the Ariel and North London crews. Cecil, one of the West London crew, also won the chief sculler's prize very easily, after being fouled by Stinton of the North London, whom he waited on most part of the way. The Ladies' Plate, the second four-oared race, was won by the Ariel beating the North London; and Stinton won the second sculling prize without much trouble. The Pairs fell to a Warwick crew, who had an easy journey, their competitors having apparently never rowed together before. These were the principal events of a very pleasant day's sport, and the handsome challenge prizes for fours and sculls were deservedly admired. Bedford Regatta was unfortunately fixed on the same day as Chester; but some good rowing talent was nevertheless attracted. The four-oared race lay between a West London crew, a conglomerate crew from London, and a Trinity College, Cambridge, crew. The latter were the winners, though their style was inferior to either of the others. The sculls produced a capital race between Pitt of the West London, and L. P. Brickwood, of Cambridge University, who won by a few feet, mainly owing to the bad steering of the former. We were glad to miss the Cambridge roughs who last year did their utmost, though fortunately ineffectually, to spoil the day's sport. At Chester the interest was centred in the fours, which produced a splendid race between the locals and a Glasgow crew. The latter won nearly all the way; but so pluckily did the Cistercians row, that they were scarcely a length behind at the finish. The chief Sculling Prize went to Glasgow, being won by Mr. Lindsay. There have also, during the past month, been Regattas held at Portsmouth, Teignmouth, Torbay, Folkestone, and many other places; but the rowing was mostly in tubs and on salt water, and not of a character to interest the rowing world. At Folkestone, Bain and Co. returning from a victorious visit to Dieppe, won the rowing prizes in the famous *Eva*, and will no doubt repeat their successes at several provincial regattas during the present month. On the London part of the Thames there was a capital race of the W. L. R. C. for Mr. Layton's prizes, Ryan's four winning after a good spin, though none of the crews showed much form. A sculling race for juniors of the W. L. R. C. was won by Earle, beating Hacker and Judson. The winner has lots of strength, but much to learn in watermanship, which time and practice will improve.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—August Amusements.—Ebor Exhibitions and Ebullitions.—
Measham Notes.—Pimlico Portraits.

THE AUGUSTAN MONTH is quite the Exhibition one of the year, and east, West, North, and South we have had shows either of bipeds or quadrupeds, ranging from Volunteers in full uniform, to Costermongers in carts. The emigration movement, which first set in towards Brighton, has now extended itself to the Continent; but your true betting man—your regular 'six to 'fourer,' never feels himself so thoroughly at home as at the Queen of Watering Places. There he hears his native language spoken with greater purity than by himself, and can indulge in those nautical costumes which he first saw in an Adelphi drama. There he can use his pencil as freely as at the Corner; although we are afraid that 'horse marine' subjects are only the object of it. There, on the steps of the 'Old Ship,' his favourite resort, he can see nature in its wildest mood, and have an opportunity of comparing the roar of the ocean surge, with that of the Ring when a mighty favourite is beaten at Doncaster or Newmarket. There he can air his wife and children at a reasonable expense, and play Paterfamilias before a large audience. On the other hand, should he cross the Channel, his old habit of grumbling accompanies him, and, after having been bled at all pores, he returns with a tenfold admiration of the Roast Beef of Old England and her sea-coal fires. Of the doings on the Downs we need not say much, but if there was a strong muster of Ring-goers on one side of the course, on the other there was an equally conspicuous party, by whom the wearing of that golden insignia was held more as a breach of good taste than as an observance. Duplicates of Frith's 'Derby Day' met one at every step; and 'Sufficient for the day is the evil 'thereof,' was the motto that might have been engraved on most of the carriages. The racing was good of its kind, and as we were favoured with the winner of the Oaks on one day, and the winner of the Goodwood Cup on another, we are bound to be gentle in our criticisms. Both the Foreigners, as they are conventionally, but wrongly styled, gave symptoms of their desire for a holiday, and as they performed their respective tasks, the rest they have had since was fully deserved. With men generally 'Anti-Macassars' are never very popular, for they are almost always getting in the way. But we never recollect seeing one so much at a discount as that of Captain Cooper on the first day, and which, it was insisted on, was not 'worked according to 'the pattern.' In proof of this idea a thousand was offered for it, and, in our own opinion, ought to have been accepted, as it would have silenced the enemy's fire. The excuse offered—and we have no reason to doubt its genuineness—was that the colt would never come down hill, and the boy was so astonished at finding himself in front of the rest, got flurried, and was taken advantage of. As neither Captain Cooper nor Woolcott were present they escaped the vote of censure that was passed upon the other parties connected with the management of the colt; and as one bets about as high as the other, Isaac requiring at least a stone in hand to risk the spoiling of a fiver, they could not be accused of putting up the job. The Admiral himself saw it all, and as he gave out that Adams's riding more affected his ability than his honesty, we are not inclined to question the correctness of his line of action; and although numbers tried to earwig him into the belief that it was a case for a Court of Inquiry, he resolutely refused to hold one, thus showing the value of character, which spared us another scandal. Hitherto Brighton has been celebrated for its hotel accommodation, and even now there is no town

in England where better comforts are to be obtained at a fair remunerative tariff. To the rapacity of Doncaster, the greediness of Chester, and the plundering appetite of Sunning Hill and Virginia Water, the racing men of Brighton have until now been strangers. The motto of the 'Bedford' from its commencement was 'Non cuius homini;' and no one could pretend to quarrel with it; for if one wishes home comforts transferred some fifty miles from London, one must expect to pay for them. With the newly-erected 'Grand Hotel,' however, a code of laws has come into operation which is worth discussing, as showing how blind the Directors must be to their own interests, and how little disposed they are to consult the comforts of those by whose means alone dividends are paid.

Quoting from 'The Era,'—a journal devoted as much to the Hotel as to the Dramatic interests, and which is remarkable for the loftiness of its tone in discussing social questions,—we learn that a cup of tea cannot be served after nine o'clock of an evening. Surely there must be some mistake about this regulation; for such an encouragement to inebriety, and such an antidote to temperance, could never be allowed; and we should like to see the excuse to be offered for it. Had the clause in question come before either of the Houses of Parliament, we are quite satisfied it would not have escaped the watchful eye of Lord Redesdale and Mr. Bright. That Cowper's favourite beverage should only be taken at certain hours, to suit the convenience of persons who are bound by law to supply it, is a piece of tyranny too amusing to comment upon seriously. And to make the climax complete, we would suggest that the closing hour for partaking of the great export of China, be signified by a Chinese gong. Of course the other caravansaries, although not disposed to imitate, are delighted at the establishment of such ordinances, as they benefit them to an extent they scarcely contemplated; and the 'Old Ship' is still manned as well as ever, the early closing movement having been ignored, as it might be, at a period of general festivity. Lewes drew the same company on from Brighton, and 'the bills of the play' were almost identical. The next week, after long years, saw us at Huntingdon, where the Duchess of Manchester gave a bespeak. The company were very changed from what it was there when Nat, after being broken on Pelops for the Derby, reduced himself to six stone ten, to get something to go on with, and went about plating on I am not aware. Then the proceedings were slow as the Ouse which flows by the course, and heats were the order of the day. But under the auspices of the Duchess, the revival was in accordance with the spirit of the age. And the desire of her Grace to render the meeting a miniature Goodwood may one day be accomplished, providing the scenery be a little more attended to. A wish also having been expressed that the proceedings of the two days should be well recorded, the best men of the weeklies were put upon their mettle, and had been getting up the various 'Lives of Oliver Cromwell,' and studying the 'History of the Wars of the Covenanters.' The local Guides were also devoured, and the townfolk rendered better acquainted with the historical features of their town than they were before. A Duchess canvassing at an election for votes is admitted on all sides to be fraught with danger to the interests of the opposition. But a Duchess with a red book asking for subscribers to Stakes must be ten times more formidable; and her Grace of Devonshire was not more successful in her exertions for Charles Fox, than the noble lady of Kimbolton for her own races. The running was only remarkable for the success of Lord Westmoreland, who brought over a small *troupe* from Findon, and 'took a good benefit' with them. Reading, where a con-

fluence of railways meet, was as usual the grand trial-ground of the Berkshire stables; but the sport does not improve as it should do, and the plating interest seems too much to be consulted. The attendance, also, is not what it used to be, the *profanum vulgus* being brought down in such hordes by the cheap trains, that the local gentry have been frightened from the course, and compelled to confine their patronage to Ascot. At Wolverhampton, the capital of the black country, there was a capital gathering of man and horse; and as Enville supplies backers, London and Manchester were not behind in providing layers. Therefore the *juste milieu* of the two classes were preserved. To see The Dollar taken in payment for the Wolverhampton Stakes, many enterprising Parisians crossed the Channel, and a great deal of French money was exchanged between the two Capitals. Had the course been of a different nature, over which Dollar could have extended himself and strided along, the venture would have been a profitable one. But as is well known, the Wolverhampton course is of a turning twisting character, which requires a horse to be handy at getting round corners. This, Dollar was not capable of doing, and slipping up at the turn, coming into the straight, he lost so many lengths that in the run in Oldminster beat him cleverly, and won for the second year in succession. Mr. Parr—who for so many years farmed the race, that no Prophet ever dared to put an animal down for it which did not carry the puce and white jacket—so far preserved his prestige as to get Blondin placed. In the Chillington Stakes, one of the old Two Year Old races of the Meeting, Mr. Hodgmah was taught that even Victorious must not hold animals too cheap; and it was for the best of purposes, perhaps, that Fordham, his own jockey, should have read him the lesson. So satisfied were the Ring that Victorious could not be beaten, except by falling down, that an insurance of eight to one was demanded before the underwriters would touch him. At that rate 'the plungers,' with the courage of the Old Guard, went in for a header; and their teeth chattered not a little when they saw Fordham, who is always foremost in danger, verifying his horse's name, and making such a race of it that they were on thorns until Mr. Johnson had told them there was another chance left for them. Then it was discovered that Victorious had not had a gallop since his profitable one in the Nursery at Goodwood, and had been ridden without spurs. No game cock was fitted quicker the next time than Perry, but even Fordham was too near to be pleasant, and it was only by a short neck he was prevented grappling the money. Baragah's first appearance, after 'his little game' with Ely, was a subject of much interest to all who had Leger Books, and 'the public-running men' did not mind laying three to one on him. Knowing it was impossible to beat him single-handed, John Day had recourse to his second barrel in Red Cap. But all was of no avail, for the moment Ashmall sent the Malton Chesnut going, he left the Danebury Freemason, as it were, standing still, almost exhibiting the same difference as between a sailing vessel and a steamer; and from the improvement he has made since the Derby, by the running of Ely and Miner, he is on paper the legitimate successor to Mr. Bower's West Australian. Last year, we all know hundreds backed Blair Athol solely from being out of Blink Bonny; and, now, we do not see why Baragah should not be entitled to equal respect, for although Mowerina never won a Derby, she is about the only mare who threw the winner of the Two Thousand, Derby, St. Leger, and Ascot Cup in the shape of the same horse. Moreover, as Baragah was so late a foal, having been foaled only on the 23rd of May, he came to the post under many disadvantages,

and ran better than the world give him credit for. Therefore, we could not have the Whitwall chestnut held too cheap, in case our auguries of him be fulfilled, and Jem Perren be discovered leading him in instead of General Peel, on the eventful Wednesday, when Doncaster holds high Carnival, and every Yorkshireman's pulse beat fever high, Egham was a godsend 'to the last man in town' and the Household Troops; but, somehow or another, racing, save on Ascot Heath, flourishes not in Berkshire, and we can discover scarcely any improvement on the Runnymede form of olden times. This, perhaps, is owing to the adage of too many cooks spoiling the broth. Mr. Verrall was too much of a radical to suit the Committee, who therefore turned to Mr. Marshall; who, nurtured among the Northamptonshire Conservatives, might naturally be supposed to be imbued with corresponding ideas. His first attempt was a decided improvement on the past, and when he has felt his way, and got into fair working order, Egham will emerge from its Hampton form. Mr. Alexander was in his usual force, and from the clever manner in which Peon won his engagement, he was nibbled at for the Leger, and many clever judges said he might yet 'alarm' the favourites. Oxford ought to confer, at its next Commemoration Day, a B.A. degree on Mr. Marshall and his coadjutors for their successful revival of the races, which afforded pleasure to thousands, who have but little enjoyment placed within their reach. The *menu*, however, requires altering, and more substantial dishes should be substituted for those trifles, in the shape of light handicaps with which the card abounded. When Anti Macassar won for the fielders, by being done a head by Sympathy, they forgave the presumed 'shunt' at Brighton, thus showing how money influences opinions. John of the North and John of the South met in hostile array for the Oxfordshire Stakes; and although the latter had two strings to his bow, the former, by a piece of *finesse*, beat him very cleverly. It is not often that a Meeting turns out better than was anticipated, but such was the case with York, for which the Yachtsman forsook Cowes, and the Grouse-shooter his Moors; for Soult and Wellington at Waterloo could not have excited greater interest than Blair Athol and Peel meeting in the Great Yorkshire. From the ground being hard enough to shake a horse's teeth out of his head as he galloped, it was universally imagined we should have had short fields; but although the weather threatened rain, only a few showers fell; and Yorkshire Jack, and Wright's agent lounging about the platform, waiting arrivals, were the only symptoms of the approaching meeting. For a long time they had little to occupy their attention; but as the Middleham, Malton, and Midland trains came in, the list of fashionables promised a good tissue, and a bumper gathering on Knavemire. Then came the string of flies to Rawcliffe to see Newminster, Leamington, and their young things; and another lot bound to Fairfield, where everything, from champagne to croquet, was provided for them. These features, with a group of the upper ten around Mr. Rudston Read at the club door—leaning, we are sorry to state, on his crutches—indicated that something was on foot, and that we were as sure of races as of rain. For even the very early birds, who went on the Moor in the morning, John Osborne had been too soon, for he had been in and out before they had their eyes open. In this respect of early rising, John may be said to follow in the track of old John Day, who was frequently heard reading the riot act to the boys at Danebury, at their not being up by four o'clock in the morning, and designating them in consequence as a parcel of idle young rascals. As may be imagined, when the course was as hard as some lawyer's hearts, the horses that were out may be said to have done little more than 'take their walks abroad.' Edwin Parr was very sweet on East

Lancashire, and assured his friends he should show them on the morrow the best four-year-old in England. But we all know time works wonders, and East Lancashire had been 'on the tramp' so long, the unprejudiced division declined to stand him, and proved themselves right in the end. Raglan was voted a neat little hack, but his condition was perfect; and John Day, who had been afraid to try him before he left, was not half so sanguine as had been represented. The Daniel O'Rourke colt, who played the part of 'The Illustrious Stranger' so well, quite belied his origin by his sire, which would have led one to imagine he had been a Young Melbourne instead of a Daniel. It was plain by his being so big in condition, that like many others who were going to run with him, he had been unable to be bound up thoroughly. Contrary to what we have seen since Goodwood, almost every race had some incident attached to it, and furnished some argument for discussion. The Zetland Stakes, which Lord Glasgow insists shall next year be altered into a weight for age race, was almost an omen of ill-luck for Lord St. Vincent through the week, for Little Stag was so severely kicked by Wisdom, on the near fetlock, that he must have run in great pain all the way. With rest, however, he may yet be got round; although it is very questionable, if nothing had occurred, he could have beaten Marigold, now in full bloom. The sight of Aldcroft on Clarior in the next race, confirmed the renewal of the alliance between them, which resulted in his placing a richer 'Burgundy' on his Lordship's table than might have been expected at the North-Eastern Hotel. The mania with which a certain portion of the public stick to Blue Mantle is perfectly astonishing, and the sooner he is 'Ackworthed' the better for all who have to do with him. The Chesterfield Handicap was made short work of by Lord Westmorland, whose 'extract of Ten Broeck,' in the shape of Eho, impregnated the air of the Ring very strongly. The Selling Stakes was the best advertisement Gemma di Vergy ever had, and brought out the punsters in great force. My Fancy, being the peculiar name given to his filly, which was the property of Captain White, led to many others 'fancying' her as much as her owner, and from her good looks and speedy aspect, she was fancied more than anything else, and only a shade of odds could be got about her. Into her bit like a Vaultress, she had all her companions safe in an instant; and to preserve her in his stable, the Captain, through Mr. Cartwright, gave 370 guineas over the seller's price at the entry, which spoke more for her than any language we could employ. She is out of Equity; the dam of Knight Bruce, and we perceive that Sir Lydston has named her sister 'My Love.' This is not an inappropriate name; but we do not envy Mr. Tattersall his task of disposing of it on the Monday before the Derby. Luckily, before that time he will have been located in his new quarters, for otherwise he would never have found room for those who would be ready to bid for it. Occurring, as the sale will do, in the height of the London season, 'The Love' of a baronet, with so many good points about him and a fine unencumbered rent-roll, ought to attract a crowd of Belgravian Mothers; and to whoever it may be knocked down, we will guarantee they have no cause to repent their bargain. Mr. Frank Watts' endeavours to bring back the olden times of his father, when the harlequin cap and jacket were one of the most popular in the North, have hitherto been only partially successful. But if ever he has been dangerous it has been at York, where last year he secured the Oaks with Miss Armstrong. Now, again, he seemed to have struck into a fresh vein, for his Gondola, undreamed of by anybody, and who did not carry a single passenger in the Ring, reached the port before Fordham had exhibited his 'Light' to the harbour-master, Mr. Johnson, which many fancied he should have done.

A complaint relative to the Sailing regulations not being properly complied with, led to Snowden being 'admonished to be more careful for the future' by the Board who sat upon the Inquiry. But Mr. Watts was not content with this feat, for he was determined to show his friends that when he put them on Olmar at Newmarket he had made no great mistake, for his colt won the Convivial in a canter, being just as much thought of as Gondola was for the Oaks; and from what Gontran did with Wings of the Wind afterwards, it shows the gallop which Olmar had with National Guard and Miss Armstroug was correct, and that if he had not been chopped in the first hundred yards at Newmarket he would have landed the Yorkshire money with which he was trusted. Although not on a large scale, Olmar is a clever-made colt, and, we believe, will stay any distance; and therefore his original Derby backers have no cause to regret having got on him on such good terms. For 'Black Ducks' Lord Glasgow must be wonderfully partial, as for several years he has put his thousand down for them as quietly as Ben Land does for a Five-Sovereign Steeple-Chase at Croydon. Bold as has been the venture, it has frequently come off since Mat Dawson has ceased to interfere with him. This time, good-naturedly and considerably for the Gentlemen of the Press, he named his filly, a lengthy, lightish roan, White Duck, and, if we mistake not, there is some good 'stuffing' about her. Whether from the popularity of his trainer, or from his own good looks, Ely, the *beau-idéal* of 'Hotspur's' racehorse, has become a reigning favourite with backers, and those who up to his coming out had had a bad time of it plunged in over head and ears on him, Miner, a coarse, half-prepared Rataplan colt, being thought of no account. Johnny Osborne, however, made them shiver before he got home, as he led Ely such a duster that it was only in the last second almost that Custance got up and saved his horse's character. That Claremont will do a great thing one of these days is the firm belief of the British public; but although he beat Windham easier than at Newcastle, the Great Yorkshire settler he received, and which, we believe, astonished John Scott very much, will, we think, dispel in some measure [this long-treasured idea. In the evening the metallics were idle, those members of the Ring who had not received 'a command' to Fairfield making 'soda and brandy' the first favourite. The Ebor day brought with it the usual myths about starters and non-starters. A few mourned over the decease of Caller Ou, but 'mortuary symptoms' having set in so far back as Egham, her 'friends at a distance' must have been prepared for her demise. The Clown tumbled about in the Ring for a couple of hours, as we have seen in other circles, but was withdrawn before the grand entertainment came on, to fulfil his Baden-Baden engagement. Jemmy Grimshaw, and nobody else, made the Daniel O'Rourke colt the great favourite he became at starting. 'Mine is very well, but very bad,' was the true but paradoxical description which John Day gave of Raglan, and as the field was so moderate he thought he had as good a chance as anybody else. John Powney, with his white neckcloth and black coat, looking very little older than when, nine years ago, he saw the Hero, with 9st. 4lb., and Alfred Day send the fielders home rejoicing by winning this same Ebor when fifty to one might have been had about him, was of the same mind; and he very properly trusted to an old trial rather than to a fresh gallop, which, in all probability, would have taken the steam out of him entirely. East Lancashire looked the 'cock of the walk,' and as pleased with himself as 'Lord Frederick' on the success of his financial schemes for the benefit of his employer. How the race was run it is not our province to describe, for more experienced hands have written the travels of every starter; but there can be no harm in our stating that East Lancashire

ran away with Johnny Osborne, for the first mile, like an Irish cornet with an English heiress. This made the pace so good that at the finish Raglan, Nemo, and Despair were alone left in it. Then it was a question of jockeyship alone; and often as the name of Raglan has been associated with deeds of difficulty and bravery, it was never more conspicuously demanded than now. Fortunately for Danebury, he proved equal to the emergency, and to be a veritable son of a Hero, as he won in the last stride by a head, thus proving that 'a Raglan,' whether at the Horse Guards, or in the Crimea, or on Knavesmire, might always be depended upon for 'headwork.' It is the fashion for the world to pooh-pooh John Day on account of his infirmity; and although, of course, it is a serious injury to him, it is only fair to say that when Raglan pulled up he did not blow enough to put out a lucifer match, which had been lit for a member of the Stable. Fordham, it is said, blames himself for losing with Welcome, because he took the wrong position going round the turn, thinking the favourites would split, but, as he acted for the best, it would be ungenerous to condemn him. John Day having given the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Powney a race apiece, had now to turn his attention to the Marquis of Hastings, who wished The Duke to win the Biennial. This he did do for him, but from the way the Windhound colt, who had not had above three gallops in his life, stuck to him, The Duke will be one of the few of his order undecorated with 'a blue riband.' Scarcely had the last race been run, than Lord Glasgow and friends were seen crossing the Knavesmire to call on General Peel, who had been quartered at Dringhouse's, and had just arrived in company with John Scott. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the inspection, although Lord Glasgow did not issue a general order on the subject. Listening to the earnest desire of his friends, who had backed him for the Leger for a rattler, and following the advice of his trainer, who was dying to run, if the ground had been in anything like order, his Lordship decided he would not throw away a chance of upsetting the General, so he ordered him to be struck out before going to dinner. Of the prudence of this step there could be no doubt, for a Great Yorkshire would be nothing to his Lordship in comparison to a Leger, which bestows immortality upon the winner; and, from the pace at which Blair Athol's race was run over a course resembling the old wooden pavement in Regent Street, so big a horse as the General would be sure to have felt it for some time, whether he had won or not. 'John' will now have plenty of time to finish his preparation without any of those interferences which might have occurred had his crack been stripped at York. Thursday's racing was worthy of York: can more be said for it? Blair Athol arrived as The General was going out of York, reminding one very much of the anecdotes of the Governors of Sierra Leone, one of whom was said to be always coming home to relieve the other, whose remains were returning to be interred in the tomb of his fathers. It is needless to say the Derby winner enjoyed all the gape-seed, and it was looked on as finding money to back him. With his clothes off, many thought him big, but I'Anson was too good a judge not to have had something in hand for the Leger. In his preliminary parade he went as well as ever, while Miner's shoulder action was so bad Johnny Osborne was obliged to canter him to keep him on his legs, and if any one dared hint he had a homœopathic chance, he was chopped up by the exclamation, accompanied by a sneer, 'that he was only 'a head from Ely at three pounds!' Delays at the post at York are rare when the silk gowmsmen are up, and they were soon seen spinning away; and it was quite clear the Derby winner would have no time to pay a call on the road before

he got home. Hollyfox was the first to adopt 'the early closing movement,' and he was soon followed by Claremont, whose followers looked as black as his jockey's jacket; Ely then led the Van, Blair Athol laying at his quarters ready to greet him at the proper time, and the match between them to all intents and purposes commenced. But where was Miner, it may be asked by some over curious spectator, or reader. Oh! that's Miner, by himself in the rear, plodding on, like Martin Starling, at Newmarket. Yet, stay a moment, as the melodramatic hero at the Victoria says, when he wishes to identify his long-lost brother. Is it possible? Can it be? No! Yes, it is; the indifferent looker-on has thrown off the disguise. At the centre of the Stand he was at Blair's quarters, and in another instant he had passed them, and proved himself the chief actor in the piece, instead of the supernumerary he was regarded. Whether Challoner did not see Miner from being so intent on Ely or whether he made too free with his horse, we cannot imagine; but the best judges are of opinion that when Miner went to him, his horse was as dead as a stone, and every ounce had been got out of him. The sensation this unlooked-for result called forth is utterly inexpressible on paper, so violent was the shouting outside the Ring, and likewise the excitement within it. John Osborne always thought his horse had a great chance, but he preferred taking hundreds to one about him for Doncaster, rather than touching him here. A contemporary, we perceive, has been remarking on the quaintness of the remark from a 'leg,' that the opposition to Blair Athol came, as it were, from the very 'bowels of the earth,' so unexpected was it in its nature. In this, for our own parts, we can discern nothing strange, as we had always been led to understand that 'Miners dwelt in the bowels of the earth,' and therefore John Osborne's could not be looked upon even as an 'outsider.' Mr. Lande, we should add, is in *propria persona* a sporting clergyman of the good old-fashioned sort, something of the same form as the late Mr. Hanney, therefore Miner may be depended upon to go straight for the Leger, which, at the time we write, looks destined for General Peel, unless Baragah's temporary stoppage should not have hurt him. The finish for the York Cup between three such animals as Caller Ou, Rapid Rhone, and East Lancashire, with their respective jockeys up, must have made weight for age races more popular, for it was the greatest treat of the season, and enthralled the most inanimate looker on. And thus ended a gathering which will be long recollected in the North, and during the winter nights to come, over many a glass of whisky, will the defeat of Blair Athol be associated on the Yorkshire Wolds.

Wandering in the course of our travels through Darlington, where a Horse Show—highly creditable to the district—had been got up, we found ourselves within three miles of Neasham, so celebrated for its blood-stock, and its claret, the run of which seems as inexhaustible as the stream which flows beneath the walls of the Old Hall. To miss, therefore, 'the best booth in the fair,' as well as a peep at the Doncaster yearlings was so impossible, although the day was anything but tempting for a stroll through the paddocks. The Cookson yearlings this season will not exceed half a dozen, and their quality will make up for their quantity. The strength of the lot lays in the fillies, and two such mares as Sister to Dundee, called Ladybank, from being the next station to Dundee, and Gong, equally well named from being own sister to Kettledrum, are not often seen in one man's hands. Sister to Dundee is as like her brother as two halfpence, and with her fine size and limbs, if Mat Dawson stops until he gets her, we shall be much surprised. Gong, from her pedigree, presents quite the obverse side of the medal, being low and long, with extraordinary hind quarters, and the best of shoulders, which is rather strange, as Kettledrum

himself was rather deficient in that respect, so much so, that many stood against him for the Derby on that very account. Which will take most with the public at Doncaster it is impossible to say, until we hear from Mr. Tattersall; but at the expense of being accused of a pun, we cannot help asserting our opinion that this said Gong is very 'striking.' Queen of the Isles is very pretty, but being a late foal, she will not take so much as the other fillies; for with yearling buyers in the present age, size goes for everything. A brother to Bedminster requires no glancing at the catalogue to tell us he is a Newminster, for it is written on his head and shoulders as well as on his hind quarters; and as his ankles are better than those of his brother, which were rather faulty, he will go far to make up the Cookson average. Buccaneer, whose praises we sang some months back, is thickened out very much; and Mr. Cookson has availed himself of the option Lord Portsmouth gave him when he let him off purchasing him for 1,500 guineas. And as he has foaled every mare that has been sent to him this season, and a number of subscriptions have been taken for next year, we do not imagine he will have cause to repent his bargain. Grazing with several other brood mares, we came across Captain Christie's old favourite Miss Julia, who came here after Lincoln, and who revived in our mind the memory of Fordham, the Rhodee, and Epsom, where for years they figured so conspicuously. The Thormanby foals are very clever and racing-like, and will satisfy the most fastidious, that the favourite of Mat Dawson will make a stallion. The system of shutting up the foals for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, which is almost exclusively practised by Mr. Cookson, has been found to be most successful, as it husband's their strength, enables them to eat their corn without being disturbed, and prevents them larking with each other, besides diminishing the chances of accidents. What Mr. C. will say to the assertion of Doctor Shorthouse in his very specious letter to 'The Times,' that the best yearling sold for ages went for thirty guineas, we cannot tell; but we have no doubt much may be said on both sides of the question. Mr. Goodwin, we perceive, joins issue with Mr. Dickenson, and tells that gentleman he would rather take his opinion of a carriage-horse, than a race-horse. However, the more the question is ventilated the better, as greater facilities will be afforded us of getting at the truth of the much agitated question as to the deterioration of the English race-horse. For our own parts, we do not believe in the cuckoo cry, when we see an owner refuse ten thousand pounds for a three-year old, and insist upon it being guineas. And yet this was the case with Blair Athol, Mr. I'Anson, and Mr. Pardoe. Surely we must be fond of racing, when men can be found capable of making and refusing such a bid for an animal so fragile and tender as a race-horse.

Racing News, when the Clubs are full of scaffolding, is not likely to be plentiful; but Mr. Joy has made such extensive additions to his picture of 'Tattersall's' since our last notice of it, that a slight sketch of them may interest many concerned in it. The right end of the steps next the boundary wall has Lord Exmouth on its flank, and adjoining him is Lord Uxbridge, hardly so good a likeness as many of his friends. Rubbing shoulders with his Lordship are Lords Andover and Coventry, highly finished, and very life-like, more particularly the first-mentioned. Both have apparently looked in to see what is going on. The Honourable Robert Lawley, behind them, who looks as if he were watching the market, is also a happy hit. Captain Little, in this group, is taken to the very life, the expression of his countenance being very true; but he does not seem as if he had ridden five winners out of seven the previous week at Stockbridge. The Duke of St. Albans, who is in conversation with his friend Mr. Craven, requires trimming up a little; but the

Junior Steward of the Jockey Club cannot fail being recognized, his features and style being well portrayed. Lord Courtenay is the D'Orsay of the picture; and it is not difficult to see that he is waiting the execution of a commission. All these must, however, yield precedence to Lord Dunkellin, who is the neighbour of the new Member for Exeter, and who is marvellously like, so much so as to rival many photographs; and the Brigade may well be proud or their brother officer. Passing these we come to a form, where we discover Mr. Spencer Lyttleton, with his faithful retriever, sitting next to the Duke of Beaufort, whose sittings to the artist have had a most successful issue. Lord Wilton and the Duke of Cleveland well make up the quartette, but they are only in outline at present. Approaching them, with one hand in his waistcoat, is the Admiral, and, as may be imagined, Mr. Joy bestowed no little pains upon the great handicapper; and we must say he has been completely successful, and the production will be one of the special features of the picture. The Admiral, it is clear, has just decided a case, and is accosting Colonel Higgins to tell him so. The gallant Colonel, we trust, will be a little softened down the next time we come across him, as at the present moment, he impresses one with the idea of having suffered from some mineral poison. His 'next friend' is Lord Portsmouth, as a glance will show; and room beside them has been made for Mr. Greville and Mr. Payne. In their rear is Mr. Padwick; and to his portrait we must really take exception, as it is the most infelicitous of the series, the smile which generally pervades his countenance being totally absent; and his friends cannot but think he must have had a tremendous heavy morning when they see him with so grave an aspect. At the end of the form next the tree are Mr. Merry and Sir Robert Peel, and, barring the former being a trifle too juvenile, the likenesses are very striking. Against the tree itself Lord Strafford is leaning, and his Lordship's friends will at once admit the fidelity of the sketch. The Marquis of Hastings and Lord St. Vincent are his immediate associates, and Mr. Joy has been happy in catching their *tout ensemble*. Slightly in advance of them, smoking a cigarette, the Nobleman who has earned for himself the *sobriquet* in the Ring of 'The Affable Earl,' stands out in bold relief; and a little toning down of the features, and giving them a more smiling expression, is alone needed to render the likeness complete. The picture will not be finished until next season, but we trust this faint outline of it will give some idea to our readers of its contents and properties. The establishment of Messrs. Smith's Agency in Jermyn Street will be a great advantage to gentlemen living at the West End who wish to back horses for different races, without having to go through a mob of low ruffians in the Park, or on the Ruins. In guaranteeing their respectability and safety, we do not wish to do so at the expense of the other Members of Tattersall's who advertise to execute commissions; but as they mostly reside in the City or the North part of London, they do not afford the same convenience to the West-Enders as Messrs. Smith hold out; and as their system is as simple as it is fair to both parties, there is little doubt they will attain a firm position in their line. Lord Courtenay's election for Exeter has been received in the Ring with the greatest satisfaction, and one of his Lordship's greatest admirers pronounced his speech to the electors to be 'Real Jam.' Lieut.-Colonel Carter of Monmouth has produced a new system of harness, of which report speaks most highly, and we shall go into its merits next month, when we shall have had more time to study it. Spiers' 'Game Book for the Season' is just out, and will be found very useful to Sportsmen, improvement in its contents being impossible.





John Mayall

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF CRAVEN.

To the Lover of the Leash, the disciple of Izaak Walton, and the practical game shot, the portrait of the Nobleman on the opposite page will be perused with no ordinary satisfaction, inasmuch as it is a striking likeness of the *Maestro* in all these branches of Field Sports. It will, moreover, render still more familiar the features of one of those English Peers whose name is never associated with aught but good deeds, and who is beloved among his own tenantry, as amid his own connections, sharing in the sports of the poor as heartily as he partakes of the recreations of his equals.

William Craven, Earl of Craven, in the county of York, Viscount Uffington and Baron Craven of Hamstead Marshall, in the county of Berks, Recorder of Coventry, and High Steward of Newbury, was born on the 18th of July, 1809, and succeeded to the title on the 30th of July, 1825. He was educated at Eton, and took his degree at Oxford. The ample estates which devolved upon him, rendered the choice of a profession unnecessary; and he was enabled to gratify that taste for field sports which is hereditary with his family, and which has been evinced by the immense number of Stakes which have been called after his ancestors, as well as the First of the Newmarket weeks. It is rather strange, however, that to the Turf the subject of this memoir never took so keenly as many of his family, giving the preference to the leash, the rod, the covert, and the stubble; and the only race-horse we believe he ever had an interest in was Wild Dayrell, who was trained in Ashdown Park for the Derby, and of whom he had a leg. It is therefore impossible to associate his name with any of those high-mettled racers of old on whose merits sporting writers are so fond of dwelling. Retired in his habits, Lord Craven has sought other theatres for a display of those qualities as a Sportsman which he is well known to possess. The coursing-field has been his chief arena; and a more unequalled one than his own Ashdown hills is not to be

met with through the length and breadth of the land. To the Meetings which are held there in the autumn and spring, in a great measure the revival of coursing may be attributed; and, from the zeal in which the members of his family, and his Lordship's own connections join in the pursuit, an impetus has been given to the sport which it sadly lacked, and which is not likely to abate. This passion for the greyhound is shared equally by the Ladies Craven, all of whom run their dogs both at Ashdown and Altcar, and take as keen an interest in the sport, and evince as intimate an acquaintance with its laws, as the learned and accomplished 'Stonehenge' himself. On the occasion of these Meetings, which are to the Courser what Goodwood is to the racing man, not the least pleasurable feature is to witness the horsemanship of their Ladyships, which combines the extremes of grace and nerve, while their seats would serve as a model for an artist to perpetuate either in stone, or on canvas. In recognition of the services rendered to this section of the sporting community, in placing his downs and his hares at their disposal for so many years, and preserving the latter so rigidly for the Meetings, it was resolved last year to present his Lordship with a picture commemorative of the Great Southern Reunion of Coursers, and which should be an heir-loom in the family. With this view, a meeting of the most influential patrons of Ashdown was called in London, a subscription entered into, and Mr. Stephen Pearce, of Queen Anne Street, one of the first artists of the day as regards Sporting subjects, was selected to perpetuate the scene, which so often presented itself, of his Lordship, surrounded by his family and friends, engaged in their favourite pastime. How the artist has succeeded in his efforts it would be unfair to state, inasmuch as, although presented to Lord Craven in the commencement of the year, it is yet unfinished, and not ready for the engraver. The delay has arisen from the desire of Mr. Pearce to bestow upon his work the most finished pains, and render it, as it ought to be considered, 'a national picture.' When completed, and given to the world, there can be little doubt but it will have the same hold on the public mind, and take the same position among sporting works, as 'The Melton Breakfast' in Leicestershire, and 'The Meet at Ascot Heath' in the South of England. Long as Lord Craven has been engaged in coursing, he has not been very successful with his dogs, his best being Colchicum, Commercial Traveller, and Cure. In other sports, however, his Lordship is very difficult to be beaten; and, as far as regards shooting and fishing, he is considered *nulli secundus*. As a mechanic, he is also endowed with considerable ability, and is, perhaps, the best amateur turner in the country; and at Combe Abbey, one of his seats near Coventry, his Lordship had a tool-house fitted up with instruments of the first class and the most costly character. To the study of photography he has also devoted himself with the happiest results; and it would be difficult to find a Nobleman in whom are blended so many acquirements and virtues, and who is less ostentatious in displaying them to the world. Of his charities in private life it is

difficult to speak, as they are of such a liberal nature ; and the same almost may be said of him as of the late Prince Poniatowski—that it would be dangerous to purchase a horse from him, for nothing would make him pass a beggar until he was relieved. Lord Craven, we should add, was married to Lady Emily Grimston, and by his union with her has nine children. His eldest son, Lord Uffington, held a commission for a short time in the Guards, but ill-health compelled him to retire. Sharing his father's tastes, he bids fair to profit by his example, and retain the popularity of the name of Craven.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THERE seems to be a certain time of the year when everybody wants rest, or change, or recreation. Of late years the Continent has presented an opportunity to the many of gratifying their vanity or their curiosity at so little expense that the *beau monde* has made a virtue of necessity, and indulges its latent patriotism. That spirit of 'swelldom' which peopled the Rhine, and the galleries, and Thun, Interlachen, Lucerne, and the baths of Germany and Belgium, has dwindled into insignificance ; and the many-headed monster, with its excursion trains and circular tickets, reigns supreme. What has become of the English aristocracy ? Where does the British Milord, that much-mistaken and much-misrepresented character, hide its head during the months of August and September ? Perchance the increased Race Meetings in our own country, or the love of his 'native heather,' or the increasing demands of a tenantry or constituency, has influenced the lords of the soil in their decision. Be that as it may, I never recollect a season in which the dearth of good English has been so conspicuous over the ordinary routes of the Continent. The Germans, on the contrary, a domestic people and an economical, have taken 'heart of grace,' and have sported the siver groschen and the kreuzer, in the absence of the dollar and the sovereign, and have come forth to view the beauties of their own lands. Military prowess must not be hidden under a bushel. The conquerors of Schleswig and Holstein, and the 'man in possession' of Jutland itself, shall no more carouse in his silent halls on krout and potato-salad, but start into life a fashionable *gourmand* and *roué*, such as great conquerors are wont to be.

I confess that I have neither heather nor stubble. I am not personally interested in York ; Worcester would scarcely miss me ; and even the St. Leger would be run in my absence. I never, like the daughters of Danaus, yet opened my arms to embrace a shower of gold at either of those places. I have no vocation to a Caledonian August or British September. Therefore I go abroad. I see men and manners as the cunning Ulysses of old—bad manners, it is

true, or perhaps a total want of them; an unusual use of the knife, which is characteristic of much dexterity; and an exuberance of politeness and superfluous verbiage, which would be honoured in the 'breech,'—if I had the mending of it.

One is shot into Paris, as the nucleus of all railways, with wonderful facility. The mail service from Dover—registration of baggage—a noisy funnel—a ground-swell—a very hot and oppressive journey from Calais amongst the sick and the sleepy—and there you are. It does not sound tempting; but one must go through something for pleasure's sake; and what less can one expect for 2*l.* 7*s.*? The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the illuminations, two or three good dinners, and the Palais Royale or the Rue de la Paix, having impeded your digestion and lightened your purse, you will enjoy the tranquillity of the Strasbourg line. If you can sleep without rocking, let me advise you to do so by going some other route. Lumbago and determination of blood to the head can be the only result of being so violently shaken and then locked up in a *salle d'attente* to find the keys you have left behind you. Even the bottle of Epernay, the invariable solace offered to the bewildered traveller, fails to restore either his stomach or equanimity. It is a long lane that has no turning: you feel on reaching Strasbourg or Basle that yours has had nothing else.

Switzerland always reminds me of an apartment to let—at a sufficiently high figure (for mountain scenery one pays high, of course); and only tenable during three or four months of the year. The obliging touts who ply in all directions and at all stations represent the bill in the window. Their perseverance in practising English is marvellous; and, considering their opportunities, their progress is worse than contemptible. I have listened with much patience for several years to the repeated efforts of a well-intentioned boots without ever arriving at the faintest notion of his meaning. I am always reluctantly compelled to change the language to his own to my edification but to his unutterable disgust. He informed me of the badness of the season, as regards my own countrymen, in Switzerland and Germany, and volunteered the opinion that politics was ruining their trade. If he means a sulky, dogged sort of official impertinence to English ladies and gentlemen on the part of the Prussians, he is right; but politics is a new name for want of courtesy and good breeding. The current coin of the realm will always purchase attention to our wants; and I have seen an English sovereign very efficient in allaying the rising temper or suspicions of official greatness; but we have not met with that distinguished consideration which our kind non-intervention on the Danish question ought to have insured us.

It may be of service to my countrymen to know that in Paris a *billet circulaire* may be obtained at a certain price between 120 and 140 francs, which entitles the holder to a definite tour. The advantages of this system are obvious, or shall be made so. The price is undoubtedly not much more than half the ordinary tariff. The

possession of a ticket for every place you wish to go to precludes the necessity of a violent struggle at every station with the police, Messieurs les voyageurs, the divers moneys, and the native tongues. You have nothing to do but to see to your baggage and take your seat. The only drawback to its pleasures is this—that, *nolens volens*, the journey must be done. You need not stop if you feel oppressed with the ennui of numberless churches, pictures, or palaces. You may go on, but you must go the round. If your ticket tells you that the road from Zurich to Baden-Baden is by the Via Mala, Coire, Constance, and Schaffhausen, you are bound to believe it, or at least to act as though you believed it. Of course, by paying your fare from one place to another you can cancel your ticket so far; but the idea of paying a sovereign or two more for going two hundred miles less is so purely Hibernian that you begin at last to speculate as to how soon you might ruin yourself by not travelling at all. In sober sadness, for a sum of six pounds you may travel for one month from Paris, stopping at every place worth seeing either in the Bernese Oberland or in North-Eastern Switzerland, embracing Baden-Baden in your way. It was this fancy for Baden-Baden and its characteristic Race Meeting that took me round into that direction after having first performed the modern English curriculum of autumnal life. It may be of use to future tourists to call attention to a few circumstances connected with modern travel; with those most concerned with them, the extortioners themselves, all hope of amendment is absurd.

There are plenty of good hotels and plenty of bad ones in existence all over the world. England has its own account to settle on this score; and since so many have fallen into the clutches of gentlemen, to the exclusion of private competition, they have become simply unbearable. Switzerland and other parts of the Continent differ in accommodation as widely as our own. One question I am inclined to ask. Is it absolutely necessary that the trusting traveller should be poisoned by bad wine? We all know the taste of the fine old fruity port and fiery sherry at seven, eight, and nine shillings a bottle (of course I speak of the very best and most fiery vintages, which are afterwards senilized by an application to the pump). Every man has drunk the celebrated '41, evidently made in '62 and bottled in '64, which takes the names of Margaux, Lafitte, or Mouton, according to the taste of the customer at the time. The Sillery Sec, which is a compound of pear-juice and citric acid, or early gooseberries and sugar of lead, has had so strong a run upon it that a positive bottle of Tod-Heatley was obliged to be served up to me at last. This is all excusable in England. We are not a wine-growing people: we are a vile, exorbitant, shopkeeping pack of islanders. On the banks of the Rhine good hock of the vintage of the neighbourhood is to be obtained at twice its marketable value; and we drink it, well content to be robbed if we get what we pay for. Go away from the Rhine, leave the banks of the blue Moselle, disport yourself in the glacier-covered regions of Savoy, or on the

slopes of the valleys of Eastern Switzerland, and see what you get. Moderate samples, if at all, at ten, twelve, and fourteen francs a bottle; claret that is ignorant of Bordeaux; champagne that knows not France; and this, too, in a country where nothing but wine can be obtained: so that the reduction is to a choice between a bad and a good vintage, and the latter at an exorbitant price.

Who pities the man that can have good wholesome Bass or Allsopp? Not I, by Jove! I never drink it, and ask the sympathy of those that do. But in a land where wine flows as milk and honey in Canaan it is a pitiful advantage to deny a poor man anything palatable under the price of nectar. The proper way to proceed is this: inquire for the wine of the country, and drink it; it may be bad or it may be good; it is almost certain to be wholesome. But should you be poisoned, it will be some satisfaction to have gone out of the world, leaving your heir richer and your murderer poorer by a considerable number of francs.

Beware of luggage. That seems equivalent to a restriction upon the company of one's wife. The fact is that many a man is seduced by the apparent moderation of railroad charges, and, without knowing his danger, plunges out of the shoals of Margate and the Welsh coast into the deep waters of continental travelling. It looks so remarkably well upon paper. Nobody knows where one may go for a five-pound note; and as to a tenner, it stretches further than any tenner was ever known to stretch before. The elasticity of bank-notes is not remarkable. Of course a man must shave (no, not shave; but he wants his dressing-case), and carry a dress-coat, in case of Paris or Vienna, a court ball, or a dress dinner at the Tuileries. An uniform is useful among the idiocy of the small sovereigns, who, I notice, have all prominent eyes, a vacant air, and a stupid grandeur of manner which amounts almost to impertinence. Under these circumstances, and with some confused notion of what 56 lbs. may mean, or how many thousand kilogrammes go to a portmanteau, the unhappy Englishman, like the unprotected female, is mulct at every capital in Europe. The whole, perhaps, does not amount to as much as an ordinary fare in England, but the little raw which is established and kept open during a season of recreation or repose is too much for the good temper and mild docility of the untravelled Briton. When a man starts with the notion that he is to be let down easily, and finds the descent to terminate in a row of tenpenny nails, it is a little ruffling to the temper. Prepare a man for a fixed bayonet, and I know no one more capable of going gallantly through with his work than the aforesaid Briton.

In speaking, too, of luggage, I might remark upon the rough treatment which boxes, bags, portmanteaus, and hat-cases meet with. Never having bought any Worcester china at Dresden or elsewhere, I cannot say what happens to that. I can only say that foreign material must be of a very elastic temper to stand the rough usage of the conducteurs. A French hat, in English eyes, is not a costly

article, and seems rather made to be sat upon ; but when a new Lincoln and Bennett, or Lock, intended for the especial behoof of the company during the Baden Race Meeting, flies out of the van, and falls on its head (the head of the hat-box, not of the proprietor) from a height of ten or twelve feet, bounding and rebounding hither and thither, particularly if it be filled with a reserve of Hudson's regalias, we can scarcely wonder at a gentle remonstrance, unheeded though it be. A portmanteau, that has been doing good service at all the race-courses in England for some seasons, is not proof against a fall from the top of a guard's van on to wet asphalté ; and it is not everybody that indulges in a patent Chubb. Out they all come : shirts, neckcloths, handkerchiefs, coats, boots, and brushes, to the disgust of the owner, the delight of the police, and the admiration of a populace but little addicted to change of garment or use of soap and brushes. A box splits, and deposits its contents in the mud : these are usually exportations from Madame Elise or Madame Maradan Carson. A portmanteau is more liable to accidents of lock and key. A carpet-bag is safer than anything, but is not clever for the conveyance of collars and dress-clothes. Altogether there are discomforts connected with luggage, and their idea of taking care of it is different from mine ; but of two things in a foreign railroad you may be well assured : you will get it at the end of your journey in one shape or another, and you will not be murdered, like poor Mr. Briggs, without some means of procuring assistance, or without at least a witness to the atrocity.

The glaciers become less tolerable to the tourist every year. As Mont Blanc slowly gives up its dead, it becomes less *recherché* than ever. Chamouni is redolent still of Albert Smith ; and pleasant as are our reminiscences of it, we would rather dwell in them than encounter its guides, its impostors, and its alpine-stocked heroines. Lucern is, with all its loveliness, simply atrocious. There is a mixture of vulgarity and pretension, of dirt and grand tenue in its visitors, of slovenliness and tawdry finery in it, which is difficult of digestion : crowds of half-bred people playing at lords and ladies. The hotels, however, are not very bad, the people civil, and the views enchanting. If any man wants to be really quiet and comfortable for a week or ten days, let him seek Zurich. Let him go to the Hôtel Baur am Lac : he will find a comfortable house, fine rooms, a good garden, the English papers in the hotel reading-room, and the best *table d'hôte* on the Continent. The dinner was excellent to which I sat down, with only one other person, at 7'30, on the two days I was there ; and the bottle of wine which I drank (the wine of the country) at four francs far exceeded the claret of my neighbour, who had paid double the money for it.

The complaints which I see in the daily journals of the extortion, the dirt, the dishonesty of the housekeepers, and the crowding and miscellaneous vulgarity of the English sea-bathing establishments in England and Wales, make me more than satisfied, however, with

my selection ; and when I found myself at Baden-Baden, on my road back again, every doubt on the subject vanished.

Baden !—Land of—I was going to say promise, I mean—fulfilment ! Paris gone out of town, à la campagne ! with its ease, elegance, cuisine, toilettes, chapeaux, jeunesse dorée, and demi-monde ! with its noise and repose, its business and its play ! its theatre, opera, concerts, balls, and petit soupers ; its fruits, flowers, royalty, significance and insignificance, political, literary, moral and immoral, and all the etceteras of a great and glorious capital, without its dust, poverty, misery, and stilted proprieties ! What becomes of the sick, the poor, the lame, the halt, and the dyspeptic ? No one ever sees them. I hear of some persons drinking the water ; but for every one, there must be one hundred who drink the wine. Certainly it is pleasure's capital, and Venus must have deserted her Cythera for a modern Paphos in the Black Forest. Here are all the aides-de-camp to pleasure and extravagance ; and when we hear that it lasts only four months of the year, we are inclined to say, ' What ? —so long ?'

I arrived there, strange to say, on the eve of its great climax, the races. Coming from the comparative solitudes and chastened beauties of the Swiss lakes, was it a small revolution, an Englishman stabbed by a policeman, a great fire, or a broken bank that caused an apparently universal panic ? On all sides were distracted-looking couriers, and tearful ladies'-maids. Imperials, portmanteaus, bonnet-boxes, and vituperative landlords and waiters filled every avenue of every hotel ; and an equal number were seeking refuge in villages and towns around, or in a sudden flight by rail to more hospitable climes. In fact, Baden looked, as I have seen it look before, as if it were besieged by hungry and thirsty wayfarers, who had no more chance of effecting a lodgment than I of recapturing Schleswig-Holstein. So away they go, while on the door-step the landlord curses his fate, which does not allow him to add even one more victim to the already overpacked state of his house.

Baden must be attractive. On alighting, I see the same faces as in bygone years. The ruling passion has been too strong for these people, and they have returned to treat resolution once more. You might fancy that you never had stirred since September, 1863. The same little crowd of amiable Frenchmen are making the same noise in the same seats as last year ; they appear to be indulging in the same excesses of meat and drink. The gay portico and well-lighted salon of the Stephanien Bad is re-echoing to the discordant tongues so painfully familiar to a quiet middle-aged Englishman, whose whole requirements consist of plenty of water, dry champagne, and a hot plate, the two latter luxuries being almost unknown. The Cour de Bade puts forward the same family man, with his matronly wife and unruly children. The Hollande rejoices in its majority of our own countrymen, who prefer the respectability of its comparative retirement. The Hôtels de France and Russie abandon themselves for

the most part to the substantial supporters of 'le sport,' the more influential members of the Jockey Clubs, and the nobility of England, France, and Germany. It would take an age and book to tell the peculiarities of each separate establishment, which, after all, may be a matter of accident, and probably depends most upon the cellar and the *chef*.

Well! the cause of all this excitement was the beginning of the race week. We might assume that almost everybody is by this time conversant with continental racing. Most men have run over to Paris, or to Vincennes, or to Fontainebleau. Joey Jones, an extraordinary institution out of Bedlam, has already saluted the Emperor of the French; and the Stentor-like offers of Messrs. Jackson and Company to bet against anything, to any amount, have been heard rather than comprehended by the patrons of the French Turf, professional and amateur. Still the pleasures of the Baden Meeting have so much to do with everything but racing, that a certain amount of interest must attach to it amongst those who know no more of the Turf than of the fate of those who lie under it.

The Races are a very pretty compliment to the lovers of sport; and as the Anglomania for horseflesh has really taken deep hold of our continental neighbours, there could be no prettier excuse than horse-racing for bringing together as many celebrities as possible. The management of the whole affair is so creditable to the talents and enterprize of M. Benazet, and to the energy of his secretary, M. Weih, that it robs of its absurdity the notion of all the world being found at a continental meeting. The arrangements by which the Grand Stand, or Tribune, becomes an *al-fresco conversazione*, its flowery trellis-work, its closely-shaven, well-kept lawn, its freedom from noisy bookmakers, and its conveniences for seeing as well as being seen, make it the most agreeable reunion of the kind that has yet come under my cognizance. Nor is it bereft of its interest for racing men. One of the most important races that has been run this season was reserved for the third day of the Meeting, when Vermouth, Dollar, and Fille de l'Air met; and although the shouts of approbation did not equal an English ovation to Lord Westmorland or Lord Glasgow on some occasions of success, they were sufficiently marked to demonstrate a close interest in what may, for distinction's sake, be called the business of the day.

But one of the great characteristics of a Black Forest meeting consists in its unrestricted exhibition of striking costume. We are accustomed to criticise this extravagance of colour and shape opposite the Kursaal, or on the lawn of the Iffezheim Stand, by no known rules. It would be as reasonable to apply the Walter Scott theories on novel writing, or Mr. Nassau Senior's rational tests of criticism to Miss Braddon's sensational pages, or the unities of the Greek drama to a 'screaming' farce by Maddison Morton, as to attempt to reason upon a pork-pie hat or a Chinese robe, the feathers and flowers, streamers, birds of paradise, point lace, gems, and gauze of the Baden-Baden pattern. It's all very well to exclaim, 'Did you

ever ?' when you meet with a scarlet lady or a purple gentleman in the Bois de Boulogne, or in Bond Street, at 5 P.M. on a July afternoon, but no *habitué* of this delightful spa would waste his or her breath upon a monster so little remarkable. Everybody is there acceptable to his neighbour. It's the most laughter-loving and the most charitable place in the world : whether a man appear in the most slovenly undress, or indulge in the coronation robes of the Turkish sultan, he will be regarded with equal attention by the company, and meet with the same amount of distinguished consideration from the croupier. And all this gaiety of colour and *légèreté* of costume is carried with increased *rigueur* to the lawn, where it assimilates with the flowers, and the sunshine, the Austrian white, the blue and silver Baden uniforms, the fresh green grass, and the general Boccaccio-like *coup d'œil*. Censorious moralists might condemn these distinguishing features of gay life if met with in sombre streets or gloomy salons, devoted to politics and patriotism, to temperance and justice ; but who can fail to recognise in them, at Iffezheim, the very substance of the show ; the bright lights of the picture ; the congenial accompaniments of royalty, love, pleasure, abandon, brass bands, and the colours of the riders ? Surely it is a more delicate compliment to *le sport* than we rigid English are accustomed to pay to our royalty, beauty, fashion, and wealth, at Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster ; where the vice is so gross, the misery so palpable, the fun so grotesque, and the vulgarity and buffoonery so monstrous and disgusting, as to render it questionable whether a lady can move from her seat or box, without almost personal offence ; the only hope being that the ribaldry is beyond her comprehension. Therefore, I say, flourish Baden in all your colours, feathers, flowers, and toilettes ; let the sun shine on the slopes of the Black Forest, and on the finery of the Baden cavalry ; ride, France and Germany ; flirt, belles of the Palais Royale and the Variétés ; blow up, musicians ; eat, drink, and be merry, royal dukes, gilded youth, hoary statesmen, intriguing diplomatists, sportsmen, litterateurs, rogues, *roués*, and revolutionists ; for there is but one remedy for the ills of life, one spa of healing waters for all ailments, and its name is Baden.

We have heard it said that Baden-Baden was not *quite* so full as usual this season. If people in Germany were in the habit of sleeping upon the house-top, we could understand this assertion. Otherwise, being full to the very garrets, we are unable to do so. Of kings and princes it had its share. They are not usually remarkable ; and our Prince and Princess of Wales would have been a real godsend to the curious ; for there are men who would run miles to black the boots of a rapacious cormorant, whom honest and liberal men regard with the profoundest contempt. There was the usual complement of dukes, comtes, vicomtes, barons, and chevaliers (d'Industrie and otherwise). Russia, Austria, France, Prussia, Spain, even Poland, had sent forth their nobility ; but not Denmark, saddened and humiliated ; at least I hope not. The stern and

honest courage of the North is not yet so empty, so stript of all, as to sing before her robbers. She keeps her sober festivals at home. Nor were there so many English as last year. With the exception of those who have adopted Paris, or whom Paris has adopted, there were none of note, excepting Lord Poulett, who bought Gentilhomme, and rode him, but failed to win with him by a short neck. Celebrities, of course, there were of other nations. The King and Queen of Prussia, Prince Charles, the Prince and Princess of Hesse, M. de Morny, the Duke of Hamilton, son of that duchess whom I remember as the Princess Marie of Baden, a brother of the Emperor of Austria, the Duke of Nassau, Mr. Mackenzie Gieves, Messrs. Daru, Rosenberg, Westphalen, and others, were to be seen, and above all, to give an air of business to the scene, M. von Bismark condescended to indulge in the pleasantries of 'le sport,' and to dispose of his time in sober trifling with his royal master.

He was by far the most remarkable person on the course in appearance, and attracted considerable attention. An enthusiastic Englishman conceived the very natural idea that the King of Prussia, M. de Morny, and M. von Bismark were forming the nucleus of a ring in front of the Stand, and was nearly guilty of a solecism, by intruding the odds upon a conversation not intended for bookmakers. M. von Bismark is a tall, very tall, high and broad shouldered, and rather ungainly, but imposing-looking person, apparently between forty and fifty years, German from head to foot (not usually complimentary to the latter member), closely shaven, with the exception of the upper lip, which is covered by a heavy drooping moustache, much affected by cavalry officers of all countries. His face is one of stolid determination, indicative of considerable power of a certain kind, short of acuteness, but not without a *nescio quid* which might indicate talent of a rude and savage nature; one which might engage in the suppression of a revolution or of an opera dancer, but having undertaken either, would certainly go through with it. In the middle of the Baden revelries he looked pre-eminently out of place; we rather recommend him a promontory to himself in the island of Funen, whence he may contemplate as much as remains of his handiwork, and the results of his policy.

There cannot be much novelty in a place devoted season after season to the pursuit of the same pleasures. Beyond a new style of bonnet, a few yards more or less of crinoline, an extra skirt or two, red-heeled boots, and a scandal or two, of course '64 is not unlike '63; and will resemble to a certain extent '65 and '66. After '67 no one knows into what obscurity it may sink, or whether, the world having become virtuous, some less exciting but more intellectual occupations than *rouge et noir* and 'the courses' at Iffezheim, may be found to enliven society in a German spa. Who can tell whether a renewal of the lease shall preserve the tables under their present excellent management; or whether some other favoured spot shall claim the same advantages of talent and energy in the cause of the rheumatic and dyspeptic? The cures at Baden seem to me as

rapid as they are temporary; but the remedy is evidently to the taste of the patients, who return with as much regularity as the hare to her form, or the comet on his course.

Gambling is the ostensible occupation of the place. I have been so fortunate hitherto as to have escaped those awful scenes which are said to take place, when a run upon the colour ruins some persevering victim of a system, some martingale-maniac, who, in losing his *Naps*, has necessarily robbed himself of repose. Indeed, what excitement it produces is of rather an agreeable sensation; varying but little from year to year; and extending its operations over so lengthy a period as to resemble the slow poison of the teapot, which would take effect if exhausted nature did not die out before the time. I saw the same olive complexions, hooked noses, dark beards, wrinkled foreheads, with the nervous twitching of the fingers, incidental to those who are constantly fingering Napoleons, and never able to hold them. There is the same red-faced old woman with her fine old original five-franc piece, over which she fights with a tenacity worthy of a rouleau, and which has secured to her a seat in the front row for years. Over the heads of these may be seen others, waiting patiently for the seat which brings them fortune. Boyish dukes, and comtes, and barons, are flirting, as usual, with a few Napoleons, which sound positively ruinous when reduced to francs; and the great, round-faced banker (how I should like to trust him with my account!) keeps the whole hotel wide awake all night, when he has, as on previous occasions, broken the bank. There is the same *insouciant* face of my countryman, who cares so little whether he wins or loses, that I wonder at his intolerable waste of time, without regard to the money; and his friend, with the cleanly shaven youthful face, and hard under jaw, who began by a limit of five Napoleons, but has found it necessary to advance it to fifty, with not much better success. There are a few younger and fairer faces still, who recklessly defy the timidly-offered advice of Monsieur to be more prudent with *his* money, and who are quite alive to the demands of professional etiquette. It's the same thing year after year, and will be so to the end of time, whether a man wears ruffles, a court dress, a sword, and a bag-wig, or whether he present himself in the conventional swallow-tail and bag-breeches. Occasionally a facetious Englishman suffers from the vagaries of foreign fingers, which mistake his rouleaux for their own, and cannot be convinced by his mediæval French of their mistake until too late. Sometimes he retaliates upon the croupier by a gentle tap over the head, and for which he receives his recompense the next morning. The bank was closed this season at an unseasonable hour from the playful intrusion of the police, who did a world of mischief in no time. They escorted the wrong man to prison, then let him out again; then returned, assaulted a lady bearing an English name; were bonneted, and fixed bayonets. Public opinion was, however, too strong for them. They led a miserable existence for the next three hours, closely packed in an anteroom, open to the sarcasms

of the refractory ; and retired at two o'clock in the morning, when all was quiet, crestfallen and abashed as they should be.

I should like to suggest one thing. If men are to play, let them sit down comfortably to lose their money. To be ruined in an upright position, with one's feet baking, and one's hips out of joint, pitching rouleaux at haphazard on to the table, to be paid or taken up, as the case may be, is only adding insult to injury. Our friends with the florins always get the best places ; and the old woman with the five franc piece keeps her seat with the sturdiness of a Belgravian porter. I think no one in the front rank should ever play anything but gold ; whilst the standers should be allowed their revenge by permission to select their own stakes.

There is a newer and a younger flower-girl in the market this year. As a Conservative, I give my vote in favour of Isabelle. The whole institution is so thoroughly French, that no other people can have a word to say on the matter. Isabelle is the recognized purveyor of *géants de bataille* to the French Jockey Club. She enjoys an immunity of language and of railroad travelling accorded to nobody else in that profession, and an interference with her prerogative is an usurpation. I will do the young Frenchmen the justice to say that they support their Flora consistently.

Molière, Rossini, Marie Battu, della Sedié ; concerts, balls, and réunions as before. Music, lighting, ices, illuminations, and fireworks, as heretofore ; the manifestations of liberality, energy, and good taste on the part of M. Benazet ; and if a man wants a fortnight's lounge, occasional shooting, or fishing, and some good eating and drinking, after the labours of Mont Blanc and the disappointments of the Righi, he cannot do better than seek them in Baden-Baden.

I was looking over the 'Times' of this morning, the 24th instant, and was reminded of a somewhat delicate subject by the following heading of a paragraph, '*Banishment of Venus.*' This appeared to have so manifest an allusion to the late tactics at Baden, that I looked for some further information upon this curious subject. I found, however, that it was at the instance of King Louis the elder, of Bavaria, that the excitement at Munich prevailed ; and that it was the lovers of art who were crying out at the spoliation of their Glyptothek ; and not the modern Athenians who were shouting for the restoration of their Aspasias. Some apology is due for the introduction of the subject ; but it has been made so much of, and is likely to affect to such an extent the fortunes of this gay little capital, that it is difficult to pass it over without some explanation of facts.

An order has been issued by the government that the '*demi monde*' shall be put to death at Baden ; for exile from the public rooms at such a place is social annihilation. There are some things singularly right, but not altogether expedient. No man argues this question on the ordinary grounds of right or wrong, because there can be but one tenable position. But the *demi-monde*, under certain

conditions, is a phase of social life with which prudent men and virtuous women have nothing to do. Women of character ought to know nothing about it. Nor would they know half as much as they do, if brothers and cousins were a little more discreet and respectable in their own conduct. It was highly inexpedient to proclaim Baden-Baden such a sink of profligacy and demoralization, as to require an exceptional edict in its favour; and a very disreputable scandal would be produced all over Europe, if the public places of amusement were closed to all those who could not produce their marriage certificates. *Quieta non movere* is a sensible proverb, and may be acted upon socially as well as politically. A public scandal is a great mistake. If Baden-Baden is proclaimed by its own government to be such a sink of iniquity that a special statute is to be enacted against it, it can be no fit place for any person of respectability, and must be handed over to the vicious and licentious of every degree, to the exclusion of good morals and good company. I for one do not believe that to be the case. My acquaintance with Baden-Baden is of long standing. It has its faults, its follies, its vices, as other resorts of pleasure will have; but its open profession of profligacy is no greater than that of Paris or Vienna; nor its degradation in this respect to be compared with London. The chaste Diana must take the air, and if she meet with Venus, in her Cyprian robes, attended by her faithful Vulcan, the air is not tainted, and the world is wide enough for both. There can be no doubt that it would be well for the world if all vice and self-indulgence could be made to cease by proclamation; if virtue should reign triumphant, and immorality hide her diminished head. But this Utopian notion of governmental obligation is never entertained. It is therefore foolish and unbecoming to drag into increased notoriety, without an intention towards permanent good, a deformity which was understood, but which had better have been disregarded. If handsome toilettes make vice offensive, let government order it into rags; for it is palpably untrue that, excepting by its luxuries and bravery of bedizenment, the evil in question was actively offensive to any one.

I have not entered into the details of the Meeting, as those who are interested in racing will have looked for them elsewhere; but it is only fair to the winner of the Steeplechase, Comte Wesphalen, and to the rider of Longrange, the Baron von Rosenberg—who was a pretty good second to them—to say that their riding was far above the average; that all persons were pleased that two men so popular, and so unimpeachable as fair and honourable sportsmen, should have finished where they did; and that if I felt inclined to compliment Prussia or Austria, or congratulate them upon anything (which I do not), it would be upon the possession of such material for cavalry officers as we saw in the Steeplechase at Baden. Men who are always to the fore, have something besides their mere courage to boast of; and it must be remembered that both these men have honourably distinguished themselves on former occasions.

PARIS AUTUMN MEETING.

BY ZERO.

Paris, September 27th, 1864.

WE are all of us old enough to know that we are none of us old enough to confess that we remember anything that happened more than twenty years ago. Society has decreed a 'statute of limitations' to memory, and any one exceeding twenty years becomes a fogey—an old party who remembers things disagreeably distant. Without violating this statute, I simply ask your readers to put back the clock a few years and recall what was the state of sporting in France. I have a vision of a gambling Duke of Orleans, with a pig-tail and the tops of his boots pulled up to the bend of his knee: if he ever rode many miles in them, I pity his skin—galloping a very short-tailed horse against another very short-tailed horse, which went a little slower—by etiquette—and allowed his royal highness to come in first—and win. And this within the recollection of our grandfathers, who I dare say had their good things in their time, and of them in Paris backed the Duke for a trifle.

But this is much too distant. I want merely to look back a few years. Do not you remember, oh most gentle reader, when the notice that there were races in France excited a sneer; if it was a talk of hunting, a smile? And here I must pause a moment, and while endeavouring to celebrate the progress of sport in France, must make an exception as regards foxhunting—foxhunting!

Years have elapsed since I rode to a pack of hounds; yet the music of the pack is still in my ear—the passion deep in my heart. I glow at the sight of an old scarlet, and tremble at a top-boot!

They have improved in sport in France; but foxhunting—no! They still go out with tight coats, horns like the old public-house sign, and tie their hounds in bunches at the cover-side.

But I apologize and return to the Turf, where French improvement is extraordinary—so extraordinary, indeed, that in a very few years I am prepared to see 'English horses allowed 7 lbs.' inscribed in the conditions of French races.

Our Autumn Meetings have just begun. The first was Chantilly, which would have been well attended as well as interesting, if it had not rained 'cats, dogs, and pitchforks' (I regret not knowing the French idiom, and 'chats, chiens et fourchettes à relever' would be absurd), and spoiled the whole proceeding. Racing has not yet got such a hold in France that the gentlemen sportsmen can stand a ducking; and, then, too, you know that we are nothing if we are without the ladies; and damp crinoline is not only unhealthy but unbecoming.

Well! It is an old story, now, that Chantilly Meeting. Prophets have prophesied about it, both before and after; and for justice and judgment I would have the latter for choice. Writers have written

about it, and I dare say some people have read their letters. Still, I say that Vermouth did not win that Prix de Chantilly in the 'walk' that his fond (and successful) backers talked about; and, indeed, I fear that if the Duc de Morny's Gideon had not come to grief—he was said to have broken down, but did not, and possibly only hit himself badly—he would have had his work cut out.

I am contradicted! Very well. Your subscriber, who is very contradictory, is right, *de jure et de facto*; yet one of the owners of Vermouth told me to-day that the very severe race he ran at Chantilly was the cause of a little misfortune to which I shall have presently to refer.

It was a very fine day on Saturday. Paris ordered its carriages; it rained, and not only rained, but, as sometimes occurs when it rains (at least the proverb says so), it also poured all evening and night, and Paris began to wish it had waited till the morning, before giving the inevitable *mot d'ordre*, which involved, if not going in, at least paying for, a carriage and two horses.

'My love,' observed Mrs. X. to her daughter, 'the Y's said they could not get a carriage for to-morrow. Perhaps they would take 'ours. I think we shall have rain.' Perfidious female! I hope she underlet her vehicle, for we had a lovely day. Paris turns out quietly for its Autumn Meeting. Instead of 'bottoms,' sausages, and hocks, we have a little breakfast (not bad) at the Café Foy, and go down to the course in a *voiture de remise*.

'Signs of the times' are scarce; a few white hats, an occasional racing-glass, some very smart 'parties' in very smart coupés, and all is told. 'Deuced dull story!' exclaims impetuous subscriber; 'could have done it better myself.' 'Wait for the end ever,' said a great philosopher. I repeat the words of my learned friend.

'Mária, love; if we are going, we had better start,' said Materfamilias; and the crowd at the 'grand hotel' thought she was going to church.

I saw that Materfamilias and Maria her daughter on the course; they had got there first, and were indeed renowned, as having taken up a position in the way of the Judge.

When we came to look at the first day of the Autumn Meetings of Paris, I confess that I had a feeling of disappointment. Out of five races, one alone caused the slightest interest. Count Lagrange won the Prix Principal of 4,000 francs with Beatrix, who forced the pace throughout, was challenged by Guillaume le Taciturne, but was never caught, and won in a trot. Then we had a Prix de la Prairie, worth 2,000 francs, for which Count Lagrange's Antinous made running as strong as his condition would allow, but he died off when Mademoiselle Duchesnois took up the running, and was in her turn cut down and defeated very nicely by M. Aumont's Dame Blanche, by Fitzgladiator out of Oddity, as nice a mare as 'ever galloped in 'plates.' I quote the expression of a racing man fresh from England, who d—d the French with much apparent sincerity, and yet admitted 'that the beggars could run a bit!' The Prix de

Madrid was worth 3,000 francs, and M. de Waru tried very hard to win it with Salambo; but the son of Cossack stopped, and M. Lupin's Bartavelle won as he liked. I am inclined to think that when common sense as regards racing was being given out, M. Lupin was not behind the door.

Then the Emperor and his son arrived. 'Train up a child,' says the proverb (and, alas! betting men would take a shade of odds that he departed from it); and so the cleverest man in Europe and the best judge out of pace, as regards progress and civilization, brings his son to see the stake for which the young Prince stands godfather!

It was a pretty sight to see the arrival; nice carriages—splendid horses—the best turned out servants in Europe. A reception rather friendly than popular the Emperor of the Turf received by his loyal subjects of the realms of sport. They entered the 'Tribune,' saw a race—the Prince, a bright-eyed boy in a straw hat, slid down the banisters. You may drive out nature with a pitchfork, but it will run home. Every boy, even an Imperial Prince, will slide down a banister if he gets the chance. Then they went down to the paddock, and saw Fille de l'Air and Vermouth. Both looked well; the mare, as I thought, splendid! They bet 7 to 4 on the horse. Why? Echo answered, 'I'll take 2 to 1,' but there were no layers. I mistrust men of the Paris ring; they bet loudly, and stop when collared. It struck me that no native talent was good for above ten napoleons. 'Reduced to a match,' says the Duc de Blanc, 'I'll back the horse;' and away goes Duke, and wagers 50 francs to 20 francs; and presently losing it, tears his wig in private. The two Flyers of France had to fight it out at even weights, over, say, one mile and three-quarters—the course in perfect order.

So fine a mare as Fille de l'Air one seldom sees, but then she is troubled with 'fits.' 'Fits,' asked a man yesterday, 'what fits?' 'she's as sound as a bell.' 'Yes,' was the reply of a trainer, 'they are fits of fitness she suffers from amost.'

Vermouth, looking very well, and, as usual, as kind as a child, makes the running. The mare waited. When the horse was tired, the Fille came and won by two lengths, three lengths—ten, twenty lengths. When I went back to the paddock some persons looked astonished. I need hardly tell you that they were the backers of the horse, whose defeat is attributed to his severe race at Chantilly. My own opinion is that Fille de l'Air—being of course the right mare on the right day—can always gallop over Vermouth; which animal, were I a light-weight peer with shattered nerves and an unincumbered income, I should buy for a large sum in order to ride over my county hounds. Then Count Lagrange won another 2,000 francs, and had, I hope, a satisfactory day.

Next Sunday we shall have out our two-year olds, and in the next 'Baily,' perhaps, we may celebrate the *entrée en scène* of some great colt or filly, who will be heard of again in England. But I suppose, having won all the races, and settled future affairs after my own way, I had better shut up. It is the duty of women to be pretty, and of

men to be amusing. I fear I have neglected my duty, but I meant well. When the thing described is dull, the describer is dull. But just wait till we have the good Meetings!

The fastest thing I saw was the race home! If everybody had ordered hot boiled mutton at 6, they could not have been more in a hurry. It is always so here. The French dawdle over their business in a wonderful way, but transact their pleasures with the utmost punctuality and despatch.

Among the 'Gentlemen Sportsmen' present here last Sunday were the Duc de Morny, Count Lagrange, MM. Delamarre, St. Romain, &c., &c.; Lord Edward Thynne, M. Hubert de Burgh, Col. Dudley Carlton, Mr. Barclay, Captain Hunt, and a long list of '*minora sidera*.'

ST. FIACRE IN THE FOREST.

LAST week, after a capital day with Keryfan's hounds, on which we hunted and killed a brace of wolf-cubs at least three parts grown, I was tempted to do what I have rarely done in my life before, namely, dine out after the day's sport. Keryfan, however, who is the best of all good company, would take no denial, and absolutely seized my bridle-rein as I turned my horse's head in the direction of his own stable. 'Come, Frank,' he said, pleasantly, 'you are now in the hands of a brigand, and go you must my way on this occasion: say the word, and your portmanteau shall reach the château before you do, and to-morrow we'll run up to Paris and take a look at the Duc de Morny's stud, at Viroflay.' The *argumentum ad frænum* left me no choice; so making a virtue of necessity, I accepted his invitation with the best grace in my power, and resigned myself into his hands.

The next day, an hour before

The feathered songster Chanticleer
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager,
The coming of the morn,'

we were off for St. Brieuç; and never shall I forget the queer team that conveyed us to the station. The wheelers were both four-year olds—bought at the last Howden Fair; and a more vicious, plunging brute than the off-side one it was never my fate to witness: he snapped the traces in twain like packthread; got across the pole and looked in his gear as cramped up and miserable as Buckland's porpoise in a duck-pond. Then the near leader had an awkward knack of rearing bolt upright at every fresh start; and many a time would have come backwards upon us, if Keryfan had not dropped his bridle-hand and hit him with the other in double quick time. However, we landed on our legs all right, and reached Paris by six o'clock that evening.

We had scarcely been seated ten minutes at dinner, with a dish of

bouillabaisse steaming in front of us, when Karyfan turned to the waiter, and inquired for a friend of his, well known at the hotel.

‘The gentleman left us this very morning, sir, for St. Germain,’ said François; ‘the Fête des Loges begins to-morrow, and all Paris will be there of course.’

‘Shall we go?’ said Keryfan; ‘it’s worth seeing, that fête in the forest; and the *baras* will keep for another day.’

‘With all my heart,’ I replied, forgetting for the moment that the next day was Sunday; for, although no one will suspect me of asceticism, I trust I feel a becoming reverence for the sabbath-day; and the first lesson I mean to teach my children, when I have them, will be to note the national penalties paid by the French from time to time, for, I believe, their heinous disregard and desecration of God’s day of rest. Nevertheless, in spite of my qualms, I went to the fête; and now you shall hear what I saw there.

The country gentlemen, however, who in former days depended on such antiquated authorities as Burn, Blackstone, and Hume, but now consult ‘Baily’ alone on all matters connected with forest laws and his special department of history, will expect a few explanatory words on the Fête des Loges: and that they may not be disappointed, here goes.

In the very heart of the Forest of St. Germain, which at the present time covers an area of at least 10,000 acres, stands the Maison Royale des Loges, now a charitable institution in which the daughters of officers of the Legion of Honour are received and liberally educated. Its original foundation, however, in 1021, is due to Robert, the son of Robert the Pious, who first built a hunting-box and then an Oratoire, which last he dedicated to St. Fiacre, an Irish hermit, in whose honour the Fête des Loges is still supposed to be held. Then Francis I. built a hornery (la Muette) and a set of kennels in the neighbourhood, and brought his brilliant court, consisting chiefly of ladies distinguished for their wit and beauty, to join him in the chase. After him came his son Henry II., who, with Diana of Poitiers at his side, passed the happiest days of his life in this forest. Still may be seen, towering above the landscape, the giant oak planted by her witching hand; and under its wide-spreading branches, on the occasion of the Fête des Loges, may still be seen the softest brunettes that eye ever looked upon, and as fair wild flowers as the hand of man could wish to cull.

Even the Grand Monarque, with his flowing locks, and Madame de Maintenon at his back, looked forward to the ‘outing’ at the Fête des Loges as the Derby day of the year, and forgot, for the time, the stately and punctilious etiquette to which he was so great a slave.

But my story affects the present rather than the past—rustling silk, and not the silent shroud.

Just imagine Greenwich or Bartlemy Fair, with all its broad humours, transferred bodily into the centre of Savernake Forest: to this add a slice from the hill on a Derby day, and a corner from

Cremorne on the dewy eve of a summer's night, and the reader will have some notion of this ancient fête champêtre as it is celebrated at the present time.

About twenty thousand people in holiday attire, all bent upon pleasure, but certainly not all possessing frugal minds, were assembled together under the greenwood tree on this festive occasion. The Faubourgs of St. Honoré contributed their votaries not less than those of St. Denis; and when night drew near, as may be supposed, many a poor 'Lambert' was lost in the mazes of that labyrinthian land.

In the very centre of a town of booths stood Diane's Oak, welcoming with outstretched arms the gay assemblage that clustered in its shade, and on every side divergent streets, each docketed with a significant name, and swarming with novelties, presented so many attractions that I found it impossible to keep my money quiet in my pocket. Gambling-booths of every description—restaurateurs' tents, with kitchens *en plein vent*—balls, theatres, baladins—and Russian railways, in the carriages of which the adventurous riders travelled with lightning speed from the top of one tree to that of another, contrasted strangely with the dark, sombre forest in which these orgies were held.

But, original and curious as the scene is by day, it is incomparably more so by night; ten thousand lamps of varied hue twinkle like stars from the surrounding trees; music and dancing, camp-fires, revellings and pic-nics, organized without the aid of chaperones, and preferring the quiet of the forest to the noise and glare of the public tents, combine to render this fête the most picturesque as it is the most popular in France.

Standing a short distance off from a party of dancers, amongst whom 'the mirth and fun grew fast and furious,' Tam O'Shanter's 'unco sight' came to my recollection:—

l. .. 'Where, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.'

But, as there was no 'cutty sark' amongst them, I did not, like that hero, lose my reason, and rashly disturb the festive scene.

Oh! if, like the whispering reeds in the fable, the trees of that forest could only find their tongues, there is scarcely one of them that could not tell us a strange story in connection with the Fête des Loges.

'Frank,' said Keryfan, appearing suddenly at my elbow, and disturbing me in my reverie, 'come and see the steeple-chase; if they would only enter a pig, the thing would be perfect; but, as it is, it will amuse you.'

So, taking his arm, we trotted off to the tent of the 'Singes et chiens savants,' and fifty centimes each admitted us at once to the Grand Stand. But how shall I describe the scratch pack that competed for the prize? A sturdy billygoat and five dogs, whose heterogeneous appearance was all-sufficient to disqualify them for even a wooden

spoon at Islington, came to the post; and on their backs, sticking to them like grim Death, rode so many monkeys, each one the very impersonation of a man clinging to his last plank for life.

'A handicap race, evidently,' said I, as I observed the dogs weighted with some degree of fairness: a dog between a lurcher and a mastiff, for instance, was mounted by a monkey, weighing, tail and all, at least two stone; and a gaunt Picardy sheep-dog by another, almost equally large; whereas the weedy ones carried the feather-weights.

'The Admiral could scarcely have done it better!' I shouted, as a capital neck-and-neck race, in which the lurcher took the jumps in his stride, and won by a nose, created intense excitement among the crowd. The jockey of the billygoat, riding in Lord Exeter's stripes, gave his animal but a poor chance: not liking the proximity of the horns, he sat like a sandboy across the loins, taking his rein in one hand and the goat's tail in the other; then he held him like a vice. So, owing to the bad hands of his rider, the goat came in last.

When the cheering had ceased Keryfan observed that the dogs' coats had all been clipped; but he did not think their condition improved by it.

'They certainly never came out of Scott's hands,' I replied, 'or their skins would be in better form.'

'Ah! he wrote "Guy Mannering" and "Rob Roy," didn't he? I can fancy his knowing everything that concerns a dog.'

'Not the same, Keryfan, exactly; I alluded to John Scott, the prince of trainers, and the best judge of condition in Europe. Your friend was a bookmaker in another line.'

While amusements of every description were thus occupying the attention of all, a small band of English artists were driving a quiet but busy trade among the unsuspecting crowd; and, if report speak truth, the conveyance of property to a large amount was speedily and noiselessly effected by their practised hands. At the same time, in the remote parts of the forest a few hardy Braconniers were taking advantage of the festivities, and reaping a fine harvest among the well-fed but unprotected game abounding in that district.

Tell it not in Gath how the ravens sustained me during my visit to St. Germain. Suffice it to say, if Robin Hood had been my forester I could not have fared better. The venison cutlets smacked of imperial flavour, and the pheasant salmi was such as to entitle the chef at the 'François I^{er}' to the highest distinction Murray could bestow on him. Then, shall I tell of the Chambertin, bottled in the days of Plancus, that flowed so freely in honour of St. Fiacre? Anacreon would have sung its praise in a sweet ode: all I can say is, that we did it ample justice.

Keryfan was off next day for Brittany; but, as the chestnuts are now beginning to fall, I mean to wait till the boars are fat before I revisit that Celtic land. So you may hear again from me if I cross any game that is likely to interest your country friends.

FRANK FEATHERSTONE.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION TO THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES AND THE GREAT GLACIERS OF RUDRU HIMALEH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE OLD
'WORLD.'

CHAPTER I.

'My joy was in the wilderness to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's tops,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite.'—MANFRED.

Doon Shooting.—An Indian Pic-nic.—The Dripping Well of Sansa-Dharna.—An Impromptu Bear-hunt.—Return to Dehra.—The Doctor discovers a strange peculiarity in the Atmosphere of the Hills.—Preparations for a Trip.—Puharee Coolies.—The Start.—Mussoorie.—Himalayan Game.—The Snow Bear.—Musk Deer.—Gooral.—Surrow.—Ibex.—Burrul and Thaar.

DEHRA being so central is the best head-quarters for Doonshooting, and during our sojourn there we made several expeditions to different parts of the valley, enjoying first-rate sport, and rarely meeting with blank days. Elephant, however, were not so numerous as might have been expected from the likely appearance of the forest, having been driven into the more remote parts by the periodical burning of the Doon grass, which takes place in January and February. Notwithstanding we explored all their most favourite haunts, we only twice came across them, once near Jobrawallah, on the banks of the Sooswa river, and again in the Sankote forest, when on both occasions we killed. We also had some excellent tiger-shooting in different parts of the Doon and amongst the Sewalic Hills, but as these hunts afforded no incidents out of the common, I shall not enter into any description of them.

My companion, Fred, who was quite a ladies' man, and fond of what on the Hills is termed 'peacocking,' or paying morning visits and discussing the weather, had a most extensive female acquaintance, and he and sundry others of his kidney managed to get up an improptu pic-nic to the Dripping Well of Sansa-Dharna, which was attended by all the reigning spinsters and grass-widows of the station. The former, it was currently reported, had each a certain set-speech for 'juwabing' (literally, giving an answer to) aspirants for connubial bliss, it being no uncommon event in these parts for a belle to have the question popped, on an average, some seven times per week, or to receive half a score similar honours the morning after a club-ball or the bachelors' bi-weekly reunion-party.

On the appointed morning we all met at the house of one of the principal personages of the station at daybreak, and, after a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, prepared for a start. Forming an imposing cavalcade of gaily-caparisoned elephants, horsemen, amazons, palanquins, tonjons, and jampaneés, we passed through the small village of Nagul, and wound along the banks of the river Soane by a rocky

and rather precipitous path, which somewhat tried the nerves of the female equestrians, and gave ample opportunity for displays of gallantry, each fair one being attended by one or more *cavaliers servante*. After a ride of about three hours we arrived at the dripping well, which is close to a bend in the river, and here we found a couple of tents pitched, whilst hard by on a green knoll, shaded by a giant peepul-tree, was spread a tablecloth covered with all the necessary accessories for invigorating the system. In a few moments elephants and horses were picketed under the trees round about, the palanquins, &c., drawn up in rows, and the party proceeded to examine this strange natural phenomenon, which is caused by a small stream flowing over a high shelving rock, about sixty paces in length, of so porous a nature as to allow the water to filter through and fall in a perpetual shower. The under face of the rock is covered with stalactites, and in a natural basin below the water is collected, which the doctor discovered to be strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen. On the right of the rock is a large natural grotto filled with water to the depth of two feet, and here the stalactites were very beautiful, assuming the appearance of pillars and quaint gothic arches supporting the roof. The 'assembly' sounding on a key-bugle stopped several learned dissertations and explanatory theories on this natural shower-bath, to the great relief, I imagined, of the ladies, who good-temperedly were trying to look 'patient under the infliction, and all met round the 'spread,' where, having disposed of our persons upon mats and carpets, in the style we are told the ancient Romans adopted under similar circumstances, we did ample justice to our good cheer, which was seasoned with appetite, joviality, and harmony. Sallies of wit flowed with the champagne and sparkling Moselle, calling forth many a smart repartee from the gentler sex; jest followed jest, and never had the arches of the old forest rung with such peals of merry laughter, or echoed such wild shouts of revelry. Songs, sentimental and comic, succeeded, and one fair girl warbled some of those touching melodies of auld lang syne with a feeling and expression that went home to every heart, recalling bygone scenes to mind, awakening recollections that for years had slept, and causing tears to glisten in the eye of more than one rough weather-beaten veteran. After a time a dance was proposed, and the forethought of our master of the ceremonies now showed itself conspicuous, for a band had been provided, and although a gentleman (whom it was presumed had corns, or whose parents had not paid the extra twopence for accomplishments) was heard to observe that there was not plain enough to swing a cat round, waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, and country-dances followed each other in rapid succession, which again gave place to sundry games, such as blind-man's buff, forfeits, and hunt the slipper, the old hands enjoying the fun as much as the young ones. Whilst we were all sitting in a circle engaged in the latter amusement, a servant, having intense excitement depicted in his countenance, came up with the intelligence that a large bear had just been seen making his way

down a nullah close at hand. Immediately all who had brought guns with them started off and followed up the trail, which was soon found, evidently quite fresh, and after a sharp run he was caught sight of leisurely picking his way up a deep sot or cleft in the side of a low hill, at about a hundred yards distant. A young officer of the Goorkah corps, stationed at Dehra, who had outstripped the rest in running, fired, and rolled him over, with a ball in the hind quarters; but giving vent to his indignation by a savage roar, he instantly recovered his legs, and came straight at us. Being perceived by some of the rest, a straggling volley was directed against him, and he disappeared, having fallen, as we thought, killed, although, from the broken nature of the ground, he remained hidden from our view. Then there was a general rush to secure the prize, and on we all pressed in a body up the gully, clambering over the loose rocks and boulders in no little confusion, when suddenly a tremendous roar was heard in the front, and most unexpectedly a huge mass of black fur came rolling amongst us, capsizing three or four in its course. I was a little behind, and could not fire on account of those in front, some of whom, appalled by the awful noise, fairly turned tail; but Fred, who was directly in the line of the charge, let drive right and left almost simultaneously from the hip, for the bear being almost upon him, he had not time to raise his rifle to the shoulder, and both shots taking effect in the chest, with a noise between a grunt and a moan (the peculiar death-note of a bear) our assailant rolled over dead, to the intense satisfaction of more than one of the party, several of whom were not a little bruised by tumbling amongst the rocks in their hasty endeavours to get out of his clutches. The bear was a handsome specimen, so when the people came up the carcass was slung on poles and carried down to the tents. After this little episode, dancing and other amusements were carried on as before, pistol practice at bottles was introduced, and several matches got up between the ladies, some of whom proved quite proficient in the art; then, as the sun began to get low, we mounted our animals and commenced our homeward route towards Dehra, where, with the aid of cheel pine torches, we arrived about midnight. As we were supping in Fred's comfortable quarters, the doctor, looking significantly at our host, who had only just turned up from escorting some fair party home, remarked, in his dry, quaint manner, that he imagined there was something peculiarly 'cornific' in the atmosphere so near the mountains, the influence of which extended to other animals besides ibex and wild sheep.

After this trip a couple of days were devoted to preparations for our expedition amongst the mountains to the source of the Ganges. Stores, groceries, and supplies of all kind were provided and packed securely in our waterproof 'kiltas,' iron-shod alpen-stocks were made, and a light portable bridge and ladder of my own invention constructed, which latter arrangement I shall describe, as it proved on many occasions very useful during our trip, for with it we could in a moment either bridge a nullah eighteen feet wide or climb a

scarp of twenty. It somewhat resembled the arm of a fire-escape, having a canvas back and strong male bamboo sides, bound with iron, strong hooks being fastened at one end and spikes at the other. The rings, however, were all of rope, except those at the top and bottom, which were of stout iron, and moveable, so that the whole could be taken to pieces for carriage or put together in a moment.

As the roads, or rather tracks, were impassable, even for ghoomts, or mountain ponies, all our baggage had to be carried by Puharree coolies, which considerably swelled the number of our camp followers. The Puharrees, a caste of Hindoos, are divided into two classes, the Gungarees or low-country men (from gunga, 'a valley'), and the Purbutees, or Hill men (from purbut, 'a peak'). The latter are stout, robust, and hardy mountaineers, generally short in stature, but capable of undergoing much exertion and fatigue on very simple fare, their ordinary food being chapaties, or girdle cakes made of coarse flour mixed into a paste with water, seasoned with a little salt, and baked upon an iron plate. The men wear loosely-fitting tunics, gathered in and fastened at the waist with a cotton belt, and wide peg-top trousers, tight at the ankle, both garments being made of a coarse blanket-like material, round cap of the same, or sometimes a white turban and network sandals of curious construction. The coolies we engaged were all of the latter class, and had been carefully selected as good men some days before by Surmoor, their chief, who had been with Fred on several former occasions. They all received a month's pay in advance, with a thick, coarse, country blanket, and as they mustered in front of the bungalow, I thought I had never seen a more likely-looking set of fellows for the work. Our next step was to procure a couple of 'purwanahs,' or letters of authority, one from the civil powers, and the other from the Teeree rajah, without which we might have been subject to much inconvenience in procuring supplies. The vakeel of the rajah also sent us one of his peons to enforce every assistance, and he proved a very useful fellow in coercing the Brahmin and Rajpoot mookias, or head men of villages, who, for the most part, are an apathetic set of scoundrels, that do as little as they can to assist travellers.

Our baggage consisted of a good-sized routee, or hill tent, which, slung on the portable bridge, was easily carried by four men, two small scouting tents, somewhat resembling the *tents d'abri* of the French chasseurs, but larger and more commodious, although each was a light load for one cooly; three painted canvas packages, containing bedding, blankets, &c.; and twenty-six kiltas, sixteen of which were filled with clothes, ammunition stores, and supplies of every kind that we calculated would last us for two months; four contained 'atar,' or coarse flour, rice curry stuff, and salt for our people; two held our cooking utensils, two cheel-pine torches and firewood; and two contained a complete breakfast kit, which, with one of the scouting tents, was sent on the day before, so that our breakfast was always ready by the time we arrived on the new ground, or half way, when the march was very long. Thus, al-

though we eschewed beer, and curtailed all extraneous baggage, we had thirty-two cooly loads, each man carrying about fifty pounds' weight. All our preparations and arrangements being completed, we bade adieu to our friends in Dehra, and sending on our people, drove to Rajpore, at the foot of the Mussoorie hills, the first range of the Himalaya that rise about four thousand feet above the Doon. The eastern part, on which is Landour the military cantonment, rises about a thousand feet higher.

After a first-rate breakfast at a comfortable hotel kept by a *civildant* trooper, we commenced the ascent, one of the most delightful walks that I ever met with in any part of the globe. The road winds in zig-zags cut along the face of the hill, but we frequently availed ourselves of native paths, which, although much steeper, cut off corners and shortened the route considerably. As we ascended, a great change was observable in the nature of the forest, although the vegetation was everywhere most luxuriant. At the base the prevalent trees were sal and send varied with banyans, patches of bamboo, wild banana, or acacia. Here and there gigantic festoons of leguminosæ or the Pothos creeper stretched high over head, whilst wild vines, peppers, and convolvuli of every colour formed natural bowers of living verdure that courted repose on every side. At an elevation of three thousand feet, the alteration of the appearance of the forest became strikingly apparent. The tropical trees gradually disappeared, and were replaced by ever-green oaks of magnificent foliage, noble rhododendrons with enormous lemon-scented blossoms, pines, magnolias, camellias and tree-ferns, whilst the underwood consisted chiefly of yellow raspberries, ivy, honeysuckle, and other plants of the temperate regions. The banks on the road-side, also, now began to be clothed with wild strawberry, geranium, violets, and different kinds of mosses and lichens never seen in the plains. It is difficult to conceive more beautiful forest scenery than the Mussoorie Pass exhibits. At every turn a varied view presents itself, either of magnificent vistas in the woods, or glorious landscapes of the park-like Dhoon below. We fully enjoyed it, and although the ascent was a stiff seven miles' tramp, we were not the least fatigued on our arrival at Mussoorie, where we put up at Wolf's crag, a comfortable and elegant little bungalow belonging to a friend of Fred's, that was beautifully situated on a rising ground facing the valley of the Dhoon. So much has been written about this far-famed salutarium, that I shall not enter into any detailed account of it; suffice it to say that the most glowing descriptions I had read did not come up to the reality. The scenery exceeded anything I had hitherto seen in magnitude and grandeur, and I passed hours away gazing at the magnificent views that present themselves at every turn. We visited the club, one of the oldest and best establishments of the kind in India, and pretty well divided our time between billiards and lounging on the Mall. This beautiful promenade is a level road cut along the Saddle-back hill between Mussoorie and Landour, from which a splendid view of the

low country may be obtained. The hill behind serves as an efficient shelter against the cold raw north winds that blow from the snowy regions. The houses, or rather bungalows, for few have upper stories, are generally perched on little undulations that crown the crest of the ridge facing the Dhoon, the north side being very bleak, and as each is situated in its own ground, and many have extensive gardens, the station occupies a large area. When we arrived Mussoorie was nearly empty, the season not having yet commenced ; but it is generally very full from April to October, after which time the visitors return to the low country, scarcely any one remaining on the Hills during the winter.

The first view of the Himalayas from the north side of the Landour ridge is, I believe, scarcely to be equalled for grandeur. Wave upon wave of snowy ranges, surmounted by majestic peaks of every conceivable shape, rise from the dark dense forest below clearly and sharply defined against the deep-blue firmament. This panorama is sublime beyond conception, and offers a striking contrast to the southern view, where the valley of the Dhoon, the Sewalic hills, and the reeking plains of India, with the windings of the Ganges and the Jumna, lay stretched before the eye as in a map. 'Even the genius of a Turner could not do justice to such scenery. How faintly, then, would words portray it! Language cannot convey an adequate impression of such magnitude, so 'I am compelled to throw 'the reins on the neck of the steed of description, and relinquish the 'pursuit.'

Before describing our route, I shall enter upon the different varieties of game that are to be found in the Ghurwal, describing such as are peculiar to the range. The feline species are commonly supposed to frequent only the warmer regions ; but many of them are not very susceptible of cold, for in the Himalaya I killed a tiger above the snow limit, and have frequently come across the tracts of leopards at altitudes above fifteen thousand feet.

There are two kind of bears found on this part of the range. The first is the ordinary black bear of the plains, previously described, and the second is the Himalayan, or Snow bear, which is only found in the higher regions. They measure about nine feet long, stand about forty inches at the shoulder, and are covered with shaggy hair, which varies both in length and colour according to the season of the year. The winter coat, which is long, and of a greyish, or dirty yellowish shade, falls off in the summer, and is replaced by a shorter and much darker one approaching a reddish-brown, that lengthens and grows gradually lighter as the cold season again approaches. The female and cubs are generally light-coloured, the latter having a circle or collar of white round the neck, which diminishes as they grow older, and finally disappears. In April the female generally gives birth to two cubs, which, when first born, are scarcely larger than rats, and of a tawny yellow colour. Within a month their eyes open, and in three months more they attain the size of a poodle dog and are very playful, always wrestling together.

Up to this time they are in considerable danger of being devoured by the male, if the mother does not guard them most carefully. They remain in the den with their parents until more offspring are born, when they are driven out to shift for themselves. Bears attain maturity at about five years of age, and the duration of their lives is estimated at over fifty years. In winter, snow bears retire to caves and clefts in the rocks, where they construct a kind of litter or bed of brushwood and moss, and, without becoming torpid, sleep for days together. At this time the Puharries say that they cast the skin from the soles of their feet, but I cannot vouch for the fact. In the spring, when the snow begins to melt, they emerge from their dens and feed upon young and tender shoots, grass, berries, roots, insects, and herbs. In summer time their favourite food is fruit and honey, in autumn acorns and grain, and at such times they go very long distances to forage. The bear is rarely wantonly ferocious, except when molested and wounded, or when awakened suddenly from sleep, then he becomes a dangerous opponent, as he seldom shows any lack of courage. Rising on his hind legs, with head erect, he endeavours to close with his assailant, and strikes tremendous blows with his forepaw, invariably aiming at the face or head and inflicting most ghastly wounds with his powerful claws. Although a carnivorous animal, the Himalayan bear feeds much more on vegetables than flesh, rarely attacking cattle or animals unless when forced by hunger.

Yellow wolves, hyenas, jackals, black-eared foxes, and dholes or wild dogs, are common in some parts of the range; but as their nature and habits much resemble those of their brethren of the plains I shall not enter into them. I have frequently come across packs of the latter animals in the birch forests, and watched them hunt down gooral or burrul, always running against the wind, and often chasing by relays. The game chiefly sought by the sportsman is the musk deer, and the different species of wild goats and sheep peculiar to the range. Of the former class there are three varieties, the gooral, surrow, and ibex; and the latter two the burrul and thaar.

The musk deer, or kustooree, a solitary animal, is about the size of a roebuck, measuring forty inches in length and twenty-two in height. The male is furnished with a sharp-pointed canine tooth, or tusk, curving backwards on each side of the upper jaw, which in a full-grown animal is about three inches in length. The general colour is speckled grey, approaching to black on the shoulders, back, and outside of the legs; reddish fawn along the lower part of the sides, and inside the thighs, and dirty white under the throat and belly and inside the legs. The fur is very thick, coarse, and brittle, the hairs being nearly white at the roots, and becoming gradually darker towards the end, not unlike the small under-quills of the porcupine. The head is delicately formed, the ears broad and erect, and the tail very small, not being over an inch in length. In males this appendage is quite naked, except a small tuft at the end caused by continued shaking about; but in females and young it remains

covered with grey hair at the top and white underneath. The legs are very slender, the hoofs long and pointed, and they always go in bounds, all four feet leaving the ground, except when grazing. The female and young are rather lighter in colour than the males, and have no tusks, otherwise they are much alike. The musk pod, which is only found in males, is situated between the skin and the flesh close to the navel, and much resembles the gizzard of a fowl, having a small orifice through the skin but no apparent internal connection with the stomach. The musk is found in dark-brown rounded grains, and the pod of a full-grown animal may yield about an ounce on an average. Scarcely any is found in animals under two years old, and more in proportion as they become aged, although this is not always the case, as at times the musk is discharged through the orifice in the skin. Musk deer much resemble hares in their habits, making forms in the same manner, and generally choosing to feed early in the morning or towards the evening. Their food chiefly consists of young leaves, grass, tender shoots, herbs, berries, grain and moss seeds. The female generally gives birth to twins, which are deposited at some distance from each other, the dam only visiting them at times during the day. Thus are those habits of solitude and retirement engendered which continue through life, for they are rarely seen two together, and the fawns never associate with the dam. Musk deer are found in all kinds of forest, but seldom at lower altitudes than eight thousand feet. The flesh is fine grained.

The gooral, or Himalayan chamois, is a gregarious animal about the size of an ordinary goat, with rough coat about two inches long of brownish-grey colour, rather lighter under the belly and inside the legs, and white under the throat. Both male and female, which are much alike, have black ringed horns about eight inches long and three and a half in circumference, tapering to a point, and curved backwards. They breed in the end of May, the female rarely having more than one at a birth. Gooral are generally found feeding at dawn and near sunset, lying under bushes and rocks during the day. They frequent the steepest grass-covered hills and rugged ground, and never forsake a district however much they may be disturbed. When alarmed they give a peculiar hissing grunt.

The surrow, also a kind of chamois, stands about three feet and a half at the shoulder, and is about five feet and a half long from the point of the nose to the end of the tail. The general colour of the fur is a reddish-grey, deepening to black on the back, head, and hind quarters, with yellow and dirty white under the belly and inside the legs, and a light ash muzzle, with a white streak running along the sides of the lower jaw. Having large coarse ears, the expression of the head resembles that of an ass more than a deer, and the legs are thick and clumsily proportioned, occasioning an awkward gait. The male has a black forelock and mane, which he erects when alarmed, and a large and fiery black eye. Both male and female have highly-polished black tapering sharp-pointed horns, about twelve inches

long and four inches in circumference at the base, annulated for the first five inches and curv'd backwards almost on to the neck. The surrow is rather a rare animal, and is generally found in the most inaccessible parts of the forest in the vicinity of water. He is a dangerous customer for dogs to bring to bay, often killing and maiming several with his horns before being pulled down.

The ibex of the Himalaya takes the foremost place amongst the varied game of that district, being the largest of the goat species. The male measures forty-two inches in height at the shoulder, and is about five feet in length including the head. The female is very small in comparison. The horns of the buck vary from three feet to fifty inches in length, and from eight to thirteen inches in circumference, those of the female are round and rarely exceed a foot in length. The general colour of the buck ibex is a yellowish grey, with a darker stripe along the centre of the back, ash-coloured muzzle, and black beard about eight inches long. The females and young are uniformly of a reddish-grey colour. The head of the ibex is rounder and the nose shorter than any other of the goat tribe, and the ears are placed further back. Ibex seem little affected by cold, for in the day time they remain in the most secluded and rugged spots above the limits of vegetation, and in the evening move downwards towards their feeding grounds, which often lay at a great distance. In summer the males separate from the females, and in a body resort to the higher regions, where they may sometimes be met with in troops of fifty.

The burru, or snow sheep, is a gregarious animal, found only upon the loftier ranges. The male stands thirty-eight inches high at the shoulder, and is about four feet and a half in length, often weighing over two hundredweight. The female is scarcely half the size. Their general colour is a light ash with white under the belly; but an old male has also black breast and points, as well as a narrow stripe between the ash on the upper part of the body and the white of the belly. The horns of the male are about twenty-two inches long by eleven in circumference, and they have a single curve like a ram's but the reverse way. The female has small flat horns, half the size. Burrul are generally found on the grassy slopes between the limits of the forest and the snow line, and there, in unfrequented regions, they may be seen several score together browsing like tame sheep. They are not difficult stalking, except in places where often disturbed, then they become shy and wary. When alarmed they utter a shrill kind of snort, retiring rather leisurely, and stopping at times as if to satisfy their curiosity as to the cause of alarm. They breed in June and July, the males and females associating all the year round, although flocks of young males are occasionally met with in the summer. On the Ladak side of the Himalaya, there is a variety of this species called the Napor.

The thaar, or Himalayan wild goat, a most noble-looking animal, is gregarious, being often found in large flocks. A ram before the rutting season frequently weighs over three hundred pounds, mea-

suring five feet and a half including the head, and forty-six inches at the shoulder. The female is a most inferior-looking animal in comparison with the male, not being one half the size. The ram is generally of a brownish dun colour, almost deepening to black on the head and points, the neck and shoulders being furnished with long shaggy hair. The female and young are of a reddish-brown colour, rather lighter under the belly. The thaar has horns about twelve inches long and ten in circumference, curving backwards, with flat sides. Those of the female are smaller.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

CHAPTER XI.

AT the time we write of—1815 and 1816—Brussels presented the appearance of a large horse-fair. Not a nation in Europe, Asia, or Africa but was represented in that strange collection of relics from the cavalry of the Imperial army. Rosa Bonheur would have found an ample field for her free pencil, and her canvas would have been not less instructive than entertaining. The huge Norman—the wiry Cossack—sleek Andalusian—fat German—leggy Mecklenburg and active Limousin—with the powerful charger of the Life Guards, and the high-bred trooper of the Hussars—would have furnished materials for a distinct representation and history that would have been specially demonstrative, and more telling, generally, than a vague description by words.

Napoleon, in his retreat from Russia, supplied the wants of his cavalry by indiscriminately appropriating the horses of the country through which he passed. Many a countess or baronne was banished from the promenade, ‘*sous les tilleuls*,’ or on the ramparts, from her carriage-horses having been pressed into military service; nor was this forcible seizure always made with a proper regard to delicacy. If a particular horse was fancied by an officer, the orderly was sent to demand it without compliment; and forthwith the steed changed its nationality and occupation. These fragments of the Grand Army, maimed, scarred, and disfigured, with horse-furniture of every kind and nation, either purchased at the sale of a deceased officer, or ‘*lifted*’ from the field of battle, found customers for sale or hire at all hours, some for private use, and others with a view to future profit.

The Belgian, or Labasse courier, of Curren Bell, with the same instinct of gain and appropriation, is less honest than the Jew, without the merit of his pure descent. How many an inflated noble that struts up and down the parterre of the *bal noble*, teeming with hatred for the country of his nameless sire, endeavours to vent his displeasure at foregone casualties of which he is the representative by acts of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness towards

those but for whom his countrymen would have been decimated, and by whom they have been preserved as a nation. No man is such a deadly hater as the one who has received a benefit, and rankles with the consciousness of a dependent inferiority. It is well known that had Napoleon succeeded in reaching Brussels there would have been a series of summary fusillades, for the list of the proscribed traitors was found in his carriage amongst his papers. And they would have deserved their fate. A traitor is despised alike by the purchaser of the treason and the victim of the treachery.

Picketed in the Place Royale, outside the Bellevue and the Hôtel de Flandre, were horses saddled and ready for excursions to Waterloo or elsewhere. They were free to every one, with the prudent precaution of demanding from the hirer a warrant of respectability, given by the hotel keeper. In those days the tables were turned, and the *laquais de place* vouched for the character of his master. Some persons had disappeared with their mounts, and had never returned; and a French gang of *filous* having taken, separately, a large number of horses, made a rendezvous at Hal, pushed on to Mons, and got off clear with their booty across the frontier. It was difficult for a Belgian to obtain redress in a French court of law, for the enmity felt at having been betrayed thoroughly swamped any fortuitous leaning towards law and justice. A 'Britisher,' formerly belonging to the Commissariat department, and declining to follow the army of occupation for reasons of his own, drove a most remunerative trade. Having a ready capital, amassed in the Peninsula by various means, and coming through divers illegitimate channels, he invested a portion of his gains in the purchase of horses, and had a stable full of them, well prepared, and in dealing condition. Captain Jones (as good a name as any other) had an eye to business. Accompanied by a Belgian officer in uniform (well paid, of course), he scoured the country for horses stolen or strayed. In many cases the wounded soldiers themselves in the farm-houses of the Waterloo country, where they were well cared for, gave fruitful information for a few francs, and thus aided in the Lanzknecht foray. The handicap price in the market was, at the top figure, about fifteen napoleons, descending to three—the gradation of price not always representing the value of the article, but rising and falling according to the legality or illegality of possession. Many an animal put away in an outhouse, and worth a long sum, was procured for five or six napoleons; and, with his mane pulled, his legs trimmed, and tail docked, his owner would have failed to recognize him thus Anglicised and set in order.

Near the Porte Louise, on the boulevard, Captain Jones had a long range of stabling. Thither congregated the knowing ones of the Petit Parc, and the Anglomania, which was then on the flow of the fashionable tide, filled the stables with those who were content to pay dearly for their initiation into the mysteries of horseflesh. The cleanliness of the stables—the fresh bedding—the straw neatly plaited, and extending beyond the bounds of the stall—the sanded

walk—and spotless appurtenances of the saddle-room—astonished the foreigner. He contrasted this neatness with the filth and stench of his own stable, where the pungent effluvia brought tears into the eyes—where the horses stood up to their knees in dry, and the hind fetlocks were immersed in liquid, manure, and the saddles and bridles, kept in the stable, were fetid, clammy, and browned, from the same foul reeking of the atmosphere. The stalls, also, instead of loose bars, with a steep inclination provocative of curbs, by compelling the horse to remain standing up-hill in one position, that threw his weight entirely upon the back sinews, were flattened, and the stable purified by drains that carried off the black liquid formerly ponded back into little duck-ponds. There was a peculiarity attendant upon this alteration, for the stallions that stood comparatively quiet between the bars when confined in stalls became ill-tempered and less tractable. Again, light feeders, that picked up their corn in company, became shy of their hard food without their accustomed companionship. The fact was so well known to Tilbury, that many an animal coming into his hunting-stables, from this cause a perfect skeleton, and at a cheap price, being placed in company, and between bars, fed well, and soon recovered the hard flesh and bloom of condition. There had been a plentiful supply of grooms to select from, and, as the majority of them had been soldiers, discipline and order came to them as a matter of course. Nothing, however, created more surprise than the regeneration of the condemned screws. Rest, medicine, wholesome food, and good grooming, quickly metamorphosed the seeming candidate for the knacker's yard into a respectable steed, and a few weeks of a prudent retirement served altogether to change his nature and appearance. The stable hospital, where this process of horse-grinding was performed—where the old were replenished with vigour, the halt made to caper and jump, and the blind received their sight—was not less difficult of access to the stranger than the interior of a convent; and who can say whether some of the inmates of the latter would not willingly have made an exchange of domicile for one where plenty and good fellowship were rife, and penance and fasting unknown? An important agent of improvement was the English blacksmith. The faulty action of many a horse, tied and stilty from contracted heels, or lamed, perhaps, by an inveterate thrush caused by standing constantly on horse-dung, was cured by a care and attention to feet that was positively unknown to foreigners at that time. They have much to thank us for, and for nothing more than the revolution in horse-shoeing and attention to the feet, which we have been the means of introducing into their better class of stables.

Captain Jones had once held a commission in the army. Of his antecedents little was precisely known, which was perhaps fortunate for him; although the pronunciation of the word 'Corrok' for Cork gave an indication of the quarter from whence he had originally hailed. It was said that at one time he had been the captain of a slaver in the Liverpool trade, and that his employers having been

party to some nefarious act which would not bear daylight, he had appropriated the proceeds of a successful run, held them at defiance, and turned up at Lisbon, where, by luck, or some particular exploit—for he was a daring fellow—he obtained a commission in the Portuguese section of the British army. But money was not to be gained quickly by the sword, and an aptitude for commercial transactions induced him to exchange military honour for a more lucrative post in the Commissariat. He was, unquestionably, a man of ability and resource; and, notwithstanding the impropriety of his extortionate dealings with the *Hidalgos*, he managed to adjust the scales so adroitly that his quickness in difficulties and general utility counterbalanced the irregularities and cheating of which he had been guilty. He ought to have been hanged, but instead he was decorated with the Cross of St. Ferdinand. He had a *fidus Achates*, for gentlemen of this description greatly delight to hunt in couples. Colonel Robinson had once belonged to the Sicilian Rangers, a regiment raised by Lord William Bentinck when in command of the island; and having been employed by Sir Charles Stuart after the battle of Maida in some secret expedition for Pope Pius VII. in connection with the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal Henri IX., had received for his service the *plaque* of the Holy Roman Empire, which he displayed on every suitable occasion. He was a boon companion, and clever—could drink, gamble, write songs—even improvised—tell stories, and was not nice in lending himself to any scheme of a profitable nature that could replenish his not over-well stocked exchequer. In plain English, under a bluff, frank, and gay exterior, and admitted into every circle, he touted and coped for his confederate Captain Jones. They played their game successfully; and he of ‘Corrok’ seeing his position safe, and with a view to enlarge the field of his operations, made certain advantageous proposals to a runaway and fraudulent attorney of otherwise good connection, set up a bank in the *Montagne de la Cour*, and drew upon one of the best houses in London. What with selling horses at 500 per cent., cashing bills at 50 per cent., and doing a little bit in the wine trade—all vintage wines—with sherry and Madeira forty years in the wood, they drove a roaring trade. And they were so obliging! ’Tis fifty years since. What a pity that they are at rest with the *Capulets*!

Amongst the several groups of horses saddled and waiting hire in the *Place Royale* and in the wide space of the *Petit Parc* the English were conspicuous. Those that had been the property of officers were easily known by the Anglesey tail; and notwithstanding that the fever of Anglomania had set in with a *furor*, it was long before the Continental eye could brook the undue mutilation. ‘*Pauvre bête!*’ exclaimed Jacques Bonhomme, as the stump convulsively wriggled at the bite of some venomous fly, ‘*qu’il est bien à plaindre!*’ and as he good-naturedly approached to brush off the insect, a gentle tap above the knee with the hind foot frequently changed the expression of benevolence into one of foul reprobation. And the

ladies were equally hard to pacify upon this delicate point—'Qu'ils sont brutales ces Anglais; ils n'ont point de convenance!' It was in insular keeping with the *au naturel* of the Highlanders. The English horse, good as he might have been, was a very different animal to that which he has since become by judicious and careful breeding. The better horse of that day partook more of the character of the old English hunter, descending to the stout and powerful hackney; and then came the huge and inferior-bred animal that was required to carry the enormous weight of the Blues and Life Guards. Such thoroughbreds as might have been seen, kept as holiday horses by the officers, were proverbially slight. It was rare to see any one that, to the eye, was capable of carrying weight; but it was equally true that the specimens were few and the field of exhibition accidental and restricted. The three-parts bred horse—15 out of 16, or 31 out of 32—ungenerously called and used as a racing cocktail, was unknown. Whether the race-course, or the pace over the grass grounds of Leicestershire, has been the reason for this advance in the right path, we will not pretend to say—probably both causes have contributed to the happy result—but we incline strongly to the opinion of Admiral Rous, that, in the mass, the thoroughbred has not deteriorated; and every one must admit his general use at present in comparison to his rare appearance in the hunting-field and on the road in former days. The Irish horse, with his coarse head, slack loins, ragged hips, and drooping quarters, and his long cock-tail vulgarly twisted on one side, was easily recognizable. He was enduring, clever, always ready, active, a rare jumper, fit for anything, and at times vicious, like Pat himself, and grubbed equally well at any hour. The collar did not hurt his action, and he might have been taken out of a waggon and asked to go across country immediately. He was decidedly an economical horse—fit to do his duty in any station of life. How different from the high-bred animal that is now sent over from Ireland, up to heavy weight, and accounted cheap at 500*l.*! Formerly 50*l.* was a fair average price for an Irish horse in his own country, and 100*l.* was looked upon as a large figure for the most perfectly trained fencers. The two best we ever had cost 60*l.* and 45*l.* Both died in our possession; and for the last—a mare—Rosabelle—said to be by Potteen, or any other thoroughbred in Ireland—the late Sir Walter Gilbert had often offered a long and tempting price.

'Mais voyez la belle monture,' said a fat Belgian, pointing to two horses that he held,—one a black Norman of nearly sixteen hands, and the other a wiry chesnut, slashed in every part, and minus an ear, yet still with a pleasing superabundance of devilry in his eye. The legs of the little Cossack, scarred though they might be, were of the right sort, and we took him with all his disfigurements, for better or for worse, during the time we remained in the capital of the *braves Belges*. The large Normans were the esteemed carriage-horses of the Imperial court. Black was the common

colour, and they stood from fifteen to sixteen hands and over. They commanded large prices; for as the best were picked and selected to mount the Imperial Cuirassiers of the Guard and the other heavy dragoons of the French army, the demands in the home market rose in consequence. It is probable that in the first instance, before France had been divided into departments, the majority had been bred in the lower parts of Normandy and Brittany. As the demand increased, however, they were procured from Picardy, Alsace, and French Flanders; and when breeding studs were established in the northern and north-western parts, the Norman became only another name for the northern horse. The Baron de Sassel, who sat at the head of the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de Flandre, had been colonel in one of the regiments of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, and afforded reliable information about the breed of the French and other continental horses. When Napoleon I. clothed his heavy dragoons with a cuirass, and so largely increased the weight of the accoutrements, he had difficulty in procuring animals of sufficient power for the burden, and he set about to remedy the difficulty. Imperial studs were formed in the north and north-western departments, and the horse of the country, with an occasional exception, was used without attempting to cross the breed. We say with an exception, because Napoleon was highly impressed with the value of Arab blood, and in all probability would have had recourse to his service largely, without a happier result, probably, than that which has been arrived at in England. It was soon discovered—for, after all, experience is the general teacher—that the surest way to obtain size, was by feeding and forcing on the young stock. The breeders were told to pay especial attention to this particular, and liberal prizes were awarded by the Government, at the different horse fairs, to those who could show the largest *poulin* or colt. Shape and make were made, in the first instance, secondary to size,—for as this was the main object, the higher qualities were passed over, in favour of the one grand essential. The Baron described the first mount of the Cuirassiers to have been very imperfect. With care and time, however, that more powerful and active troop-horse was obtained which was the means of doing such fearful execution at the battle of Austerlitz, when the German cavalry was literally pounded into fragments by the superior weight of the French Cuirassiers. He ridiculed the notion of the superiority of the German horse, and affirmed that they never could stand in any of the great battles against the charge of the French cavalry with the long straight sword. It was pleasing to hear the admiration and encomiums he expressed for the horses and brilliant behaviour of the Life Guards at Waterloo. The Baron had been in Milhaud's division of Cuirassiers, and had experienced the irresistible force of their grand charge. The Norman horse, with his high artificial action when in collar, and covered with harness and flesh, stood up well, and was a huge flat-catcher; he was otherwise slow in his paces, soft, and without

powers of endurance. It must be remembered that the cavalry of Napoleon was chiefly composed of stallions, and this makes a vast difference in the qualities of power and lastingness.

What a contrast was the small wiry Cossack, full of life and activity—hard as iron—and made so familiar to the eye by the pictures of Horace Vernet! It was essentially what is termed a three-cornered horse, and had no outward indications of being able to carry weight. But he could. The ewe neck with a short head and drooping ears; high withers, oblique and thin shoulders, ragged hips, narrow yet strong loins and sloping quarters, announced him at once. His characteristics were not to be mistaken. Then his legs were flat and his sinews of steel. Not prepossessing in his general appearance, he yet bore a close examination, and looked going and staying all over. He was tough as pin wire. He could neither walk nor trot, his paces being a fast, shuffling amble, and a loose gallop, going with his feet near the ground and rather tied in his action, yet withal as safe as a cat. The weight he moved under was surprising. The Cossack soldier carried his house with him. His bed, consisting of a coarse rug or mat, was placed under the wooden framework of his saddle, covered with a ragged sheepskin. He was a practised robber by profession, and a petty larcenist for the fun of the thing; and his predilection for a warm blanket—a thick rug to which he was perfectly unused—led him to encounter any danger for its acquisition. His wardrobe was carried on his back—linen was a superfluous article—and his greasy and well-saturated cloak, hard as a board, served for all purposes,—in summer as a protection against the sun, and in winter as a counterpane, *sub dio*, against cold. Leathern wallets strapped in every possible place around his saddle contained his general plunder, and his havresac and holsters became his kitchen, pantry, and cellar. The fortune of war supplied both himself and his horse, and they often fed together out of the same camp kettle.

There may be general rules for weight-carriers which hold good in the majority of cases, yet there are practical exceptions that set at nought those respectable theories, and where some innate power makes itself evident by the overt act. There are two essentials, however, in which these horses are never deficient—depth in some part or another of the frame, and breeding. Conversing with the late Mr. Canning, then riding above sixteen stone, he observed that some of his best horses, in outward appearance, were not fit to carry him. He instanced one—the famous little animal for which his brother, Mr. Robert Canning, of Foxcote, refused eight hundred guineas, and which had belonged to him. He was bought originally of a village surgeon for about thirty pounds. Having gone right well on more than one occasion, his brother made an offer, and after much solicitation he parted with him for 125*l*. He carried Mr. Robert Canning for several seasons, and died in his service. He was a small horse, three-cornered, and not thick through, but measuring in his girth considerably over six feet. Another pheno-

menon was the celebrated 'Billy' of Mr. Russell, out of an Exmoor pony, by Twilight, a son of Eclipse. This absolute pony barely reached fourteen hands, and no day was too long for him, neither could the pace over the wild moors of Broadbury shake him off, although carrying thirteen stone. His extreme cleverness allowed Mr. Russell, who hunted his own hounds, to be with them everywhere in the cramp dingles of Devonshire. Mr. Trelawny also had another of these extraordinary little horses—'Tom Thumb,' by Gainsborough, out of a Cornish pony, from Roughtor Moor. He was under fifteen hands, went well in the Midland Counties, could jump anything and stay.

The Cossack shows unmistakeable signs of his eastern origin. 'The Tartar of the Ukraine breed' bears those marks of descent that the practised eye cannot mistake. The long soft coat, light mane and clean limb are properties not possessed by the common order; and these are more peculiar to the Don Cossacks than to those further north. M. de Sassel observed that the nearer the Caucasus, that is to say, the more the southern climate is approached, the better bred appear to be the horses. The vicinity of Persia and Asia Minor, where the horses trace back indirectly to the Son of the Desert, may have contributed to this advantage. In the far north, the coats become quite woolly; in the south, on the contrary, in Krim Tartary or the Crimea, there are horses so bare that they are kept constantly clothed.

Strangely different is the fat and vulgar horse of central Germany. With his forest of mane and tail, lumbering gait, and tardy action, he appears only fit for the eilwagen or agricultural purposes. Feeding heartily upon black bread and carrots, quiet and docile, with the single want of a pipe in his mouth to be utterly Teutonic, he journeys along at the rate of five miles an hour, at his very best, with an indomitable composure that neither whip nor spur can disturb. He is strong, patient, willing, untiring, ugly, and thoroughly low-lived, and the less said of him or of his rider the better.

The Mecklenburg, or northern horse, at that time was inclined to be tall and spiry, showing much daylight. He was evenly topped with a good line from stem to stern, and had a certain fashion about him; but his length of limb and shallowness of girth detracted from his otherwise fair appearance. This was before the days of Count Hahn and Baron Biel. The improvement of the horses of Upper Germany by an English cross has answered every expectation, and their sale as carriage horses has become extensive. The stables of King Leopold, at Brussels, are full of them, and they have found their way to Paris, London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

The Hungarian would deem himself sorely injured if his name were used in common with anything appertaining to Germany, especially in horses. Bordering on the steppes of 'the Tartar of the Ukraine,' from which the Carpathian range separates him, yet the wild horse of Hungary has no affinity with that breed of horses. To their properties of hardihood and activity he adds a more symmetrical

form, and his points are better rounded and more even. They vary much in their appearance, for although the free denizens of the forest have characteristics of a uniform race, the breeding establishments of Babolna near Komorn, and of Mezohegyes near Buda Pesth, by using foreign stallions, have tended greatly to diversify and obliterate the peculiar distinctions. The difference of stallions shows itself naturally in the progeny. The Hungarian is the best, the highest-class country horse on the Continent, and many of their improved breed might be taken for English. We had one which we rode with foxhounds near Buda Pesth that had every appearance of belonging to this country. His sire was said to have been an Arab, and he was bred by the family of Kalnoki. He had a slight mark low down on the near quarter, otherwise his Hungarian origin might have been doubted. The Arab was at one time largely used, but of late years, as everywhere else, he has given place to the English thoroughbred.

In the Ardennes is found a small compact horse—properly a galloway—for he never exceeds fourteen and two, which is quite one of the belongings of that tract of moorland. He is a descendant of the ‘genet’ brought from Spain during the time of the Spanish occupation. Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, and the natural son of Charles V., largely imported the breed into the Ardennes, and upon the properties of the Dukes d’Ossuna and d’Ursel, near Durbuy and Ferriere, and in the neighbourhood of Spa, they are bred in considerable numbers. They are neat and compact, with powerful backs and loins, inclined to carry flesh, and are generally of a light chesnut or sorrel colour.

In the south of France, also, is reared that clever little hack, the Limousin. Rather short in the neck, with a head not always well set on, he has strong and oblique shoulders, with a short and powerful quarter and clean houghs. He is a cat in activity, lasting, and an excellent roadster. It is probable that he came from the Bearnois, and as Navarre formerly extended to the other side of the Pyrenees, he may be of Spanish extraction.

The Spanish was a favourite horse in the French cavalry. He is of moderate size, full of spirit and power, and capable of undergoing long and severe work. Kellermann’s dragoons at the battle of Bar-sur-Aube, in 1814, fresh from Spain, and mounted on horses chiefly of that country, effectually demolished the German and Russian cavalry that were opposed to them, and compelled Swartzenberg, with superior numbers, to retreat. They are perfectly rounded in their points, with strong, thick shoulders, nicely turned and wide loins, cleanly limbed, and bear the stamp of race. They were the *chevaux de luxe* of the French officers. There can be little doubt of their being one of the many precious gifts brought by the Moors into Spain, and come from the barb, as he again springs from the one great sire—the Arab of the Desert.

It would not be just to omit the horses of Italy, although few, if any of them, were amongst the shreds of cavalry at Brussels. They

are strong and compact animals, bred chiefly in that long tract of Maremma, or salt marshes, extending from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia and Terracina. • Those who have been in Italy, and have passed the Pontine Marshes, can bear evidence to their rapid and staying qualities. It is the perfection of posting. The horses, all of them entire, and only half broken, are saddled and mounted in the stable amidst kicks and screams. They are then brought out with a few straps instead of harness by half a dozen aguish ostlers or brigands—either one or the other, and probably both—are put to, and with a rear and a mad plunge forward, they stretch out at the top of their speed over the superb and flat road of Napoleon to the next post house, distant six miles, which they perform within the allowed half-hour. It is gratifying to know that the present King of Italy, not only turns his attention to the improvement of horses, but has an English stud in training, and is strictly on the turf under an assumed name. He inherits the taste of his brave and gallant sire; and it is also full pleasing to remember that we were the first who placed him on horseback. At that time we were equerry to the Prince Carignano, afterwards Carlo Alberto, then residing at Florence, in 1825. As his Highness wished to initiate his son early in the taste for riding and horses—he was then five years old—we were requested to find something small and quiet in the shape of a pony. Fortunately the English consul at Leghorn had lately disposed of a Shetland to the job-master in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, and having a pad made in the English fashion, we took the pony, early one morning, to the garden side of the Palazzo Pitti. The young prince, held on by his father, had a good ride up and down the gravel walks of the Boboli Gardens. On his return home, the late Queen, apprehensive of a strain at so early an age, which might have affected the race of Savoy Carignan, had the prince carefully examined by the court physician in case of accident. However, we were confident in our assurances of safety, and events have proved pretty distinctly that we were a true prophet.

On the Continent, at the beginning of this century, the Arab was held to be the best sire for the improvement of blood—and at that time, and under the circumstances, that judgment was correct. They were favourites with the Emperor Napoleon, and he had a plentiful supply for his own personal use. The one he used at the battle of Waterloo, and which he rode, according to the account given by de Coster on the spot, from half past six in the morning, with half an hour for breakfast at La Belle Alliance, until nine in the evening, was white with a slight blue tinge, or grey in the quarter. He was in no way an object of regard to the Bourbons; and having passed from hand to hand, he became ultimately the property of Sir Edward Thornborough, who purchased him as an object of curiosity. He died in 1829, and was buried in the grounds of the Lodge at Bishop's Teignton, not a mile from where we are now writing. The officers of the army of Italy, under Eugene Beauharnois, had many Arabs of an inferior description. They obtained them with facility from Leg-

horn, whence there was an open trade with Alexandria. The Baron had a so-called Arab which he had purchased from an aide-de-camp of Prince Eugene during the Russian war. He had weathered the severity of the winter of 1812, and had crossed the river at Leipsig *à la nage* with Prince Poniatowski. He was upwards of sixteen hands high, of great width through, and depth of girth, with strong and well-shaped shoulders—was deep, short ribbed, and had drooping quarters. He was untiring, with true and elastic action, and unusually well broken in, being perfectly obedient to the slightest sign or word of command. From his great size, and other points, he was unquestionably cross-bred, with far more of the barb than the Arab character. No one gave the oriental a fairer trial than the late Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert, who had had a long experience upon the Turf in India. He said that he never knew but one Arab—Paragon—that could compete with an English horse under weight—twelve stone—over a racecourse, yet for daily use the English horse could not withstand the heat of the climate: nothing is more common than the sunstroke. It is well known that Sir Walter was a boar-hunter of celebrity, and for this chase he always used the Arab. It may be as well to add that Paragon came to England; he was most unsuccessful as a sire, with a temper that made him both a danger and a nuisance, and which he transmitted to his progeny.

As a sire, for European use, the Arab has had his day; notwithstanding the lately published opinion of a French officer from Algeria, that for cavalry purposes he is, even now, decidedly the best. That he is the original progenitor—the Adam—of all that is good and great anywhere and everywhere cannot be disputed; neither can it be gainsayed that he has been superseded by his own descendant—the English thoroughbred. In Russia, Germany, Hungary, Italy, America, and even in France, the Arab sire has comparatively disappeared, and the blood of Eclipse, Partisan, Emilius, Camel, Bay Middleton, Glencoe, Priam, Touchstone, Stockwell, &c., is in large and hourly demand. The last to own the unrivalled merit of our thoroughbred horse, either from intense prejudice, or other causes, has been France; and now she is the one foremost not only to adopt the blood, but to introduce the particular system of the breeding and racing of England. If her Turf authorities can succeed in transplanting into their country purity of blood, and equal purity in racing transactions, unaccompanied by the darker deeds that are occasionally brought under public notice in England, it will be well; nevertheless, we fear that a disposition has been already evinced, that there, as elsewhere, everything in relation to the horse is to partake of the commercial character of a bull and bear.

And was it to be supposed with such a fair field for ‘pickings’ as Brussels at that time afforded to legs of a double first, with an ocean of green in perspective, and a small knot of professors steeped up to the very chin in the forbidden knowledge of Eden, that the opportunity of plunder was to be slighted? Forbid it, Bel Demonio!

And what more fitting display for an ingenuity that would merit a halter, if society did not occasionally give it an Olympic crown, than a racecourse? And Jones and Robinson forthwith set to work to establish an academic hippodrome based upon a supposed square.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Sports.—Baden-Baden Bits.—Doncaster Demonstrations.—Stud Sales.

SEPTEMBER, sacred to the partridge and the St. Leger, to tourists and social science men, has ebbed quietly away, leaving behind it pleasurable recollections of every description; for the racing man can never recollect so brilliant a racing season, or the yachtsman such a campaign on the Thames, the Solent, or the waters of the Western Channel. At Lord's and at Canterbury, as well as in the great cricketing counties of Nottingham and Hants, never has the noble game, which brings all classes together so closely, flourished more. Never have grouse been so plentiful, or partridges to be met with in such abundance; and lastly, but not least, have such sums been offered and refused for horses. Under these circumstances, a grumbling sportsman ought to be avoided like a poor man with a patent, or a Pole waiting for remittances from his relatives. Racing has been carried on in almost every clime from China to Peru, and the number of meetings in the provinces has sorely taxed the executive of the Sporting Press, for although an actor can play in two pieces on one night, a racing reporter cannot 'do' two meetings in a day. Strange, with all the demands that are made upon the working classes, especially in the north, they always seem to have money at their disposal for racing. And when we surveyed the outside ring at Doncaster, we almost shuddered at the future race of bookmakers, and dreaded the time when their practice would enable them to abandon their stools, pass the Rubicon, and fight the battle of life in the enclosures which are guarded by an Andrews or an Elliott. To escape them for ten days, we cared not for the fatigue of a long run to Baden-Baden, where the winners of the Oaks and the Goodwood Cup, as well as Vermouth, who shares with Miner and Fille de l'Air the immortality of having beaten Blair Athol, awaited us. An Inkermann hero with his fair bride, in the first stage of their honeymoon, and with the blessing of priest and parent yet upon their heads, were among our *compagnons de voyage*. We had likewise the usual amount of barristers, who had exchanged their stuff gowns for Tweed suits and wide-awakes, and were determined to forget Westminster Hall in Chamouni, and astonish the Temple porters with the length and marks of their alpenstocks, which we may observe, *en passant*, may be obtained much easier and cheaper in Oxford Street. At the Grand Hotel, round which a good handicap might be run almost as easily as at Chester, the passages being quite as circular, several birds of passage from St. James's Street were discovered roosting, prior to taking a longer flight. And as a well-known gentleman jockey with his saddle-bags, and the solitary occupant of an omnibus in a tremendous rage from being unable to communicate with the driver, whisked into the court-yard, it was poundage there was something going on, in the shape of a hurdle-race, or a steeple-chase. This was still further confirmed at the railway terminus by the

sight of some English faces, with whom Newmarket is familiar, and who looked as much at home on the platform, as they would have done at Shoreditch, or King's Cross. For a moment we imagined we should have been joined by Joey Jones, as an individual of exactly the same height, the same *prononcé* features, shaded by a wide-awake a man would not have used for a scarecrow, and attired in a shabby paletôt and gold-laced scarlet pantaloons, such as we see in a provincial circus, fitted about in all directions. Knowing that Joey had told an Irish Member of Parliament at Newmarket, that, if he did not change his costume, he (Joey) should have to retire, we imagined he had carried his threat into execution, and sought 'fresh fields and pastures new.' We were nevertheless wrong in our calculations, for we perceived he was shown by the guard into a saloon carriage, on which *reservé* had been affixed; an act of attention which, however celebrated Joey may have been among ourselves, could hardly have been anticipated for him by the French officials, who, generally speaking, are the most boorish set of fellows in the world, without the faintest idea of the exigencies of English travellers. To satisfy our curiosity, we appealed to the conductor as to the individuality of Joey's double, and quickly ascertained he was no less an exalted personage than Marshal Canrobert, the commander-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea, and who was about to inspect the Camp at Chalons. The Marshal, whose laxity of discipline was about on a par with his looseness of attire, we imagine would not a little have shocked the sensitiveness of some of his comrades in rank among the Allies. And we must say, without any undue partiality in favour of our own countrymen, the contrast between the French General proceeding on a tour of duty, and that which such chiefs as the Duke, Lord Cardigan, or Sir George Brown would have presented, impressed us with deeper feelings of our own nationality. And it was well for the latter personage, whose admiration of the black stock, as the most comfortable appendage of the uniform of the British soldier is so great, that he did not see the loose silk rag which enveloped the Marshal's neck, or he would have gone into hysterics, and declared the *morale* of the Imperial army was gone. No incident of any note occurred to vary the dull route to Epernay, where we may state, by the way, that the great house of Tod Hetley have established a *dépôt* for their constituency on the Continent; a boon which was appreciated in more than one instance at Baden, where a supply was wafted through the agency of the electric wires, and duly appreciated by those thirsty souls to whom the saccharine qualities of German champagne are as distasteful as the Apples of the Dead Sea. But to instance how difficult it is to get rid of natural fancies, a well-known member of the English Ring, who was almost overpowered as well as ourselves by the perfume of a German, to whom soap and water had apparently long been a stranger, having expressed a desire for a drop of 'Owen's,' the translation of which word, is a taste of Owen Swift's brandy, he was immediately supplied with it by a friend. And it was probably the first time in the History of France, that the wants of a traveller were supplied from the cellar of so sporting a hostelry as the Horse-Shoe in Tichborne Street.

Over Baden, we regret to state, when we arrived we found a veil of dullness hung, although carriage after carriage was turned away from the hotels to seek other accommodation in the villas which are scattered about in the suburbs. Young France wept over the state of things; and Young England sympathized with him, for the *demi-monde*, in their eyes, was as sacred an institution as the Court of Chancery in that of the late Lord Eldon. From henceforth,

they imagined there would be no more rollicking dinners *al fresco*, or in cabinets, where fire-balloons might be started, and explode among volleys of champagne corks. No more could thousand-franc notes be played as carelessly as postage-stamps, or could the victor in the hurdle race be greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs as costly as those of an Empress. In short, there were to be no more cakes and ale, and vice was actually to give way to decorum—'Sed ogni medaglia a il suo reverso;' and Paterfamilias was in ecstasies, lauding Bismarck, and praising to the skies the prudent Government of Baden, who made the morals of its people its care. Now that venerable personage, the British Father, whom 'Punch' has made immortal, could take his walks with his daughters abroad, without seeing vice flaunting in satin, and virtue suffering in cotton. The question is too delicate for discussion in our pages; and the prohibition in question shows that what came under our notice last year, has not escaped the attention of those, who were in a position to devise a remedy for it; but while the authorities had the courage to carry out the sentence of the law, the style in which the order of exclusion was drawn up and forwarded, is a curious proof of how desirous they were to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of its victims. The late Mrs. Hannah More might have had the authorship of the circular letter in question attributed to her without any cause for complaint; and no Dowager Duchess could have been addressed with greater respect than the members of that section of society, which is accused of exercising too potent an influence over the rising generation of both countries. Still the race-course of Kings was as beautiful as ever when the sun shone out; but, unfortunately, on each of the three days devoted to flat racing the rain robbed the scene of half its charms, the toilettes prepared in Paris especially for the occasion, and got up, like the burlesques of Madame Vestris, at a total disregard to expense, being all covered up as closely as drawing-room furniture, when the family is out of town. As if to show she feared no rival near her throne, Isabelle brought down from Paris a hamper of bouquets of far greater dimensions than before, and having the exclusive run of the Jockey Club Stand, she is enabled to defy the competition of her juvenile opponents. Still, it is useless to disguise the fact that youth will be served as well in *bouquetieres* as in horses, and that *fugaces anni* have told on 'Isabelle la Bonne,' and that the sparkling black eyes and *espéglerie*, as well as the Pompadour head-dress of the Bordeaux candidate, will have its influence on the *Flaneurs* of the Turf; and therefore she should, to use a homely phrase, 'make hay while the sun shines.' On the present day it was a novelty to witness so far from home the winner of our Oaks and Vermouth coming together on a scene where the bands of Schinderhannes were wont to roam, and many a lawless deed has been perpetrated with impunity. Now the only band we heard was listened to with pleasure instead of dread, as it was that of the King of Prussia, sent to do honour both to man and horse. Among the English who had not seen Vermouth beat Blair Athol in Paris there was a great curiosity to take stock of him, and he had a very large ring around him. Like all the Nabobs, he was what they call tall on the leg, but very good to meet, and, altogether, one of those old-fashioned horses the portraits of which you meet occasionally in Yorkshire, and about whom some good anecdote is always to be learned. His action is beautiful, but it is no sacrilege to say that P'Anson, John Scott, or Mat Dawson would have given him another sweat, if they dared have done, before they stripped him to face Fille de l'Air, to whom it was clear Jennings had specially devoted himself. Never since she has been in training have we seen Count La Grange's filly

look so fit, for, while her coat shone like satin, every atom of muscle was developed like in a statue. The horse, as might have been anticipated, made the running, the mare treading on his heels for a mile and a half. At the end of that distance she got her head in front of him, and 'Fille de l'Air' 'comme elle veut!' was the general cry. But Blair Athol's victor was not going to be stalled off quite so soon, and, sticking to her gamely, he made the finish so disagreeable that she only got in by a short neck, and it was clear she was compounding every stride to him. Still the victory was no mean one for the Oaks winner to achieve; and it is only justice to Count La Grange to state, upon the best possible authority, that he is wholly innocent of anything wrong with his mare in the Two Thousand, and, as we said before, he actually lost three hundred by her defeat. The Count was also chivalrous enough to state that he thought Fille de l'Air was beaten more from the manner in which he specially ordered her to be prepared, than from any neglect of duty on the part of his trainer, who was likewise a loser to a considerable extent by the issue. Had any denial of the statements made against both the Count and his trainer come from a responsible source, they would at once have been credited by the respectable portion of the public, and the unpleasantness and excitement which occurred after the Oaks would have been much quicker allayed had the victims taken public notice at the time of the fracas, and not left themselves in such wretched hands. The Prix de Radstat set the gentlemen riders all alive, and long, elaborate, and early were the toilettes that were made. Neatly got up as many of them were, none came up to the form of Mr. Rowlands, who is still the *beau-idéal* of the German and French School. The absence of the Duc de Caderousse Grammont, who stuck so closely in matters of riding costume to the far-famed Welsh Steeplechaser, created no surprise, for his politics are quite opposed to those of Baron Bismarck, and he would have felt as much out of his element as at Exeter Hall, or a Sunday School Meeting. But his health is in such a precarious state, it is supposed to be impossible he can last another winter; and, in fact, in one French paper he was reported to have died at Biarritz. This has since been contradicted; and, although he has returned to Paris, there is little doubt he has taken leave of the scene of some of his greatest triumphs. The race in question was cleverly won by Gentilhomme, ridden by Mr. Blunt, of Paris, who, from his weight and style of riding, may be looked upon as the George Thompson of the Continent. The winners being to be sold, sealed offers instead of *viva-voce* bids were put for them, and on their being opened after the expiration of a quarter of an hour, that of Lord Poulett's, of 8,500 francs, was discovered to be the highest; and in compliment to M. Benazet, who has done so much for the English Sportsmen, Gentilhomme was immediately re-named Benazet. The deep anxiety of the Duc de Morny to promote the *entente cordiale* between the Sportsmen of the two countries is well known to those who know anything of the Turf abroad; and never was it exemplified more than now, for, learning that Lord Poulett had no clothing or servant to accompany the horse to Newmarket, he at once proffered both clothing and boy, which, it is needless to add, was willingly accepted. The second day's racing was of the mildest character, and the sight of the new owner of Gentilhomme walking in his sweaters *à la* Sam Rogers on the Bury Road, created no small astonishment among the Hungarian Magyars and German Princes who came across him in the Lichental. It is some few years since we saw Lord Poulett in the pigskin at the Curragh, but his seat was as firm as ever, and his nerve as unimpaired; and when he gets his hand in once again, he will not be long before he

makes the Judge become acquainted with his features, and the telegraph familiar with his name.

The grand day of the week was the Grand Prix Day, when all the German grandees came out in crowds; and every vehicle, from the Long Acre chariot and landau of the Prussian monarch, to the inverted cradle on wheels of the Black Forest, were put in requisition. Never did Baden coachman drive worse, and poor Jack Willan would have gone mad to have seen the indifference with which they courted danger, and the little care they evinced for their own, or their fares' lives. And it might be said of them, as was once told to an amateur on the Brighton Road, that if he had paid for being taught to drive, he had been most fearfully robbed. Drags are getting very popular on the other side of the water, and Prince William Hesse, in a guinea paletôt of Nicoll's, which became him very well, had his horses put to, and kept together as well as any we have seen *en route* to Richmond or Greenwich. Vermouth, Dollar, and Fille de l'Air were the cracks of the day; and never had three animals such royal critics before. The King of Prussia took them each in turn, and was made acquainted with their performances; and the next most interested in the trio was the younger brother of the Emperor of Austria, a stripling bearing a strong resemblance to the Marquis of Hastings. All parties were sanguine as to the result, particularly that of Fille de l'Air. But the heavy ground told against her, as well as the riding of her jockey, which might well make Jennings sigh for Edwards or Custance. And both the Oaks winner and Dollar had to give way to Vermouth, who cut out the work from beginning to end, and won in a canter by a couple of lengths. The enthusiasm of the Delamarre division at the victory was as great as it was natural, and Monsieur D. was immediately summoned to the Royal Pavilion to receive the congratulations of the King and Queen of Prussia. The absurd practice of carrying the silver claret jug and cups on a tray round the enclosure, like tea at a 'muffin-worry,' was again persevered with; but as both were empty, few cared to bestow a glance at them, and we should be sorry to repeat what would be Ben Land's estimate of them had he carried them off at Harrow or Croydon. The Steeple-chase wound up the sports of the week most satisfactorily, and again Count Westphalen, whose successes we have chronicled so often, proved himself the best man in Germany; and let him only get up next year at Weatherby in a Grand National Hunt Race, and he will take his part against all comers. The winner, who was the fittest of any, was got by Bonny Robin out of a Gladiator mare, and was trained by an Englishman, formerly head lad to Isaac Day, and who looked after Caravan, The Skater, and a host of animals the present generation has forgot. On mentioning this circumstance to us, and our calling to his recollection sundry anecdotes of the great Northleach trainer, we found we had struck on a congenial chord, as he fraternised instantly. And he not a little amused us by stating his firm conviction that wherever Isaac Day might be, 'The Vicar of Wakefield' would be sure to be close to him. Whether the friends of the latter will take this remark as a compliment, of course we cannot pretend to say, but, at all events, the observation is open to comment. The instant the sports of the day were over, the flight of the racing division to Paris was as rapid as that of the immortal Ten Thousand. But we remained to recruit ourselves and have our fortune told by 'The Bohemian Girl'—not the heroine of Balfe—but the fair Mademoiselle Wallie, who is the presiding goddess of the rustic hotel at the top of the Lichental, who tells men's destinies, not by the stars, but by

the lines in their hands, and thereby makes herself universally popular. Of play, during our sojourn, there was a great deal, but no large stakes were won or lost, except by a French actor, who won thirty-seven thousand francs at a sitting, and was discovered the next week *en route* to Paris, with the avowed determination of taking a theatre of his own, remedying the mistakes of his predecessors, and, of course, leaving himself ultimately without a sou. And so ended a pleasant ten days at Baden, which was only marred by foul weather; and we quitted the domain of Benazet with the conviction that our prophecy of the Baden Meeting being the greatest on the Continent of Europe had been fulfilled, and that it had nothing to fear from any of its neighbours. Scarcely had we been discharged from the London, Dover, and Chatham Railway, than the Great Northern claimed us for its own, and Doncaster demanded our attention. The extension of Doncaster is something marvellous, and perfectly unique in its kind. While other Meetings keep stationary in their attributes and appointments, Doncaster seems like a piece of India-rubber, which each mayor stretches out further than his predecessor. As usual in all small Corporations, extensive improvements cannot be carried out without some difference of opinion, and some party feeling. And although the latter had raged rather high at one time, when the races set in it had happily abated; thereby impressing one with the idea that the members of the corporate body are like the mutinous crew which Lord Nelson said he knew how to subdue, by simply putting them alongside an enemy's line-of-battle ship.

The morning gallops on the Tuesday showed what the reporters would call a fashionable and select assemblage, from Dukes and belted Earls, to betting men, jockeys, touts, and trainers. Blair Athol was the observed of all observers, and well he knew it as he flew over the course with Caller Ou, scarcely touching the ground, and giving Miner, who followed, an impression he would have no more of that Yqrk business. The sight of the Whitewall brougham, drawn by the well-known grey, wending along the road to the course, was at once a harbinger of General Peel and Mr. Bowes, and for them the crowd made, as did 'The Upper House' for the carriage. 'He is very well, looks beautiful, and I think he will win,' was the stereotyped reply of the veteran General, who eyed his small troupe as fondly as Napoleon gazed on the Old Guard. As far as the eye went, they could not be surpassed; and for the forty years he had been in training, 'John' believed he had never got a horse so fit as the General, to finish whose preparation morning after morning found him on the Wold soon after the clock had struck four. To do this at the age of seventy requires no mean enthusiast, and to have won this Leger would have been the crowning act of his life, and, we have reason for thinking, would have satisfied his ambition. But, fit as he was, it is impossible to deny there was an adverse feeling against the General in some judges' estimation from the weakness of his waist, which engendered a suspicion he would not stay. Baragah was liked, and but for his four days' stoppage would have been a better favourite; as it was, few dared to be against him. Ely was superb, and Oliver looked as happy as a Prince with him; and we were glad to see he had left his shepherd's crook behind him. Cambuscan, twice the horse he was at Epsom, pleased Captain White for the first time since he was tried before the Two Thousand, and such a lot of money went on him. 'We shall have a place, at least; but we can scarcely beat the cracks,' was his confident assurance to us; and the famous prophecy of Capys could not have been more correct. The pencil war began with the Fitzwilliam, and the telegraph bespoke promise of good fruit during the week. At that time the Stand was

crowded like the Opera, and every box was full. Victorious was made the favourite, and had he been able to have got through he would have realized his name. But the boldness of 'Adventurers' is proverbial, and here it was again successful, and the Ring profited by it. As heretofore, the Revival Plate, won by Attraction, furnished plenty of opportunity for what the book-makers call 'gambling,' and the gentlemen went in head foremost to get their Fitzwilliam money back. But 'The Players' had them again in the Ebor Handicap, for who could have dreamed of Magnum Bonum doing such 'great good' to Mr. Fleming as to win, in the teeth of all the favourites, and after having been beaten at home by Blue Mantle? Nevertheless, such was the case, and backers began to look as blue as indigo, and thought to relieve themselves with Mr. Sutton's Champagne. This, again, did them harm, for Mr. Merry had some better, of which he was not aware. So again there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. Usually, Mr. Padwick does not give more than a shilling for a Catalogue of a Sale, but this afternoon he went as far as two hundred guineas for one—a sum unexampled in the memory of Richard Tattersall, and yet money came of it. In the evening the largest and best Subscription Room in the world was crammed, so that locomotion, except to watches, was almost impossible, and for the first time in Fuller Andrews' experience, other robberies than those connected with racing were perpetrated within the walls. Detectives stopped the little game during the remainder of the week, but the watches stopped away so long, their owners took a final leave of them. In the course of the evening it came out that Aldcroft had, at Lord Glasgow's suggestion, tendered his resignation of General Peel's mount to Wells, in order that no ungenerous remarks might be made afterwards if he was first or second. In spite of much that was said at the time, nothing could have been more conciliatory than Lord Glasgow's demeanour to Aldcroft; and he told him that, whether Wells won or not on the General, he should still consider him his servant, and have the same confidence in him as before. Aldcroft of course gladly 'executed the release,' and Joe Dawson pounced on him at once for The Knight of Snowdon.

St. Leger mornings usually partake of the same aspect, and are dry and cold, with a grey sky, through which the sun in vain endeavours to force its way. Blair Athol's day was, however, of another description; for the rain, beginning slightly in the morning, gradually increased, although treacherously holding up to draw the tykes and their friends to the course. The tide of living humanity began to flow into Doncaster shortly after day-break, and never ceased throughout the morning. Every manufacturing city contributed its quota, and we could not help considering what a boon the cheap trains would have been some five and twenty years back. For then, as two large owners of race-horses noted for their acuteness have told us, they walked all the distance from Manchester in the night, with nothing but a few half-pence in their pockets, and a collar in their hats. The object of one of this pair one year was rather amusing, as it was to look for a man who owed him a sovereign, and of whom there was a thousand-to-fifteenth chance of getting a glimpse. Unfortunately, the defaulter in question did not put in an appearance; but the determined industry of the other to see his creditor was deserving of the highest encouragement, and was no doubt the paving-stone to his advancement in life. Settling down into places on the Stand was the next great difficulty; and it was clear that those who wished to see the race must give up the idea of looking at the horses, except on the course. The Stands and the forms were taken possession of as early as the front benches in the

gallery of Drury Lane on Boxing-night; but the audience was far more orderly. A survey of the racing ground, and the thousands packed like oysters enduring the pitiless storm, was a curious sight; and we believe no other country in the world could have produced its duplicate. A Frenchman or an Italian would have thought himself a lunatic to have gone out in such weather; but a Yorkshireman endured it like a North Sea pilot. On the Read Stand matters were almost as bad; although the subscribers were not near so much incommoded, as they had the means of shelter at their disposal. But the endeavour to keep the umbrellas down while the horses were parading was a matter of no small difficulty. In vain Mr. Read urged, with his accustomed eloquence, that umbrellas should be put down, and that hats were only a guinea each, and the Leger came but once a-year. But all was of no avail; for some could and others would not hear the general order, which was only for the common good. And rarely were men grouped to witness so exciting a race under such unfavourable circumstances. To say that it rained would give no idea of the actual state of things, which, as the horses cantered and started, merged itself into a species of cyclone, almost overwhelming everybody. Ely, nothing daunted by Goodwood and York, was the first to fling his hat in the ring, and was received with what the reporters call applause, which increased as Cambuscan followed. Black Rock was passed over in silence; but not so Knight of Snowdon, with whom Joe Dawson had been very industrious, and who looked as well as could be wished. With these and the Whitewall trio, Miner could not be expected to show to advantage, and 'He be d——d' was the curt observation of the majority of those that threw away a remark upon him. Like the great actor in the play, Blair came last, and a burst of admiration broke out, as he curvetted for a few minutes before his illustrious audience. As the executioner, who saw the people hurrying to see a man hung, and said there was no occasion for such haste, as there would be no fun until he came, Blair did not seem too anxious to commence his part. For the first mile-and-a-half no one could tell what was going on, as glasses were rendered useless, and the few who were at intervals enabled to get a glance at the horses, stated they looked like rats. At last, as they approached the bend, where 'the look-out men' discovered Ely to be in front, with General Peel next the rails, and Cambuscan at his quarters, and Blair Athol just behind. Then the latter disappears, and with very good reason, but it was only for a moment, and the struggle looked as if it was confined to the General and Cambuscan, when Blair Athol reappeared as if by magic, and bounded in more like a deer than a racehorse before the two; and Lord Glasgow's dream was dissolved. The enthusiasm was of course intense, for the public have taken to Blair Athol as if he was their own horse, and not that of Messrs. P'Anson and Cornish. This was best illustrated in the Derby, for which race Messrs. Holt and Crook of Leeds wrote his name down in their books no less than sixteen hundred times. The General ran as Wells said, a good game, slow horse; and from Lord Glasgow downwards everybody is satisfied he was beaten by a better animal. That Aldcroft has proved himself equal to Wells, and Thomas Dawson not inferior to John Scott, as regards the Derby, was one of the important points elicited by the race. Mr. Jackson was also cleared of any undue influence in the same respect, as was ascribed to him at the time. Cambuscan's position proved he had not been over-estimated, and led to some rather sharp remarks between Captain White and a Turf authority in reference to an old sore between the parties. Strange to say, Mr. P'Anson never backed his horse for a shilling,

and put his friends on a couple of hundred pounds. The great winners are, as usual, the public, who would never be choked off their favourite; and the settling has been one of the most harmonious on record. Our space will not permit us to dwell upon what force Sir Joseph Hawley was in on the Thursday, or upon the tremendously heavy betting which ensued on the race between Wild Agnes and Victorious on the Portland Plate, and its accidents. We should have liked to have said a few words about the Cup, although it scarcely deserves the name of a race from the wretched manner in which it was run, Miner going for the first mile and a half like a rabbit scuffling at his hole, and which of course gave the race to Lord Glasgow instead of Baron Rothschild. But we are wanted in the horse-yard beside Mr. R. Tattersall, and in the vicinity of his faithful allies, Messrs. Padwick, Hill, Naylor, Welby, and Cookson. The first day of the Levee augured badly for the commission account, for no end of yearlings went back. Still Mr. Tattersall got 750*l.* for Lady Clifden from Mr. Jackson, and ten days afterwards we saw her at that gentleman's stud-farm at Fairfield. The Grappler also he did well with, as he would not let his friend Mr. Weatherby have him for the foreigners under 650 guineas. Of the young things, those that pleased us the most was Sci Atticus, and a clever Newminster colt out of Polyanthus, which William Goater will be able to make something out of. Sister to Copenhagen also was cheap at the money Lord Stamford gave for her. On Wednesday matters were very little mended, for the Boythorpes were far too small to please—a defeat which Mr. Pedley will do all he can to remedy next year. Mr. Crowther Harrison expressed himself satisfied with his return, so we need not dwell upon his lot. Mr. Newton's lot, for a rather young beginner, was a tiptop one; and that one Lambton should have fetched 1,080 guineas, and another 500, seemed to astonish the owners of other fashionable stallions. They were so fashionable and useful, however, that no cause for wonderment existed. Sheffield Lane never sent up such a team of good-looking youngsters before; and Warlock may be said to be coming fast. Mr. Jackson got a very neat son of his called The Czar. And Mr. Padwick, through John Kent, who will again perhaps take his old place in his profession, obtained a nice filly in Ruhconnell, and a clever colt in Bounty. Mr. Cookson's average, the highest ever known, would have been still higher, if an idea had not been entertained of Tacitus being lame; and all we said of Lady Bank, Gong, and Queen of the Isles, was endorsed by their bidders. The great yearling filly, by Stockwell out of Sortie, since named Repulse, created a great fight, and she was worth it; and if she does not 'repulse' most of her opponents, then good looks are worthless. The colt, by Stockwell, out of Ranee, caused some heavy firing; but there was a diversity of opinion about him, one party saying he was the finest yearling ever sent to the hammer, and another maintaining he was the greatest brute ever seen, and a frightful splint did not add to his beauty. He was, however, secured at last by a tanner for Captain Cooper by Count Batthyany. Our Richmond, Fairfield, Rawcliffe, and other recollections, must stand over until next month, as our conductor says the whole vehicle will come to pieces. Our readers, must, therefore accept our apologies.

END OF VOL. VIII.

